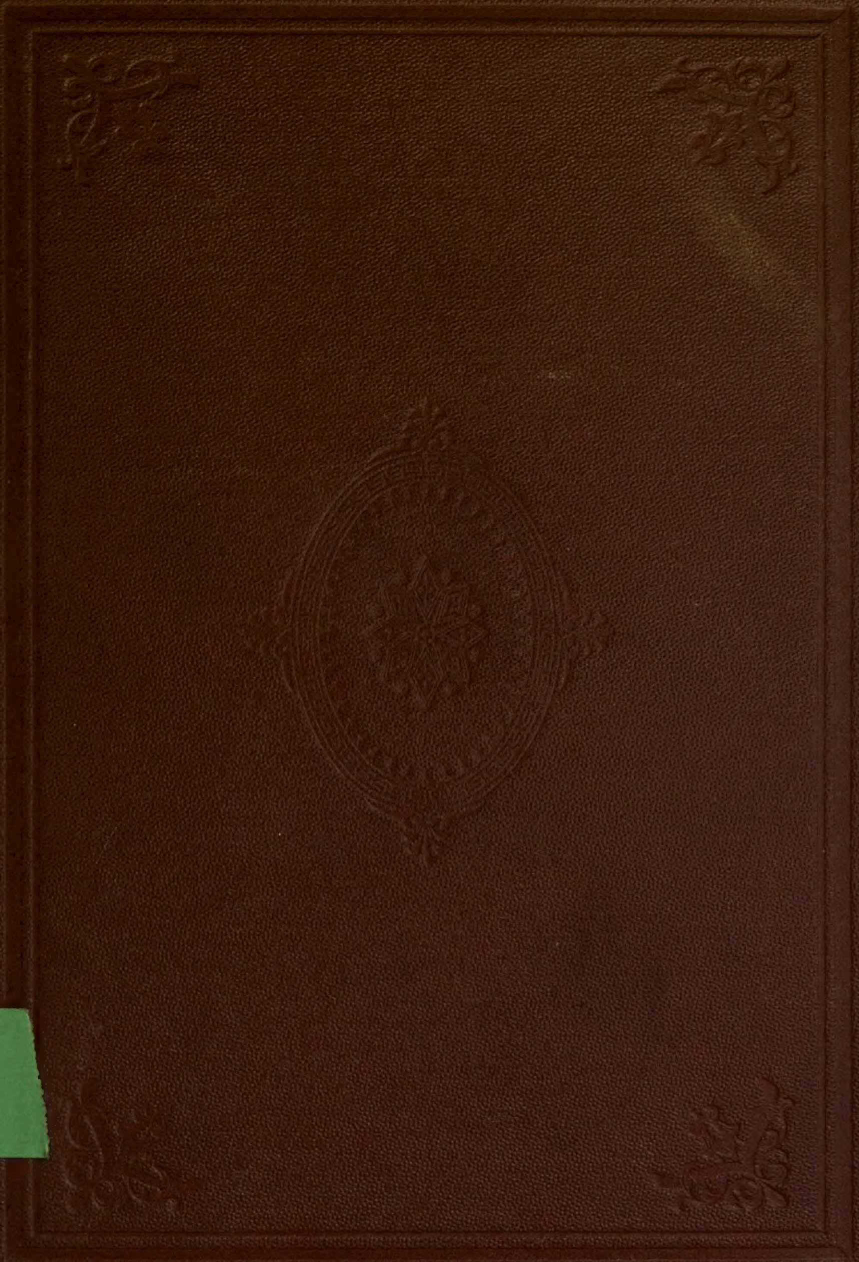

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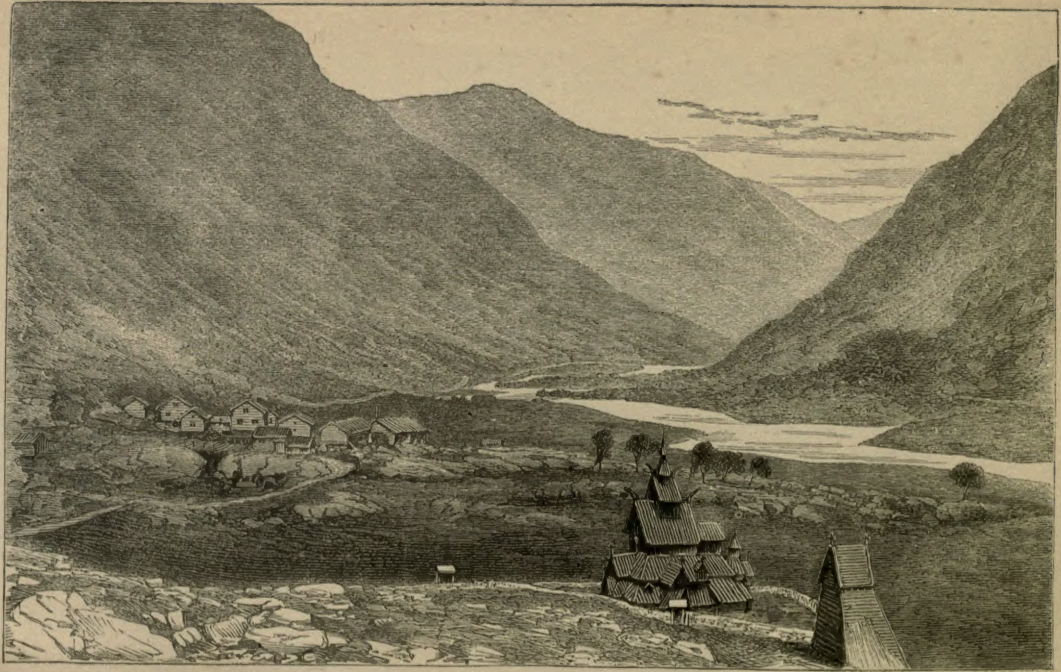

A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.—(*From a Photograph.*)

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. X.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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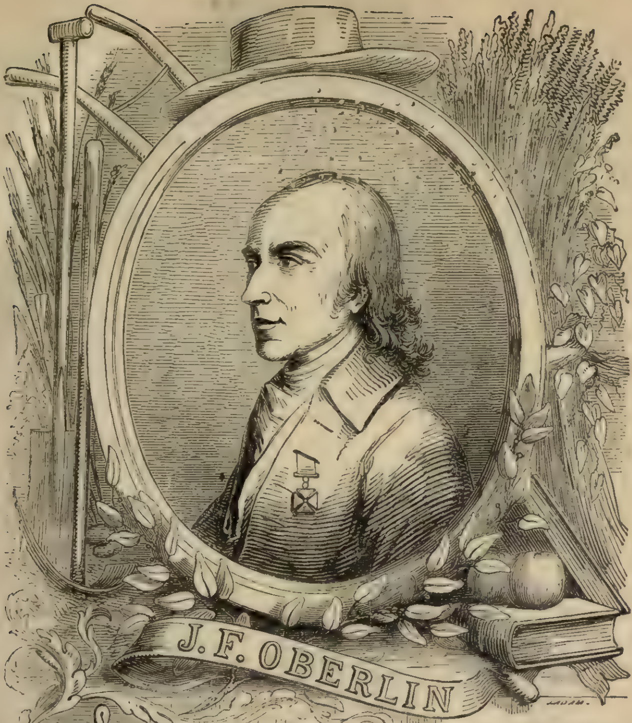

AS the traveller pursues his way along the upper part of the Rhine towards Switzerland, he observes on his right a long range of lofty mountains overlooking the great plain through which the river winds its way. These mountains are the Vosges; and the plain at their feet is Alsace, a province originally belonging to Germany, but partly wrested from it by France during the famous Thirty Years' War, which terminated in 1648; and more fully acquired by the wars of Louis XIV., ending in 1697. On each of these occasions, Alsace was the scene of dreadful cruelties and sufferings: towns and villages were universally sacked and destroyed, every article of value was carried off, the country was laid waste, and the distracted people either fled or were murdered. So utterly ruined was the territory, that it long lay without more than a hundred families, who drew a miserable and precarious subsistence from the soil. Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace, did not escape these disasters; but, as a seat of trade, it more speedily recovered them; and, fortunately, its cathedral, a stupendous Gothic edifice, has survived all the civil and religious storms that have blown over the adjacent country.

At the revolution of 1789–92, Alsace was divided into the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine; but although the political connection with Germany had been dropped, the population generally, that of Strasbourg included, remained essentially German in language and manners; the Lutheran form of faith continued also in some parts to prevail, and not only so, but to be protected and supported by the state, in terms of the treaty which united the district with France. In this peculiarly privileged and remote-lying part of the French territories, the scene of our present sketch is laid.

EARLY LIFE OF OBERLIN.

John Frederick Oberlin, the son of a respectable teacher, and one of a large family, was born in Strasbourg on the 31st of August 1740. Reared with great tenderness and care by his excellent father, who devoted his leisure hours to the familiar instruction of his family, young Frederick (as he seems to have been called), while still in infancy and boyhood, shewed the greatest benevolence of disposition; and he never enjoyed so much happiness as when he was relieving distress, or performing some other act of kindness towards his fellow-creatures. Various anecdotes are related of his self-denial in parting with all his savings, when a school-boy, in acts of charity. One day, observing that a poor market-woman was in great distress in consequence of two boys having rudely overturned her basket of eggs, he ran home for his small box of savings, and poured the whole contents into her lap. On another occasion, observing that a poor old woman was unable, for want of two sous, to buy an article of dress which she seemed desirous of possessing, he privately slipped two sous into the hand of the dealer, who forthwith made the woman happy in her purchase. Neither on this nor any similar occasion did he stop to receive any tokens of gratitude. The delight he experienced in doing good, and what was pleasing in the sight of God, was the only reward at which he aimed. Besides this benevolence and piety of disposition, he entertained a horror of injustice, and possessed the courage to defend and succour the oppressed, at the risk of injury to his own person. For these and other excellent qualities, young Oberlin was greatly indebted to the considerate training of his parents; but particularly to the admonitions and guidance of his mother, a woman whose sole happiness lay in forming the minds and habits of her children.

Lively in temperament, and reared amidst a military people, Oberlin inclined at first to the profession of a soldier; but from this he was dissuaded by his father, and willingly addicted himself to a course of study suitable for a more peaceful pursuit. French, his vernacular tongue, he learned to write with great force and elegance; and besides the German language, he acquired a proficiency in Latin and Greek, with a competent knowledge of general science, and various other accomplishments. Partly from the wishes of his parents, who were of the Reformed or Lutheran Church, and partly from his own inclinations, he resolved on devoting himself to the duties of a clergyman. For this purpose he attended a course of theological study at the university of Strasbourg, and in 1760 was ordained to the sacred ministry.

Being still young, and possessing little experience of the world, Oberlin did not feel warranted in immediately assuming the pastoral office; for the space of seven years he devoted himself to private teaching, and for some time acted as tutor in the family of a distinguished surgeon, where he obtained that knowledge of medicine and surgery which proved so valuable to him in after-life. While thus occupied, he was offered the chaplainship of a regiment, and this he was about to accept, as likely to place him in a sphere of considerable usefulness, when a new field of operation was laid before him by his friend M. Stouber, and the idea of a military chaplaincy was abandoned.

M. Stouber had been, since 1750, the *curé* or pastor of a wild hilly canton among the Vosges, called by the French the Ban de la Roche, from the castle of La Roche, around which the Ban or district extends; and named by the Germans the Steinthal, or Stony Valley, from the rocky and generally sterile appearance of its surface. The canton comprised two parishes—Rothau, in which was one church, and another in which were three churches, distributed among the villages of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, and Bellefosse. The principal part of the district was Lutheran, and enjoyed the privileges to which we have already adverted.

As respects its physical features, the Ban de la Roche formed part of the western declivities and ramifications of the Haut Champ, an isolated group of mountains, rising 3600 feet above the level of the sea, and separated by a deep longitudinal valley from the eastern side of the chain of the Vosges. Waldbach, the principal village, is placed on the acclivity of the Haut Champ, at the height of 1800 feet; and Rothau at 1360 feet. The other villages or hamlets already mentioned occupy points more or less elevated. From the great height of the district, it possesses various climates, from that of a southern latitude on the lower slopes, to that of an extreme northern one in the higher parts. Such is the difference between the seasonal influences in the lower and upper tracts, that at Belmont the harvest is a month later than at Foudai. The whole canton contains between eight thousand and nine thousand acres, of which from three thousand to four thousand were covered with wood, two thousand occupied as pasture, and the remainder was enclosed. At the time to which we refer, sixteen hundred acres were under cultivation, producing principally rye, oats, and potatoes ; and fourteen hundred were laid out as meadow and garden ground. To some extent, this disposition of the land was an improvement on what had been its condition at the beginning of the reign of Louis XV., when the whole district was in the wildest state, and almost inaccessible, there being no road even from village to village, and scarcely any land under cultivation.

When M. Stouber went to the canton in 1750, cultivation had made some little progress ; but the general aspect of affairs was miserable in the extreme. Although situated within a day's journey of Strasbourg, the Ban de la Roche was in as primitive and backward a condition as if it had been a hundred miles from any civilised spot. The people, holding little intercourse with the world beyond their mountains, were deplorably ignorant and wretched, and without any wish to be otherwise. Being shocked with their low intellectual condition, one of Stouber's first inquiries was for the principal school-house ; and he was shewn a miserable hut, crowded with children, without books, and apparently having no instructor.

'Where is the master?' he asked.

'There he is,' said one of the pupils, pointing to an old man lying on a bed in a corner of the cottage.

'What do you teach the children, my good man?' asked Stouber.

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing!—How is that?'

'Because I know nothing myself,' answered the old man.

'Why, then, have you been appointed schoolmaster?'

'Why, you see, sir, I was the pig-keeper of Waldbach for many years, and when I was too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!'

Such was the chief educational establishment in the Ban de la Roche, and the others were little better, for they were schools kept by shepherds, and open only at certain seasons of the year.

To remedy this lamentable state of affairs, Stouber set about the institution of proper schoolmasters ; but this was attended with great difficulty; for so low had the profession of the teacher sunk in public estimation, that no one would undertake the office. He at length, by an ingenious device, proposed to abolish the name of schoolmaster, and institute that of *régent* in its stead; which was readily assented to, and *Messieurs les régents* were forthwith named. He then drew up a set of alphabet and spelling books for the use of the pupils ; but never having seen such works before, the peasantry imagined they concealed some species of heresy or divination. That which chiefly puzzled and alarmed them were the rows of unconnected syllables, which meant no sort of language ; and on this account they long opposed the introduction of the lessons. When they began to perceive that, by conquering the syllables, the children were able to read whole and connected words, their jealousy of the strange lesson-books gradually gave way; and finally, when they saw that the children could read any book fluently, they not only abandoned all opposition, but begged to be taught to read also. A great victory had now been achieved: a bigoted prejudice, the result of ignorance, had, by kindness and perseverance, been successfully rooted out. Having thus brought the population into a reading humour, M. Stouber procured fifty Bibles from Strasbourg, and dividing each into three parts, strongly bound in vellum, he was able to distribute a hundred and fifty books among the families throughout the canton. The taste for reading the Scriptures being by this means created, there soon arose a demand for Bibles, and some hundreds were advantageously disposed of.

In the space of six years, a considerable change for the better was thus made on the social condition of the district, which M. Stouber expected still to improve, when he was appointed pastor of Barr in Lorraine. He was not long in this new situation, when he regretted that he had left the Ban de la Roche; and some time thereafter, when the pastorship of that canton was again vacant, he gladly returned to it, to the great joy of many of his old parishioners. He now remained four years, fulfilling his important duties, and daily improving the minds of the people committed to his charge. Unfortunately, his wife, who was an active co-operator in his plans, died, leaving him forlorn and dispirited; and being offered the situation of pastor to St Thomas's Church, in Strasbourg, he accepted it, though greatly fearful that, by his departure, the Ban de la Roche would relapse into the condition from which he had been instrumental in raising it. Pondering on this unhappy prospect, it occurred to him that if Oberlin, with whose abilities he was well acquainted, could be prevailed on to accept the vacant charge, no fears need be entertained for the continued well-being of the district.

On arriving in Strasbourg, M. Stouber hastened to call on his young friend, whom he found in a humble lodging, which contained a small bed, with brown-paper curtains, and a little iron pan, with which Oberlin cooked his supper of brown bread, with a little water and a sprinkling of salt—the whole furniture being such as might be expected in the apartment of a student who preferred independence with narrowness of circumstances, to finery with dependence on others. Stouber observed at a glance that Oberlin was precisely the person he expected to find, and frankly communicated his wishes. Oberlin was charmed with the proposition. He would have declined accepting any rich and easy benefice. A parish in which all the inhabitants were poor and ignorant, was quite the thing he had been waiting for. His hour of usefulness had come. In a short time he was installed in the cure of the Ban de la Roche, and, like a primitive apostle setting out for the wilderness, went to assume the trust committed to his charge.

BEGINS OPERATIONS IN THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

Oberlin arrived at Waldbach, where he was to reside, on the 30th of May 1767, being at the time in his twenty-seventh year. His parsonage-house was a plain building of two stories, standing on the face of a woody bank near the church, with a garden adjoining; and all around were lofty hills, partly covered with pines, with here and there pieces of pasture and patches of cultivated land. It was a wild rural scene, with a stillness only broken at intervals by the faint sound of the sheep or cow bells, swept by the breezes along the rugged sides of the mountains.

Notwithstanding the previous efforts of M. Stouber, the united parish seemed to be physically as well as socially in a condition considerably behind that of most other parts of the country. In every population there are two orders of men—one, who with little difficulty are open to a conviction that improvements are desirable; and another, who, either from excess of ignorance or perversity, can tolerate no change whatever. On the former of these, Stouber had worked with beneficial effect; they appreciated the blessings of the elementary education he had introduced, and were willing to go into the new schemes of melioration which Oberlin proposed to execute. The enemies of innovation, the suspicious and the prejudiced, who had all along given a grumbling opposition to parochial improvement, of whatever kind, now resolved to adopt active measures to prevent their new pastor from carrying his projects into operation. Their plan, which was quite accordant with the malignity that usually animates such persons, was to waylay their pastor, and inflict on him a severe personal chastisement. Fortunately, Oberlin procured information of their design, and his conduct on this occasion strongly marks the character of this excellent man. A Sunday was fixed on for the execution of the deed. When the day came, he took for his text that fine passage admonitory of meekness, from the fifth chapter of St Matthew: 'But I say unto you that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party, where perhaps the sermon they had just heard might furnish them with matter of coarse pleasantry, in reference to the occasion which the preacher would soon find for putting in practice the lessons which he had taught so well. What must have been their astonishment when the door opened, and the pastor presented himself in the midst of them! 'Here I am, my friends,' said he, with that calmness which strikes respect into the most violent: 'your design on me I am acquainted with; you have wished to deal with me in a practical manner, and to chastise me because you deem me culpable. If I have in fact violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself up to you, and save you the meanness of resorting to an ambuscade.' These simple words produced their full effect. The peasants, ashamed of entertaining evil intentions against so good and candid a man, entreated his forgiveness, and promised never again to cherish a doubt of his affection for them.* In this manner Oberlin overcame the stubborn and evil dispositions of his more ignorant parishioners, with the best results; shewing in his own conduct an exemplification of the precepts which it was his duty to enjoin. It even happened that those who had formerly been his enemies, or connived at plots against him, being anxious to reinstate themselves in his good opinion, and conscious that they had no better means of succeeding than by warmly seconding his views, were henceforward among the foremost to offer him assistance.

Aided, however, as Oberlin was by many of his parishioners, there were such difficulties to encounter in executing his benevolent plans, that only the most unwearied patience and self-denying virtue could have surmounted them. His idea of the clerical character was not alone that of a minister of the gospel. Suiting himself to the necessities of his position, he perceived that it was his sacred duty to unite, in his own person, the character of religious pastor with that of secular instructor and adviser, physician, and husbandman. To an earnest inculcation of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, he added the principles of philosophy, and the resources of a mind skilled in practical science. One of his earliest schemes required him to combine the functions of a civil engineer with those of a day-labourer. The account given of his enterprise on this occasion marks the sagacity of his mind and the humility of his disposition.

Looking around on the general condition of the canton, he observed that one of its chief defects was the want of roads communicating with the lower and more improved parts of the country. The only existing thoroughfares were absolutely impassable during six or eight months of the year; and even in summer they were in so wretched a state, that they were never used except when urgent necessity compelled the natives to repair to the neighbouring towns. So long as this state of things lasted, it was evident that there could be no solid improvement or prosperity in the district. Assured of this fact, Oberlin called together his parishioners, and proposed that they should themselves open a road a mile and a half in length, and build a bridge over the river Bruche, so that they might no longer be imprisoned in their villages three-fourths of the year. The boldness of the proposal filled the assembly with astonishment—the thing appeared to them impossible—and every one found an excuse in his private concerns for not engaging in the undertaking. Some hinted that the roads were well enough as they were; for there is nothing too absurd for the discontented to say on such occasions. Not discouraged, Oberlin pointed out to the meeting the advantage which all would derive from having an outlet for the produce of their fields, and the facility with which they would then be able to procure a multitude of comforts and conveniences of which they were still destitute. He concluded his address by taking up a pickaxe, exclaiming: 'All those who feel the importance of my proposal, come and work with me.' At these words his parishioners, ashamed of their pretences, and electrified by his action, hastened to get their tools and to follow him. Oberlin had already, like a good engineer, traced the plan; and when he arrived at the ground, nothing remained but to commence operations. This was done in a style of lively enthusiasm. Each man occupying his assigned post, set to work in earnest, at each stroke making a sensible effect on the soil. The scene of labour attracted all idlers to the spot; and every one, not to be behind in the good work, lent it a helping hand. There was a moral grandeur in the spectacle of so much well-directed industry. It was no small holiday work that was undertaken. To form the required thoroughfare, there was not alone much digging; it was necessary to blast the rocks; to convey down enormous masses, in order to construct a wall to support the road along the banks of the Bruche; to build a bridge in another canton; and to defray all expenses. Nothing was deemed impossible by Oberlin and his heroic band of improvers. The pastor, who on the Sunday exhorted his auditors never to weary in well-doing, and reminded them of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, was seen on the Monday with a pickaxe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, with an energy that braved danger and despised fatigue. Reversing the ordinary maxim of *enjoying ease with dignity*, he had a firm faith in that more glorious, because more truthful precept, that *labour is in itself worship*. Nor did he alone work with the hands: his head was as constantly scheming ways and means. There were expenses to be met; but he interested his friends in Strasbourg and elsewhere, and he did not appeal to them in vain. There are many people who will assist in a good work when their feelings can be interested in its execution. Oberlin, therefore, had the satisfaction of finding many to sympathise in his benevolent projects; and funds were provided. In spite of weather and every obstacle, in two years the work was completed. A good road was made, and a substantial bridge built, affording an easy communication with Strasbourg. Roads were then made to connect together the several villages, which had previously been entirely separated from each other during the heavy snows. Walls also were built to prevent the soil on the steep declivities from being washed down by the mountain torrents; and channels were formed to receive or carry off the waters which, after great rains, rushed down with destructive violence.

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* Notice of a French Memoir of Oberlin in *Eclectic Review*, October 1827.

Roads being now made, the peasantry of the Ban de la Roche might send their produce to market; but what produce had they worth sending? A little corn and some bad potatoes. Oberlin's work was only beginning. The bad potatoes were a sore grievance, even as respected home consumption. Before the introduction of the plant, the inhabitants of the canton had subsisted to a great extent on wild apples and pears, and many were afraid they should have to return to this primitive kind of food. In the course of years the potato had so far degenerated, that fields which had formerly yielded from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now furnished only between thirty and fifty bushels; these were, besides, of a very bad quality. Oberlin, attributing this circumstance to its true cause, procured some fresh seed from Germany, Switzerland, and Lorraine, to renew the species. The plan was successful: in a few years the inhabitants reared the finest potatoes that could be grown, and found in Strasbourg an advantageous sale for all they could produce.

Along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes, he considerably improved the means of cultivation. The district was greatly in want of agricultural implements. Oberlin witnessed with great pain the distress of his poor flock when they had the misfortune to break any of their utensils. They were without ready money to purchase them, and they were obliged to lose much time in going to a distance to obtain them. To put an end to this evil, he opened a store of various utensils; sold every article at prime cost; and gave the purchasers credit till their payments came round.

As this may be said to finish Oberlin's preliminary measures for the improvement of his parish, we may here pause to mention a certain event which bore intimately on his own happiness.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When Oberlin accepted the charge of the Ban de la Roche, he was unmarried. Madame Oberlin, his mother, sometimes spoke to him on the subject of matrimony, as she was aware that a country clergyman may be greatly assisted by a wife of congenial temperament; and her son declared that he would not be unwilling to enter the married state, provided she could select an object worthy of his regard. Different young ladies were accordingly proposed; but none was exactly the kind of being on whom he could set his affections. Oberlin departed for his parish still a bachelor.

About a year afterwards, his house, which was under the charge of his younger sister, was visited by Madeleine Salomé Witter, daughter of a professor in the university of Strasbourg, who had been dead some years; her mother also was no more. This young lady, who was a friend of the Oberlin family, possessed a sound understanding, and had a highly cultivated mind, deeply imbued with religious principles.

Oberlin was not a man who could act the part of a dangler in the delicate affair of courtship. He admired Mademoiselle Witter, but he felt diffident as to the propriety of making the young lady his wife, or of even acquainting her with the state of his feelings. On some points they did not agree, and this seemed a fatal objection. Yet, on reflection, he considered that perfect unity of disposition was perhaps not to be obtained, and that in marriage one must always risk a little. The risk, thought he, however, is in this case too great, and he accordingly tried to lay aside the idea. It would not do. A voice seemed continually to whisper in his ear: 'Take her for thy partner.' What a perplexity!

The day approached when Madeleine was to leave the parsonage, and Oberlin was still in a state of indecision. Next day she was to go, and, like many more in similar circumstances, poor Oberlin lay awake half the night pondering on the difficulties of a situation which his conscientiousness alone rendered difficult. At length he resolved to be guided by the readiness with which Madeleine would listen to his proposals; accepting her cheerful and instantaneous assent as a leading of Providence.

Next morning after breakfast, Oberlin found the object of so much solicitude sitting in a summer-house in the garden. Placing himself beside her, he began the conversation by observing: 'You are about to leave us, my young friend. I have, however, had an intimation, which I am inclined to accept as the Divine will, that you are destined to be my partner for life. If you can decide on this step, so important to us both, I hope you will give me your candid opinion of it before your departure.' Madeleine, who had probably expected some such disclosure, rose from her seat, and, blushing as she approached Oberlin, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him. He clasped it in his own. The resolution to address her had been happily taken. This important matter being settled, the marriage took place on the 6th of July 1768; and neither party had cause to regret its occurrence. Madeleine's good sense led her to accommodate her views on all subjects to those of her beloved husband, and she became truly devoted to his interests, assisting him in all his labours of benevolence, and tempering his zeal with her prudence.

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

Oberlin's marriage took place while he was occupied with his great engineering plans, and these being completed, along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes and better agricultural implements, a great preliminary step was achieved. There remained much to be done. The people had only been put in the way of being improved; they were not distinctly improved yet.

Considering what next should be done, Oberlin perceived that the introduction of trades into the canton would contribute essentially to the progress of civilisation. There were no wheelwrights, masons, or blacksmiths in the district, nor within a considerable distance of it. He therefore selected a certain number of lads, of suitable talents, put upon them decent apparel, and apprenticed them in the adjacent towns: this scheme also was successful. In a few years good workmen were prepared in the above-mentioned trades, as well as joiners and glaziers; and these came and set up establishments in the Ban de la Roche. The consequence was, that the inhabitants got every piece of work done at home, instead of being put to the trouble and expense of having it executed at a distance. Carts, ploughs, and other articles used in husbandry were made and mended, and many comforts introduced which were formerly all but unknown.

Thus prepared with artisans, Oberlin's next solicitude extended to the houses of his poorer parishioners. They were generally cavernous, damp dwellings, partially sunk in the sides of the mountains, and without cellars sufficiently deep to preserve potatoes, the staple winter-food of the inhabitants, from the frost. It was evident that the people could neither be cleanly nor healthful, nor even be in a fit frame of mind, religiously speaking, while daily exposed to the humidity and the discomforts of such dens. There can be no expectation of moral improvement while the human being is treated, or treats himself, like a brute. The sagacity of Oberlin detected this important fact in social economics ere he had been long in the Ban de la Roche—a fact only now beginning to dawn on the more intrepid minds of Britain and other countries high in civilisation. To render the dwellings more airy, light, dry, and cheerful, and consequently more healthful both to body and mind, was now Oberlin's self-imposed duty. As in every other effort, there was some degree of opposition; but it all disappeared before the kindly influence of the good pastor. In a short time, neat cottages with glazed windows, chimneys, and dry flooring, were substituted for the old dismal huts; each provided with closets, to contain earthenware and other useful articles; and having a frost-proof cellar, in which potatoes could be safely stored. The improved health and appearance of the people soon justified all his benevolent anticipations of this important measure.

While engaged in these operations, he was also able to push forward the practice of horticulture and other branches of rural economy. His attention was particularly directed to the planting of fruit-trees, the improvement of the breed of cattle, the management and the increase of manure, the growth of natural and artificial grasses, and the more extensive culture of potatoes, and likewise of flax—the two productions most suitable to the sandy soil of the district.

Little as the people were now inclined to question the propriety of Oberlin's projects, they could not readily enter into his ideas of improving on the growth of fruit-trees; that being a subject on which he, a native of a town, could not be expected to know so much as themselves. As practical proof seemed therefore necessary, he commenced operations on two gardens belonging to his own residence, and so close to a public pathway that all could observe his labours. With the assistance of a favourite and intelligent servant, he dug trenches, four or five feet in depth, and surrounded the young trees that he planted in them with the species of soil which he considered best adapted to promote their growth. He likewise procured slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees, and made a large nursery-ground of one of his gardens, which he prepared for the purpose.

The expectations of the reverend horticulturist were not disappointed. The trees planted with so much care, grew and flourished in a manner never before seen in the canton; and the peasantry, who had frequent occasion to pass the spot, could not help being surprised at the contrast between the scanty supply of their own and the rich produce of their pastor's grounds. Guided by a desire to have equally fine crops of fruit, they now inquired how they should proceed; and Oberlin, with great willingness, not only explained the process for them to adopt in laying out their gardens and in planting them, but gave them young trees and grafts from his nursery. Thus the taste for planting fruit-trees was happily diffused, and became a favourite employment in the canton. The change for the better was very remarkable. Cottages which had been hitherto bare and desolate in their aspect, were surrounded with little orchards and gardens; and in place of indigence and misery, the villages and hamlets gradually assumed an air of rural elegance and felicity.

To stock the gardens with vegetables more suitable to the soil and climate than what had hitherto been cultivated, was also a wish of Oberlin; and he did not rest till he had introduced a variety of herbs serviceable for food, or of value in the arts. The method of obtaining oil from beech-nuts was also one of the useful practices which he at this time extended throughout the district. Both for the sake of rotation in cropping, and for winter-fodder for cattle, he introduced the growing of clover from seed imported from Holland; and to give materials for clothing, he encouraged the growth as well as the dressing of flax.

Having by his various plans considerably meliorated the prejudices and enlightened the minds of his parishioners, he now formed an agricultural society, composed of the more intelligent farmers: this association he connected with a society at Strasbourg, which, by way of encouragement, placed at his disposal the sum of 2500 francs, to be distributed among the peasants as prizes in horticultural operations. The beneficial effect of this measure induced Oberlin to institute a prize, to be awarded to those who should rear the finest ox; and he likewise took measures to induce the farmers to convert the least productive grass-lands into arable fields, and by means of the clover, already noticed, to feed the beasts in their stalls. By this last-mentioned practice he hoped to increase the amount of available manure, for the sake of the arable land; nor were his hopes disappointed. Attention to manures he knew to be one of the primary principles in agriculture, and on this subject he spared no pains to enlighten the people. He induced the practice of gathering together all vegetable refuse, such as the leaves of trees, the stalks of rushes, moss, and fir-cones—all which, when fermented in heaps, might be converted into a useful compost. Acting on his favourite maxim, that nothing should be lost, he also, to increase the compost heaps, instructed the children to tear old woollen rags into shreds, and to cut up old shoes; for all which he paid them sixteen sous, or eightpence, for a bushel, and one sou for the smallest quantity they could collect. A short time afterwards, in order to induce the rising generation to persevere in the course of improvement which had been begun in the district, he commenced the plan of lecturing, for two hours every Thursday morning, on agriculture, vegetable physiology, and other useful branches of science.

It will readily be supposed that these various enterprises were interspersed over a pretty long series of years. Unlike an ordinary class of improvers, who act with great zeal for a time, and then, when they have either satisfied a whim, or gained some paltry meed of applause, relax, if not altogether cease their efforts, Oberlin was animated by an unwearying and ever buoyant spirit of social melioration. Nor, while giving so much time and anxiety to the temporal welfare of his flock, did he neglect the more weighty matter of religious instruction. The earnestness of his clerical ministrations was almost unexampled; and this, coupled with the amiableness of his character and his boundless benevolence, gained for him from his parishioners the title of *Papa Oberlin*, or *Cher Papa* (Dear Papa), by which he became universally known.

Hitherto, we have said nothing of Papa Oberlin's benevolent and judicious schemes for training the young; these, however, early engaged his attention. He was most solicitous of erecting a schoolhouse in Waldbach, which might answer as a model for one in the other four villages; but the raising of the requisite funds for this undertaking was a matter of some difficulty among a poor population; from his own income, which was never above 1000 francs (£40) annually, and already burdened with many claims, he could also derive little assistance. There were no landed gentry to whom he could apply; but, as in former cases of urgent necessity, friends at a distance extended a helping hand; and the school-house was at length erected and furnished. Not only so, but in the course of a few years a similar school-house was erected in each of the other villages; and such was the progress of improved sentiment among the inhabitants, that they came voluntarily forward to second the efforts of their pastor, and to take on themselves the trouble and expense of supporting the establishment. To complete his scheme of education, he instituted arrangements for preparing young men as teachers: thus providing not only for the present, but the prospective conducting of these useful seminaries.

Having effected these important measures, Oberlin paused for a time to witness their operation, being hopeful that they would realise all he could wish for the secular instruction of the young. The schools answered every expectation; but something else was desirable. He observed with regret, that while parents were engaged in their daily labours, and the elder children at school, the infants were either neglected, or left in the charge of old women, incompetent, from their infirmities and their ignorance, to pay them the attention and give them the instruction they required. Education, as he justly considered, begins in the nursery, and children may be taught right from wrong—to be meek or passionate, cleanly or the reverse, before they are out of their cradle. To see an evil, was with Oberlin only preliminary to providing a remedy. He resolved to institute in his parish a number of *salles d'asile*, or *infant schools*, under properly qualified *conductrices.*

In commencing operations, he received the assistance of his wife, who sought out and instructed women of mature age and of a kindly disposition to act as schoolmistresses. Having hired an apartment in each of the five villages and three hamlets in the canton, Oberlin placed in each one of these a woman, whom he termed conductrice. At first, the schools were opened only one day in the week, as the conductrices were obliged to labour during the other days for their subsistence; but afterwards means were found for more frequent instruction. Having been previously initiated in the branches of knowledge best adapted to the purpose, the conductrice taught the children by turns whatever appeared most suited to their infant capacities. In the instructions, there was a happy blending of labour with intellectual exertion. Children naturally love to finger or work at something, and, as is observed, if not provided with some kind of trivial but harmless employment, they will almost inevitably work mischief. To amuse their minds—to keep them from meddling with each other—and, in some instances, to keep them from falling asleep, as well as to accustom them to industrious habits, the elder boys were taught to pick or card wool and cotton, and the girls to spin, sew, and knit. Those who were too young for this species of labour, were placed in positions to see the work going on; for, next to working themselves, all children are fond of looking at others at work. While so employed, their conductrice related and explained little stories from the Bible, or from other sources; also pleasing anecdotes in natural history—the whole of a kind likely to suppress the animal propensities, and cultivate in the minds of the pupils a love of justice, mercy, and peace; likewise to shew the wise and superintending care of Providence, and the beauty and harmony which reign throughout creation. She also taught them to sing and repeat hymns; instructed them in some of the leading facts in geography and botany; and trained them to be cleanly in person, and respectful and polite in their general behaviour. Another point in the juvenile education was, the inculcating of a love of what was beautiful in nature. A taste for flowers was in particular cultivated, tending greatly to modify the dispositions, and improve the artistic abilities of the young.

The germs of much useful knowledge and moral excellence were in this manner planted in the minds of the pupils, and proved of incalculable advantage to them as they grew up. So far from being weary of these meetings, the children were delighted to attend, and their parents were equally pleased with their progress. Having been thus prepared by early discipline, they were, at the age of seven years, admitted into the higher schools, where they were carried forward through a sound elementary education. Among other benefits originating in this course of instruction, was a marked improvement in the language of the people. Formerly, the language spoken was a *patois* or jargon, scarcely understood by strangers, and a great impediment to general intercourse. The conductrices in the infant schools, by never allowing a single word of patois, and teaching the pupils to speak pure French, almost entirely banished this unintelligible jargon, and introduced the common language of the country, which is now spoken in the canton.

Oberlin did not set all this mechanism of education in motion, and then leave it to itself: he kept a watchful superintendence over the whole, and reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the appropriate function of religious instructor. He collected all the children who were not mere infants once a week at Waldbach, for general examination in their studies; and every Sunday the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns and recite the lessons of piety they had learned, and to receive fresh religious instruction and admonitions. These assemblages were not, as may be imagined, meetings of gloom and fear, as the method of communicating religious knowledge too often unfortunately is. So universally was Oberlin beloved, so mild, persuasive, and indulgent were his exhortations, that the children were happy in being permitted to attend, and doubly happy when they were rewarded with a smile from the Cher Papa.

From the same collected Memoir whence we gather some of these interesting particulars,* we learn that Oberlin, with renewed assistance from Strasbourg, was enabled to establish a library for the use of the children in the different schools, and also to furnish an electrical machine and other philosophical instruments. Oberlin likewise has the credit of having at this time struck out an original idea, which has since been perfected in Scotland. This was the establishment of small itinerating libraries. A neat and handy collection of books being put into a case, was left at a village for three months, for the use of the inhabitants. At the end of this time it was removed to another village, and another collection of books, different from the former, took its place. Thus collections of books, some of which were printed at Oberlin's own expense, were made to circulate through the canton, and a continual fund of amusement and instruction kept up.†

The arrangements for the intellectual cultivation of his people were not yet terminated. A crowning point to his labours in the department of literature was the composing and publishing of an almanac for the use of his parishioners. This interesting annual was divested of all the falsehoods and superstitions with which almanacs are usually filled; and, like that of 'Poor Richard,' was replete with useful advices, and hints on many subjects of interest.

Here we may again pause in our recital of Oberlin's benevolent enterprises, to notice some matters of a personal nature.

FAMILY HISTORY—PERSONAL TRAITS.

Oberlin had been married sixteen years, during which time he had borne to him a family of three sons and four daughters, when his beloved Madeleine was taken from him by death. This sad event, which occurred in 1784, was sudden and unforeseen, and filled the humble parsonage with grief, not, however, the sorrow of despair. At the period of his marriage he composed a prayer, craving the divine blessing on his union, and concluding with the affecting wish, that it might not be the fate of himself and partner to be long separated from each other, but that the death of one might swiftly follow that of the other. In this his hopes were not realised. For the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he lived for the lengthened period of forty-two years after the death of his wife, and as a widower surrounded by his family.

The loss of Madame Oberlin was in some degree supplied to her children by a young woman, an orphan, named Louisa Schepler, who had already been eight years in the service of the family.

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* *Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin.* London: Houldsworth, 1833. Fourth edition—a work drawn up with great taste, by a female writer, to which we would refer for many details too minute for the present biographic sketch.

† An account of the plan of Itinerating Libraries, pursued in some parts of Scotland, will be found in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, article 'Itinerating Libraries.'

Formerly, she had been a conductrice in one of the infant schools; but this occupation not suiting her health, she became a domestic in the house of Oberlin. Kind attached servants are among the rare things of this world, though less rare in France than in Britain. Louisa Schepler appears to have been singular in her attachment, even in a country where fidelity and long service are far from uncommon. No sooner did she accept the office of housekeeper to the Cher Papa, than she resolved to devote the remainder of her existence to his service; not, however, as a paid domestic, but if possible as a friend. She accordingly refused all offers of marriage, and, what was equally remarkable, could with the greatest reluctance be persuaded to accept of any recompense. Her services, she determined, should be entirely given from an affectionate devotion towards her master and his children.

In a world of selfishness and rapacity, how charming to alight on a character so singularly simple and disinterested as that of the humble Louisa Schepler! Louisa was happy in conducting the household of Oberlin, and Oberlin uniformly treated her as a friend. Nine years had thus passed away since Louisa had assumed the domestic management of the family, when, on New-year's Day 1793, she addressed a letter to her benefactor, of which the following is a translation:

'DEAR AND BELOVED PAPA—Permit me, at the commencement of a new year, to request a favour for which I have long been desirous. As I am now in reality independent—that is to say, having now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to—I beseech you, my dear papa, not to refuse me the great favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages; for as you treat me like one of your children in every other respect, I earnestly hope you will do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my person. My shoes and stockings, and *sabots*,* will cost something; but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father. I entreat you, dear papa, to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter, LOUISA SCHEPLER.'

The Cher Papa acceded to this request of Louisa, and ever afterwards she was treated by him as one of his own children; sitting at the same table, advising in all family concerns; still aiding, however, as a busy and faithful domestic, who knew her proper duties and place.

A few passages from the journal of a French gentleman who visited the Ban de la Roche in 1793, will convey a pleasing idea of the personal appearance, habits, and family arrangements of Oberlin. We use the translation of the fair writer of his Memoirs.

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* Wooden shoes. These are often worn by ladies and domestics in France, as outer shoes or clogs, to keep the feet from feeling cold on the earthen or tile floors.

'His countenance is open, affectionate, and friendly, and bears a strong impress of benevolence. His conversation is easy, flowing, and full of imagination, yet always adapted to the capacity of those to whom he is speaking. In the evening, we accompanied him a league on his way back to Waldbach. We had a wooded hill to ascend; the sun was just setting, and it was a beautiful evening. . . . Sometimes we stood still to admire the beauties of nature, and at others to listen with earnest attention to his impressive discourse. One moment was particularly affecting, when, stopping about half-way up the hill, he answered in the softest tone: "Yes, I am happy." These words are seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world, and were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune, to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart, that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness. . . .

'The following morning we set off to return the visit which he had paid us on the preceding day. We found the worthy pastor in his morning-gown; it was plain, but whole and clean. . . . The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view: in every part of it is that kind of elegance which is the result of order and cleanliness. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man. The walls are covered with maps, drawings, and vignettes; and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. . . . His study is a peculiar room, and contains rather a well-chosen than numerous selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings, portraits of eminent characters, plates of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones; it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.

'The dinner commenced with a blessing. His children, two maid-servants, and a girl who receives her instruction there, were at the table: there was a remarkable expression of softness in all their countenances. . . .

'I am writing this at his table, whilst he is preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations; his eldest son, Frederick, is giving a lesson to some little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the Cher Papa, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his workshop, where there is a turner's lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter's tools, also a printing-press, and one for bookbinding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper which is intended for the covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been in some measure prepared by his own or his children's hands.

'He will never leave this place. A much better living was offered to him. "No," said he; "I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual, and domestic wants; I have laid my plan: I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices." . . .

'Yesterday I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burned out of their houses: he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he had placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house—children, servants, boarders, are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him; with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the foot of the table. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his.'

This letter refers to a period in which the usually quiet district of the Ban de la Roche was disturbed, like other parts of France, by the shock of the Revolution. Owing, however, in a great measure to the tastes and habits implanted in the people by Oberlin, this fearful convulsion passed over the canton with comparatively small effect. Oberlin was himself, in the first instance, exposed to its perils, and the losses it occasioned. Like the rest of the French clergy, he was deprived of his income, and for some years depended on the voluntary but scanty offerings of his parishioners. While public worship was everywhere forbidden as illegal, and many of the clergy imprisoned, Oberlin's accustomed ministrations at Waldbach and the other villages were not interrupted, neither was he exposed to any personal privation. At the commencement of the Revolution he was indeed summoned before the council of Alsace, to clear himself of entertaining views hostile to the movement; but he was not only acquitted of taking any part against the new order of things, but complimented on the excellence of his character, and requested to persevere in his charitable labours.

It would appear from his Memoirs that Oberlin was on the whole favourable to republican principles; and perhaps he gave them the strongest token of his approbation in allowing his eldest son, Frederick, to enter the army as a volunteer; in which situation he was among the first who were killed. His remarkable conduct as respects the famous assignats (paper-notes) issued by the French Directory, was, however, as much a matter of benevolence as of political principle. Lamenting the depreciation of this visionary paper-money, on account of the national credit, and feeling for the losses incurred by his poor parishioners in having accepted the assignats as payment, he commenced the practice of buying up every assignat at its nominal value, or, what was nearly the same thing, giving agricultural implements and other articles in exchange. Incredible as the fact may appear, he continued to accept this utterly worthless paper for a space of twenty-five years, and by this means, at a great sacrifice to himself, cleared the Ban de la Roche and its environs of every assignat. The enthusiasm which induced this singular act of patriotism and benevolence, prompted him also to retain the notes he acquired, and to inscribe on them a few words expressive of his thankfulness in being able to withdraw them from circulation. The following sentence is a translation of one of these inscriptions: 'Thus, thanks be to God, my nation is discharged in an honest manner of this obligation for 125 francs.'

Fortunately, in carrying out his numerous schemes of piety and benevolence, Oberlin was not interrupted by bad health. He possessed a vigorous constitution, which enabled him to exercise a universal supervision over all the affairs of his parish, to preach at different stations on the same day, to lecture at different times through the week, and to perform innumerable journeys of charity and mercy. He was, like all great men, methodic in all his undertakings, and did not spend needlessly a moment of time. Everything he did was exact, neatly accomplished, and to the point. He considered himself constantly under the eye of God, and that it was incumbent on him to do nothing heedlessly. In writing, for example, he felt it his duty to form every letter with care. Time he justly reckoned to be of the utmost value. On finding himself obliged to go to Strasbourg, which was almost always to perform some service for his parishioners, he generally travelled during the whole night, that he might be home to his usual duties with as little delay as possible. No kind of weather deterred him from making visits to his parishioners. As a clergyman to afford religious consolation, or as a physician to render medical assistance, his activity was as astonishing as his zeal. Latterly, he sent a young man to college as a student of medicine, and when he was fully qualified, he relieved him of this onerous branch of duty.

Oberlin, as we have said, belonged to the German Lutheran Church; but his tenets did not perhaps correspond precisely with that or any other confession. He took his belief directly from the Bible, particularly the evangelists, and neither plagued himself nor others with theological subtleties. Pure and simple, his Christianity was eminently practical, and in listening to him, one almost felt himself already within the air of Paradise. Once a week, on Friday, he conducted a service in German, for the benefit of those inhabitants of the vicinity to whom that language was more familiar than French. Nothing could be more primitive or affectionate than these meetings, which resembled the assemblage of a family circle. The women listened to him while going on with their work; and now and then the pastor would break off his discourse, and after taking a pinch from his snuff-box, send it round the congregation. After having pursued his discourse for half an hour, he would stop and say: 'Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?' His auditors would generally reply: 'No, Papa; go on; we should like to hear a little more;' and the good old man would resume, putting the same question at intervals, till he observed that attention was beginning to flag; or, perceiving that he spoke with less ease, the audience thanked him for what he had said, and begged him to conclude.

It need scarcely be stated of the Cher Papa that he was eminently tolerant of all forms of belief. Among his parishioners there were some Roman Catholics; and many of that persuasion, under their respective priests, bordered on the Ban de la Roche. He was equally kind to all; and on some occasions, at great personal risk, defended Roman Catholics, in the prosecution of their religious observances, from indignity and injury. On one occasion he also manfully interposed to prevent a Jew pedler from maltreatment. Taking the poor man's packet of goods on his back, he led him from the scene of tumult, and did not quit him till he was placed beyond the reach of danger. At all times his house was open as a place of refuge to the persecuted or distressed; and during the heat of the Revolution, he was known to have thus saved many persons from a cruel and ignominious death.

OBERLIN CONTINUES HIS LABOURS.

Oberlin, as we have seen, began his labours in the Ban de la Roche in 1767, and continued them till the period at which we have now arrived, which was in the early part of the present century. Every year he had been able to make a small but sensible advance in his comprehensive schemes, and now could look around with pleasure on the result. The fame of his astonishing intrepidity and perseverance was also spread abroad over many lands—a fact, however, of which he was unmindful and unconscious—and he was visited by travellers from different countries, curious to see the effects which it was said he had produced.

An English traveller, who visited the canton with a companion, relates a conversation which he had with the driver of his *voiture* in approaching the residence of Oberlin, which we translate as follows, although losing the vivacity of the original:

Driver.—You are going to see our good pastor Oberlin, gentlemen?

Traveller.—Yes, we are going to see him. Do you know him?

D.—Do I know him? Yes, I know him well. I have heard him preach frequently.

T.—But you are a Catholic, are you not?

D.—Yes; we are all Catholics at Schirmeck; nevertheless, that does not hinder us from hearing sometimes the good pastor of Waldbach.

T.—Do you find that he preaches well?

D.—Yes, I think very well. Often he draws the hot tears from our eyes.

T.—You have been a soldier, I should think.

D.—Yes, monsieur, I have been a soldier; and I am sorry to say when one is a soldier he easily gets into bad habits.

T.—From all that I have seen until this time, bad habits are easily acquired by all.

D.—That is possible. For me, I tell you frankly that I have been no better than others; and when I hear the pastor Oberlin preach, he makes me feel that I am not too good at the present time. He says what is quite right; it is true what he says—very true.

T.—Well, but do you not think that what he says is essential to be known? Do you not believe that the person who tells us of our errors is one of our best friends?

D.—To be cured, one must know the malady.

T.—Certainly. You are, then, happy in having a minister who makes you feel the truth.

D.—You are right; and I assure you that M. Oberlin is a man who makes himself useful in all sorts of ways.

T.—Tell me, what has he done?

D.—What has he done! He has done all that can be done. In the first place, this road here has been made by him.

T.—Well, but that is not absolutely the best in the world.

D.—That may be; but see you, sir, it is not many years since we could not have passed with a small car in this direction. Monsieur the pastor surveyed all this road, and, moreover, wrought at it with his own hands, for an encouragement to others.

T.—And this little bridge that we are going to cross?

D.—Yes, certainly, that bridge also; that was erected by him.

T.—He ought to be rich, to make so many things.

D.—That may be yes and no.

T.—How?

D.—We may say yes, because if he had all that he has given to others, he would be very rich. We may say no, because he cares for nothing, absolutely nothing: he gives all to the poor—all; yes, monsieur, all! When you see his house, don't expect to see anything very glorious.

Leaving the low country, and ascending the valleys of the Steinthal, the visitors were at every turn delighted with the spectacle which presented itself. The well-cultured fields, and their variety of produce; the neat cottages, with their trim gardens and blooming orchards; and the generally good roads and pathways leading to the villages and hamlets: all were remarkable, and the more so from the contrast with the backward and slovenly state of things in the country which had been left. The visitors were not less pleased with the cleanly and decent appearance of the people, their sober deportment, polite address, and correct speech. The children likewise partook of the universal influence, being gentle and obliging, and were seen in clusters going home merrily from school, the stronger leading those who were young and tender. In looking into the houses of the peasantry, everything was orderly and tidy; the beds clean and tastefully decorated, the furniture carefully polished, and the floor dry and comfortable. There was no appearance of wealth—that, indeed, being nowhere visible in the rural districts of France—neither, however, were there any signs of abject poverty, certainly not of either slothfulness or misery. And all this, together with a moral improvement not evident on the surface, was the work of the good pastor Oberlin.

It is an ascertained law that mankind increase at a quicker rate than the means for their support—that is, taking any particular spot on the earth's surface as a basis of the calculation. To prevent famine, therefore, one of two things becomes necessary; either that the redundant population be provided with employment from other quarters, or that they emigrate. That such a law has been impressed on human society for the purpose of peopling the unreclaimed but habitable parts of the globe, there can be no reasonable doubt. In usual circumstances, the inhabitants of any particular spot manifest extraordinary reluctance in dispersing themselves; and they too often cling to their homes long after reason and necessity would have bidden them depart. Such was now the condition of the Ban de la Roche. At the time of Oberlin's settlement, the parish contained from eighty to a hundred families; now, it comprised five or six hundred, numbering altogether about three thousand of a population. Here was a perplexing problem. Oberlin felt that the very improvements he had instituted had probably hastened the arrival of the period when the land could support no more inhabitants with a reasonable share of comfort. From whatever cause, the fact of over-population was becoming evident. Every little bit of land was occupied by its family; and the family patches were in the course of subdivision. There was as yet no actual want, because all less or more assisted each other, and the economical habits of the people led them to make the most of the small means at their disposal. Potatoes being their chief fare, the only immediate danger to be apprehended was a failure in the crops of that vegetable. In 1812, the calamity of a greatly deficient harvest fell upon France; corn rose to an exorbitant price; and in some parts of the country potatoes were sold for a sou apiece. The Ban de la Roche suffered in common with other districts, but to a less extent, in consequence of Oberlin having introduced a vigorous variety of the potato. From this cause alone the people did not die of famine, as they must otherwise have done.

While thankful for the narrow escape which his parishioners had made on this occasion, the good pastor was the more alarmed for the continued welfare of his flock; and as they did not seem inclined to emigrate, he set about contriving means for introducing employment from without. The plaiting of straw, knitting, and dyeing with the plants of the country, were accordingly introduced. A more successful branch of industry which followed was the spinning of cotton by the hand, for the manufactories of Alsace. In having women and girls taught the art of spinning, Oberlin was indefatigable; and such was his earnestness, that he gave prizes to the best spinners in addition to their ordinary wages. He had the gratification of seeing his plan succeed. In a short time the spinners became so expert, that in a single year the wages paid by a manufacturer for spinning cotton in the Ban de la Roche amounted to 32,000 francs (£1280). Weaving by the hand was next introduced, and promised to be equally remunerative, when a stop was put to the whole of this prosperity by the introduction of machinery at Schirmeck. Hand-labour could wage no effectual war with this cheaply wrought and powerful enginery, and the inhabitants sank to their former state of privation.

At this juncture it is impossible to avoid pitying Oberlin as well as his parishioners, whose duty, however, was clearly before them. The young and more able-bodied amongst them ought to have shifted to localities where their labour in the mechanic arts, or on the soil, would have earned them the bread of which they stood in need. A lucky turn in affairs saved them from the penalty of their neglect. While still smarting under the bereavement of their labour, the Ban de la Roche had the good fortune to be visited by a M. Legrand, a ribbon-manufacturer from Basel in Switzerland; and so charmed was he with the character of the Cher Papa Oberlin, and the orderly habits of the people, that he forthwith induced his two sons, to whom he relinquished his business, to remove their manufactory to the Steinthal. This proved to be a more permanent and suitable undertaking than that of cotton-spinning. Ribbons are woven by hand-looms, and these being dispersed amongst the cottages of the peasantry, in which also the winding of the silk weft for the weavers is conducted, employment was found for some hundreds of people, old and young, in their own dwellings—a plan every way more advantageous than that of working in large factories. As in some of the Swiss cantons, the Ban de la Roche now exhibited a happy mixture of agricultural and horticultural labours with mechanical pursuits. From many of the cottages on the hill-sides were heard the sounds of the swift-flying shuttle; and when these were hushed at an early hour in the evening, the weaver might be seen trimming his garden or digging in the patch of arable land connected with his establishment.

The Messieurs Legrand had no cause to lament their removal to the Steinthal. In a Report made to the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture in France, a letter occurs from one of these gentlemen to the Baron de Gerando, from which we draw the following interesting observations. 'Conducted by Providence into this remote valley, I was the more struck with the sterility of its soil, its straw-thatched cottages, the apparent poverty of its inhabitants, and the simplicity of their fare, from the contrast which these external appearances formed to the cultivated conversation which I enjoyed with every individual I met whilst visiting its five villages, and the frankness and *naïveté* of the children, who extended to me their little hands. I had often heard of the good pastor Oberlin, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. He gave me the most hospitable reception. . . . It is now four years since I retired here with my family; and the pleasure of residing in the midst of a people whose manners are softened and whose minds are enlightened by the instructions which they receive from their earliest infancy, more than reconciles us to the privations which we must necessarily experience in a valley separated from the rest of the world by a chain of surrounding mountains.'

The merits of Oberlin as a great social reformer would appear to have now become more prominent than they had hitherto been; attracting, in particular, the attention of government—usually the last party to recognise any virtue in anything not connected with fighting. Louis XVIII., at the recommendation of his ministry, presented Oberlin with the decoration of the Legion of Honour—a mark of esteem, however, so exceedingly common, as to form a very insignificant reward for public services of so important a nature. Oberlin, like a true philanthropist, could not see that he had done anything deserving of this mark of royal approbation. The notice which was taken of him by the Count de Neufchateau, in a meeting at Paris of the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture about this period (1818), bore still more satisfactory testimony to his self-devoted labours. On the occasion of voting a tribute of gratitude, along with a gold medal from the Society, to Oberlin, the count made the following among other vivid remarks:

'If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, quit for a moment the banks of the Seine, and ascend one of the steepest summits of the Vosges Mountains. Friends of the plough and of human happiness, come and behold the Ban de la Roche! I have been long acquainted with the valuable services rendered, for more than fifty years, to that district by John Frederick Oberlin. During that time, and to the advanced age of seventy-eight, he has persevered in carrying forward the interesting reformation first suggested and commenced by his virtue, piety, and zeal. He has refused invitations to more important and more lucrative situations, lest the Ban de la Roche should relapse into its former desolate state; and, by his extraordinary efforts and unabated exertions, he averted from his parishioners, in the years 1812, 1816, and 1817, the horrors of approaching famine. Such a benefactor of mankind deserves the veneration and the gratitude of all good men; and it gives me peculiar pleasure to present you with an opportunity of acknowledging, in the person of M. Oberlin, not a single act, but a whole life devoted to agricultural improvements, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the inhabitants of a wild and uncultivated district. . . . It is already ascertained that there is in France uncultivated land sufficient for the formation of five thousand villages. When we wish to organise these colonies, Waldbach will present a perfect model; and in the rural hamlets which already exist, there is not one, even amongst the most flourishing, in which social economy is carried to a higher degree of perfection, or in which the annals of the Ban de la Roche may not be studied with advantage.'

Whatever were the feelings which inspired the venerable Oberlin in receiving the tribute of gratitude and accompanying medal from the Society, it will naturally be supposed that these marks of regard to their beloved pastor afforded unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to his numerous parishioners.

One of the public services performed by the Cher Papa for the Ban de la Roche was the settling of a long and ruinous lawsuit which was carrying on between the peasantry and the *seigneurs* of the territory. A seigneur, according to the old French usages, was the feudal lord or superior of a tract of land, from the resident proprietors or cultivators of which he exacted certain annual dues and services; in requital, he gave them legal protection and some other privileges, such as the right of cutting timber from the forests, or fishing in the rivers. At the Revolution, the seigneuries were generally abolished; without, however, as it would appear, quashing any legal disputes which had previously been unsettled between the seigneurs and their vassals. The litigation in the present instance was with regard to the forests which covered a large part of the mountains, and, with varying fortune, the suit had lasted upwards of three-quarters of a century, and through all varieties of tribunals. In 1813, the quarrel, handed down from father to son, still raged, and promised to rage for many years longer. Attempts had been made by the seigneurs to compromise the matter, but without avail. This perplexing law-plea had been the plague of Oberlin's life: it was the standing grievance of the canton: now sinking into silence, now reviving, it kept every tongue in exercise.

With some useful advice from his friend the prefect of the department, Oberlin undertook to convince his parishioners how much more advantageous it would be for them to make certain sacrifices, with a view to settle the dispute, than to protract it even with the ultimate chance of being victorious. He shewed them the amount of expenses they had already lost, and which they might still lose;

what were the vexations to which they had been exposed; and what pleasure they would have in being no longer subjected to such a torment. Besides offering these reasons, he urged the religious view of the subject, insisting on the duty of living at peace and in friendship with all mankind. The moral power of the good pastor was perhaps in nothing so remarkable as his conquest on this occasion. Melting the obstinacy of his auditors by his arguments and eloquence, they agreed to the terms of a mutual compromise, and the litigation was brought to a close. A few smooth words effected what years of wrangling and battling had failed to accomplish. The day on which the mayors attended to receive the signature of the late belligerents, was one of rejoicing in the Ban de la Roche; and at the suggestion of the prefect, these magistrates presented to Oberlin the pen with which the deed had been signed, requesting him to suspend it in his study as a trophy of the victory which he had achieved over long-cherished animosities. The gift was gratefully accepted; and it was often afterwards declared by Oberlin that the day on which that pen was used had been the happiest of his life.

As early as 1804, and while war still existed between France and England, a friendly communication had been opened between the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London and Oberlin, who entered with his accustomed enthusiasm into the idea of dispersing copies of the Scriptures throughout the districts under the sphere of his influence. Assisted by his son, Henry Gottfried, who, after being educated at Strasbourg for the medical profession, was ordained for the church, and also one of the Messieurs Legrand, Oberlin organised an auxiliary Society at Waldbach, which henceforth became one of the most important distributaries of the Bible in France. It is mentioned, that so zealous did the good pastor become in this as well as in the cause of Christian missions, that he not only gathered all the funds he could among his parishioners, and exhausted his own slender funds, but sold off many articles of value in his household, including every silver utensil, except a single spoon. Uniting with the Cher Papa in these pious efforts, Louisa Schepler became a zealous contributor to the Bible Societies; on one occasion giving the entire annual rent of a small field which belonged to her.

In the latter part of his life, Oberlin became also deeply interested in the movements taking place in England and elsewhere for the abolition of negro slavery in the West Indies and America. So shocked was he with the injustice and impiety of the whole system of slavery, that he determined on relinquishing the use of coffee, the only slave-cultivated product which entered his dwelling; and at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, he never afterwards used this article, substituting milk in its place.

Thus, in acts of piety and self-sacrificing benevolence, conformable to all his previous actions, passed away the latter years of this remarkable man. In 1809, he felt acutely the loss of his daughter Fidélité; and in 1817 met with another severe bereavement in the death of his son, Henry Gottfried, who sunk under an illness aggravated by the severity of his labours among the mountains. These family losses were felt the more acutely, from his remaining children being dispersed and settled in life; his principal domestic stay being now his adopted daughter, Louisa Schepler, who clung to him till his last moments. When no longer able to perform his pastoral functions, they were faithfully discharged by his son-in-law, M. Graff; and he spent the greater part of his time in literary and devotional exercises in his study. All who had the happiness of being introduced to him—and among these were numbered several clergymen from England—were struck with his venerable and dignified appearance, and the singular artlessness of his manners and discourse. His head, which indicated high intellectual and moral faculties,* was thinly covered with finely flowing locks of hair white as snow, while on his countenance shone the calm placidity of one who was at peace with himself and the world. Great as was latterly his infirmity, he was affected with no bodily disease; and he may be said to have died solely from a decline of the natural powers. Dissolution made no sensible approach till Sunday the 28th of May 1826, when he was suddenly seized with shiverings and faintings; and he lingered, suffering from occasional convulsions, till the morning of the 1st of June, when he expired; his last moments being of that peaceful and happy kind which so well befitted his character. He died in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry.

The intelligence of the sad event, communicated to the parish by the solemn tolling of the passing bell, was received with the deepest sorrow, every family feeling that it had lost the best of friends and benefactors. Agreeable to a not unusual custom, all were permitted to visit the parsonage, to pay a last tribute of respect to the Cher Papa, whose wan and sunken, but venerable features were exposed beneath a glass in the lid of the coffin. For several days, multitudes from all quarters crowded to Waldbach on this pilgrimage of affection, and many remained in the neighbourhood to attend the approaching funeral.

This last touching ceremony took place on the 5th of June, amidst a large concourse of parishioners and strangers, of every sect and party. When the funeral procession was about to set out, M. Jaeglé, president of the consistory or ecclesiastical body to which Oberlin had belonged, placed on the coffin the pastoral robe of the deceased, the vice-president laid on it the Bible, and the mayor, or civil magistrate of the district, attached to the pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which had been presented by Louis XVIII. The coffin was borne by the elders of the congregation; and in moving along, twelve females sung a hymn in chorus. The front of the procession was led by the oldest inhabitant of the parish, bearing a cross of wood, given him by Louisa Schepler, to plant at the head of the grave, and on which were engraved the words, PAPA OBERLIN.

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* Oberlin was a believer in Lavater's opinions respecting physiognomy, and also of the doctrines of Gall on phrenology. His own head, in relation to his character, is said to have afforded strong presumptive proofs of the correctness of Gall's theory.

The funeral procession extended two miles in length, and the foremost had reached the churchyard of Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had set out from the parsonage at Waldbach. When entering Foudai, a new and finely sounding bell, which M. Legrand had kindly presented to the church, began to toll, and it continued till the ceremonial was concluded. The coffin being deposited in front of the communion-table, was hung over by many weeping mourners, while the body of the church was filled by a select number of persons, among whom might be seen several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their ecclesiastical robes. The remainder of the vast crowd, computed to amount to three thousand individuals, took up an orderly position in the churchyard, the spectacle without being heightened by the devout appearance of a body of Roman Catholic women kneeling in silent prayer around the cemetery. The funeral service was begun by M. Jaeglé, who, while in the pulpit, took occasion to read an affectionate address from Oberlin to his parishioners, which had been found among his papers, and intended to be read to them at his funeral. At the close of the service, and when the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, a friend of the deceased—as is customary at the burial of distinguished individuals in France—delivered a short oration, eulogising the character, and pointing to the useful labours of the good man whose body was now to be consigned to the dust. Well as this was delivered, the tears which plenteously flowed from the eyes of the multitude, the sobs which were heard from the women and children who crowded round the grave, were, it was remarked, the most impressive funeral oration. Oberlin was buried under the shade of a weeping-willow, which overhung the tomb of his son Henry Gottfried, and there the body of the Cher Papa was left to its repose.

Oberlin was succeeded in the cure of the Ban de la Roche by M. Graff; but that gentleman being soon after compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties from bad health, the cure was committed to another son-in-law of the deceased, M. Rauscher, a person eminently qualified to continue the career of usefulness which Oberlin had begun. Oberlin had left a letter to his children pointing out the valuable services of Louisa Schepler, and stating that, by the care they took of her, they would shew how much attention they paid to the last wish of a father who had always endeavoured to inspire them with feelings of gratitude and benevolence. The appeal was unnecessary. The surviving family of Oberlin, from the affection which they bore Louisa, determined that she should want for nothing till they themselves were destitute. This excellent person, equally esteemed by M. Rauscher, continued to reside in the parsonage of Waldbach, devoting herself as formerly to acts of benevolence. Her many good qualities becoming known to the trustees of the Monthyon institution at Paris for the reward of virtue, she was awarded by them the prize of 5000 francs—a sum which she wholly devoted to deeds of piety.

Influenced by the friendship and exhortations of Oberlin, there were other women in the Ban de la Roche who, though in poor circumstances, were distinguished for their disinterested benevolence. The following * deserve particular notice :

Sophia Bernard.—This woman, though depending for subsistence on her own labour, and the scanty produce of a morsel of land, resolved in early life to devote herself entirely to the care of orphans ; and with this view collected, first under her father's roof, and afterwards in the old parsonage, several children, whose parents were of different denominations, and taught them to spin cotton, in order to assist in their maintenance, which would otherwise have devolved entirely on herself. Before she married, and when her little family already consisted of seven children, she and her sister Madeleine received a letter from a poor tailor, named Thomas, who lived in a neighbouring village, entreating them to take charge of his three little children, all of whom were under four years of age, as his wife was near her confinement, and he was utterly unable to provide for them. This could scarcely be called a justifiable request : following, however, the benevolent impulse of the moment, or rather the dictates of that benevolence by which they were habitually actuated, the two sisters immediately set out, although the evening was already far advanced, and they had dangerous roads to traverse, with their baskets on their backs. At length, regardless of fatigue and exertion, they reached the summit of the mountain upon which Thomas's cottage was situated. Softly approaching it, they peeped in at the window, and were confirmed in the truth of the statement they had received, by the evident marks of wretchedness and poverty that the little apartment exhibited. Upon entering it, they found the little creatures in as forlorn a condition as the poor man had described ; miserably nursed, and weak and diseased from neglect. They therefore, without further deliberation, wrapped them up in flannel, packed them in the baskets at their backs, and trudged home with them. But, as their father's house would not accommodate so large an accession to the family, Sophia hired a servant-girl and an additional room, where she fed, clothed, and educated them, so that they became strong, healthy, and ultimately enabled to provide for their own maintenance. A young man, of a generous disposition, made Sophia an offer of marriage; and as she appeared unwilling to accept him, he declared that, if necessary, he would wait ten years to gain her hand. She then acknowledged that her motive for refusing him was the grief it would occasion her to part from her little orphans. 'He who takes the mother takes the children also,' replied the young man. On this condition the marriage took place; and all the children were brought up under their mutual care in the most excellent manner. They afterwards adopted other orphans, whom they are training up in the fear and love of God. Though these excellent people passed for rather rich, yet their income was so limited, and their benevolence so extensive, that they sometimes hardly knew how to furnish themselves with a new suit of clothes.

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* Letter from Oberlin in the Appendix to the First Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Maria Schepler lived at the remotest part of Oberlin's extensive parish, where the cold was more severe, and the ground unfruitful. Nearly all the householders were so poor that they lent each other clothes, in order that those who attended the communion might make a decent appearance. Though distressed and afflicted in her own person and circumstances, Maria Schepler was a mother, benefactress, and teacher to the village in which she lived, and to some of the neighbouring districts also; bringing up several orphans without the smallest recompense, and keeping a free school for females.

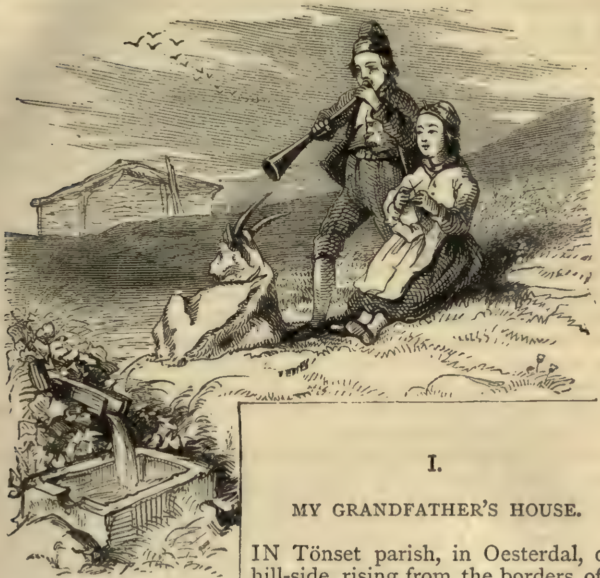
Catherine Scheidecker, a poor widow, was also a mother to orphans, and kept a free school for the children of the hamlet in which she resided.—*Catherine Banzet* was a young woman of a similar character. She voluntarily attended all the neighbouring schools to teach the girls to knit, and, besides, instructed them in other branches of useful knowledge. Who shall estimate the value of the labours of these women, or say how much the poor does for the poor!

CONCLUSION.

It is painful to withdraw ourselves from a contemplation of the character we have been attempting to depict. In laying down the pen, we feel as if a curtain were about to drop between us and the object of our esteem and admiration. But Oberlin, though dead, yet liveth. His person has vanished, but he survives in his actions. How holy, how pure is the remembrance of such a hero! how immeasurably more grand his character than that of the 'great men' who usually fill the world's eye, and command the multitude's gaping applause! His piety, without bigotry; his charity, without ostentation; his self-denial, without penuriousness; his universal loving-kindness; his sincerity, meekness, fortitude, and perseverance; the originality, benevolence, and comprehensiveness of his schemes; not to mention the unusually long and zealous pursuit of his sacred profession—all raise him far above the standard of ordinary men.

Devoting himself to labours of the most humble order, he sacrificed a whole lifetime to a sense of public duty. There was in him, as will have been observed, an utter absence of self. He aimed at no personal glory. What he planned and executed was with an ardent desire to do the work of his great Master, and for the pleasure of doing good. And here lay the remarkable distinction between his character and that of the common class of public benefactors. In none of his undertakings did he think of or look for public notice, thanks, or applause. Instead of going about the world announcing his schemes, or parading his deeds, he spent his days within the bosom of a wild mountain-district, going nowhere to seek popularity or reward. Oberlin lived and died a poor man, according to the world's acceptation of poverty. For his wonderful labours he never received the wages of a good mechanic: yet what did he not execute with his scanty resources! what was the satisfaction of his mind! If riches are to be estimated by the degree of happiness they impart, or by the love which they purchase, Oberlin was the richest of mortals. Beloved by all, he enjoyed in his humble mountain-home pleasures which money cannot buy, and was in effect wealthier than the greatest potentate. If kindness be power, and force weakness—as we firmly believe them, in general circumstances, to be—then was Oberlin also powerful; for he effected by kindness that which even the force of law would inevitably have failed to accomplish. At his death, three thousand people wept bitter tears. How few monarchs have received such a tribute of veneration! Nor did his name perish, or enjoy but a questionable fame. From a remote nook of continental Europe the name and fame of Oberlin have gone abroad over all lands. The present little tract will, it is hoped, extend and confirm the reputation of a man so worthy of the world's admiration. May it, however, do more. The fame of the truly great can only be of use when stimulating by example. Let every reader of these pages, therefore, humble, powerless, and penniless as he may be, consider what *he* can contribute towards the same great cause—the cause of social melioration: what personal sacrifices he will make to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, cheer the disconsolate; what selfishness and bigotries he will relinquish; what meekness, benevolence, justice, and charity he will exercise; what, in a word, he will do to imitate the Cher Papa, the good pastor OBERLIN.

SCENES FROM PEASANT LIFE IN NORWAY.



I.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

IN Tönset parish, in Oesterdal, on a hill-side, rising from the borders of the narrow tarn which winds like a river through the glen, stands the house which my grandfather built for himself when he first settled in the village.* At the time of which I am about to speak, when I

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* This word is adopted as most intelligible to English readers, though it does not quite truly render the Norwegian term, *bygd* (meaning strictly an inhabited place); for, though the people of a bygd consider themselves as forming a community, their dwellings are not clustered together as in a village, but are spread over an area frequently several Norwegian miles in extent, each farmhouse being situated in the midst of the lands belonging to it; and as the peasantry make everything for themselves—from their houses, household furniture, and linen, to their harness, ploughs, carts, &c.—the bygd presents none of the usual features of the village.

The feudal system having never been introduced into Norway, the peasantry of that country have, from the earliest ages to the present times, possessed their lands in freehold; and although the right of taking part in the popular assemblies, and giving his voice on all matters of public interest, which was originally enjoyed by every Scandinavian *Bonde*, or freeborn holder of property, was superseded during four hundred years, the Norwegian peasant (to which class the name *Bonde* is now exclusively applied) has regained his lost was a boy of thirteen, the house, like its master, bore traces of the years that had passed over it, and was in no way distinguished from that of an ordinary Norwegian peasant-farmer; but in my eyes, it was a dwelling fit for a king. The rough aspect of the outer walls, formed of logs, laid one upon the other, and tightened in the interstices with layers of moss, was relieved by the shining panes of glass in the broad windows, that let in abundance of air and light, and gave a look of cheerfulness to the house within and without. How well I remember every nook and corner: the *Storstue* (large room, or reception-room), with its dark wooden panellings, its high-backed carved chairs, with embossed Russia leather seats; the huge oaken presses and cupboards, in which were ranged, in studied order, all kinds of curiosities from the four kingdoms of nature, together with models of various machines and utensils; the venerable old musical-clock in the corner, made by my grandmother's father, which played such beautiful psalms; and above the door, the head of a stately elk, with horns measuring six feet between the tips, and eyes of polished pebbles. Then there was the large cheerful kitchen, with its long white deal-table, where the family took their repasts, 'themselves' occupying the upper end, while the domestics were seated at the lower. Outside the kitchen-window was the board on which grandfather strewed pease for the pigeons every morning, calling them to their meal with the shrill tones of a watchman's whistle; and under the eaves of the gable, was the box he had prepared as a nest for the starling, which never failed to take possession of it in spring, when he returned from his long travels.

Behind the house was the garden, surrounded by a high wooden fence, with a double row of larches on the outside, to protect it against the north wind. But the poor foreigners seemed themselves to stand in need of protection from this rude child of the north; for although they had stood there upwards of forty years, they did not yet reach much above the fence. Within were many delicate leafy trees, such as the wild cherry and the rowan; and in one of the angles, a bower formed of the Siberian pea. In the garden-beds grew carrots and onions, and potatoes and pease; and, best of all, wild strawberries, which, however plentiful in other parts of Norway, are very rare in this place. Then there was the middle walk, with

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position within the last century, and may now elect and be elected to a seat in the Diet of his country. The farms are generally of about forty or fifty acres, each having, besides, a large tract of pasturage in the *Fjelds* or mountains, whither the cattle are sent to pasture in spring and summer, under the care of the daughters and female servants of the farmers. Upon these out-farms, which are called *Sæter*, there are of course houses for the 'sœter-girls' to sleep in, and to carry on their dairy-work, all of which is done here; but they are of inferior construction. Below the farmers or *Gaardmænd*, there is a race of cottars, or *Huusmand* (housemen), as they are termed in the language of the country, whose lot is a less happy one; yet, even these are not without their bit of ground, mostly, however, held in rent; in which case, as also when large farms are held in rent, the lease is always granted for the lifetime of husband and wife, and generally renewed to the son on the demise of the parents. The rent of the cottars is usually paid in labour, either of husband or wife.

the gilt sun-dial; and the rural seat, with the stone table in front; and the little flower-bed, with its border of mountain auriculas, transplanted by myself from the grassy slope without. Ah, that was a garden which had not its like! at least within a distance of ten miles.*

One spot in the landscape, on the other side of the tarn, was particularly dear to me: this was the bank beyond the meadow, with the beautiful drooping birches, on which stood Tjönmo Farm dwelling-house, with its dark-brown log walls, its broad windows and turf-covered roof, and clustering around it the various barns, outhouses, and stables, each under a separate roof; and, foremost in importance in my eyes, old Mother Kari's store-room, raised upon posts, to secure it from the visits of the rats and other enemies. The Tjönmo children—Olaug, Sigri, and Per—were my sister's and my dearest and most constant companions. Many a feast of dried salt meat and cream from Mother Kari's store-room had we with them; and in return, it was they who, above all others, were invited to celebrate grandfather's birthday with us, when we were regaled with chocolate out of the little china cups, and with gingerbread and dried figs, produced from the mysterious chest in the passage, in which grandfather seemed to have stored away the good things of all climes.

II.

RAGNHILD AND BERSVEND.

At the time of which I am speaking, several of the daughters of Tjönmo were already confirmed.† The eldest, whose name was Ragnhild, was considered the prettiest girl in the village—nay, perhaps, in the whole Oesterdal—at least so said the *Sorenskriver's* (local magistrate) clerks, and they were very knowing in such matters: indeed, one of them, who had just come home after a visit to Christiania, maintained that, even in the capital, there was not a girl equal to Ragnhild Tjönmo. The people of the village, however, spoke little of Ragnhild's beauty. Among these simple mountaineers, delicacy of feature is not much appreciated, and no one thinks of finding fault with a face that is not decidedly disfigured: Ragnhild herself would, therefore, probably never have known that she was pretty, had it not been for the said clerks, and some stray lieutenants, sent to make trigonometrical surveys, who were always so anxious to take part in the hay-making when Ragnhild was there. But the poor fellows got little for their trouble; and even the lads of the village found her door closed against them, when, in accordance with the custom of the country, they went to visit her in the evening after the labours of the day were over.

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* There are seven English miles to one Norwegian mile.

† In the Lutheran Church, in Scandinavia, confirmation, which is compulsory on all classes of the people, and may be performed by clergymen of all grades, generally takes place between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The children receive regular instruction from the pastor six months previous to the confirmation; and on the day of the ceremony, are publicly examined in the church before the blessing is conferred. No young persons can be admitted to the previous religious classes who are not able to read and write; and certificate of confirmation being required on their entering into private or public service, and on various other occasions of life, such as marriage, &c., this acts as a compulsory enactment as regards popular education, at least as far as relates to the rudiments.

Very likely, however, Ragnhild made an exception with Bersvend Embretsen, the son of the house in the neighbouring farm, Tröen. Bersvend was not particularly comely; but in his sunburned freckled face and clear blue eyes there was an expression of goodness and honesty that won all hearts. And the lasses liked him well for a partner in the dance; for, lithe, muscular, and well-built as he was, they were always sure that in the *Halling** he would *raake Slinda*, or reach the beam. Ragnhild and Bersvend had grown up together, and had learned to love each other, without either of them being able to say when the feeling took birth. Sure it is, they wished to become man and wife; but, as it so often happens, the parents and the children were not of one mind on this subject, and old Arne Tjönmo, Ragnhild's father, received Bersvend's advances in no friendly spirit. Bersvend's mother, who was a widow, had mismanaged affairs since her husband's death, and had got the farm deeply in debt, and as yet Bersvend had not succeeded in setting matters to rights again. Besides, Mother Beret had the name of being something of a scold; and she and the goodman at Tjönmo had repeatedly had words together about fences that were broken down, or sheep or calves that had strayed, and such-like matters as may easily occur between neighbours; and therefore old Arne had no wish to have Bersvend for his son-in-law. For a long while, however, he left things alone, and seemed not to heed that Bersvend was 'going after' his Ragnhild; but when the latter rejected several good offers, and obstinately refused to yield to her father's remonstrances, he thought it was time to watch his lamb more closely. When, therefore, Bersvend at length, though with little hope of success, presented himself, in company with a kinsman, to make formal application for Ragnhild's hand, as is the custom of the country, Arne Tjönmo was highly incensed, and gave the suitor a blunt refusal; telling him, in plain terms, that a man who knew not when he would be driven from house and home, had no business to take a wife. In vain Bersvend's companion urged, that the debt had been considerably reduced since the young man had been allowed to take the management of the farm into his hands; and in vain Ragnhild, who was in the next room, wept till her apron was steeped in tears. From that moment she was more closely watched. She was no longer allowed to fetch water from the well at Trön, as she used to do; and when spring came round, and they were to go to sœters, either Ragnhild staid at home, or her mother went with her. But it is no easy matter to shut up a kid, says an old proverb, and, in spite of all precautions, Ragnhild and Bersvend found opportunities to meet; but nevertheless, confinement and sorrow began to fade the roses on Ragnhild's cheeks, and Bersvend went about with downcast looks, and kept aloof when the young people met for social amusement.

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* A national dance, requiring an extraordinary degree of agility and muscular strength, the dancer having sometimes to bend so low as almost to touch the floor with his knees, at others to make a sudden leap, and touch the wall or the ceiling with his toe. Skill in this dance is so much prized, that records are kept of extraordinary feats of agility performed therein.

III.

BOATING ACROSS THE MEADOWS.

It was Whitsunday morning; the soft south breeze and the clear blue sky, in which a few vapoury white clouds were sailing, promised a real summer day, although we were only in the beginning of June; and, in general, summer does not reach our northern mountain valleys so early in the year. The solemn pealing of the church-bell announced the festive day. Within the house everything had been scoured, cleaned, and tidied; the white deal floors were strewn with fresh green tops of fir; and round the kitchen fireplace and the plate-racks were wreathed verdant branches of birch. The maid-servants had donned their green holiday bodices with snow-white linen sleeves; we had all partaken of the cream porridge, which constituted our breakfast on great holidays, and were awaiting a signal from grandfather to proceed together to church.

The tarn, which usually was not broader than that it might be spanned across with one or two ordinary fishing-nets, was on this day swelled into a mighty lake. The long sharp-bladed grass and numerous water-plants which commonly fringed the banks, were nowhere to be seen; and the low dike which bridged it over, as also the meadows on the far side, through which runs the pathway that leads to the church, had likewise disappeared: for the spring-floods, which had this year come later than usual, and had been much swelled by the sudden thawing of the snow on the mountains, had united into one great sheet the waters of the tarn and the river Glommen, overflowing the low grounds that intervened between them. Only a few wooded knolls were seen rising, like little islands, out of the lake. It was a strange but pretty sight, to see the drooping birches lifting their crowns of tender green foliage out of the tranquil waters, while the tops of the lower bushes seemed to swim about on the surface, until here and there they gathered again into

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larger masses of foliage, through which the waters were only seen in silvery glimpses. As background to this great verdure-clad lake, rose in the north-west the dark forest-covered Faastens-Li,* with a few scattered farm-steads and grassy uplands at its base; and in the north-east the Oestby-Li's more gentle and fertile slopes, with its groups of farm-steadings, looking like so many villages. On a rising-ground in the valley, right in the middle between the two slopes, stands the stately red-painted church, lifting its dome-covered turret on high, as if in emulation of the far mountain-ridge.

The voices of the bells were hushed from time to time, and then broke forth again with renewed vigour. Already we descried many dark figures gathered on the eminence round the church, and long files of others were seen wending their way towards it. Our maid-servants were by this time putting on their dark over-jackets, and covering their heads with sombre-coloured kerchiefs, bordered with red. While this was going on, I hurried down to the boat—the only means by which we could reach the church to-day—and had just time to give a peep at the perch and the pike in the *cauf*, when grandfather sallied through the garden-gate at the head of our party, consisting of my mother and my sister, our servants, the man and woman who lived in a cottage on the farm, and their grown-up sons. While we were taking our seats in the boats, we saw Arne Tjönmo and his household descending the path which led from their farm, and preparing to push out the boat that was lying high up on land.

Our boats shoved off. In the stern of the foremost sat grandfather, who was to act as steersman and pilot, for no one knew as well as the old man the soundings of these waters. In silence we glided on among bushes and trees, the pendent branches of the birches whisking in our faces, as sometimes rowing, sometimes paddling, and sometimes punting, we made our way through the narrow channels, startling the various aquatic birds that had taken possession of the new domains opened to them by the spreading of the waters. One of the most difficult points had just been passed in safety, when the keel of our second boat was caught in the stumps of a tree concealed below the water. The women screamed, and seemed to think that they were lost; but when some of the freight had been transferred to grandfather's boat, the other was soon afloat again. During the delay caused by this accident, the Tjönmo boat emerged from among the bushes right in our wake. In the stern, with her back towards us, sat a female figure, whose gaily embroidered coif shewed that she was a maiden. As it drew nearer to us, she turned round, and we saw that we had not been mistaken—it was

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* Pronounced *Lee*, slope of a mountain. In Norway, the mountains do not rise in continuous or rapid slopes from base to summit, but are formed of a succession of broad plateaus, one rising above the other, and in their turn forming the basis of hills of considerable elevation, interspersed with broad valleys, narrow glens, and swampy hollows and levels. The slope of the terrace forming the plateau is what is termed Li. Fjeld is the generic name for isolated mountain-tops, as well as chains of mountains.

Ragnhild; but she was pale, and looked sad, and only answered with a faint smile when we wished her a 'joyous festival!' In the boat there were, besides herself, her father and her mother, some of her young sisters and brothers, and a servant-lad, who was plying the oars. After having interchanged a few friendly words with them, we again moved on.

We had passed the Sandvold farms, where a boat lay moored close to the house-steps, when a gentle current in the water indicated that we were approaching the river. The most dangerous point was now before us. The bank of the river was somewhat higher than the surrounding meadow-lands, and could only be passed through a narrow *Evje*,* outside of which the current ran strong during the flood-times. Before we reached this, we descried ahead of us a boat, with young men and maidens from the neighbourhood, which had run aground. Two of the men had drawn off their shoes and stockings, and were standing up to their knees in the water, trying to get the boat over the embankment where it had grounded, while a third, who had thrown off his jacket, stood in the stern, seconding their endeavours by pushing his oar with all his might against the embankment, so as to impel the boat onwards. As his head was bent forward, and his face concealed by his long hair, we did not at first recognise him; but as we passed them, holding a little to the right, to get into a deeper channel, the young men paused in their work, and respectfully taking off their red woollen caps to grandfather, greeted us with the usual 'A joyous festival to you!' We then saw that the one at the oar was no other than our friend Bersvend; yet we observed that when the Tjönmo boat passed them, Ragnhild remained as before, with drooping head, and eyes fixed on the water. Had she not seen him?

Our two boats, and that from Tjönmo, following close in our track, had now reached the evje, through which we were to pass into the river. We knew the place by the presence of an old dwarf willow, which grew on the bank of the stream, and the lower branches of which displayed as trophies various tufts of straw and dry twigs, caught up from the current, which was whirling them along. Now was the time to steer steadily, and to strike into the current at the proper moment, and with sufficient force, so as to enable the boat to swing clear round the point.

We had got happily through, and were already rapidly descending the broad river, whose waters were to-day turbid and muddy, when the Tjönmo boat, whose rower was an inexperienced lad, turned too suddenly out of the evje, and was caught in the eddy, and whirled round, its stern striking with great force against the trunk of the willow, while at the same moment it reeled over, and the water rushed in at the gunwales; but, nevertheless, it righted itself again, and glided down the stream. But Ragnhild lost her balance when it struck, and was precipitated into the water. A cry of dismay was heard from all the boats. Grandfather instantly gave orders to turn, and row against the current; but it was too strong for us; and in spite of the exertions of our rowers, we made little progress; while the Tjönmo boat also, on board which reigned the greatest confusion, and which had drifted a good bit down the river, was making vain endeavours to come to the young girl's assistance. To our great joy, however, we soon discovered that she had caught hold of a branch of the willow, and was thus keeping herself above water. In a few minutes, another boat was seen coming round the point of the evje; an oar was stretched out, which was eagerly grasped by Ragnhild, and Bersvend's strong arm did the rest. The rowers of the boat in which she was now seated, plied their oars vigorously, and were soon alongside of us; and we were surprised to find that, instead of being discomfited by her mishap, the maiden was radiant with smiles. She seemed not to give a thought to her spoiled holiday attire; for was she not at the side of the loved one, whose strong arm had rescued her from her dangerous position; and might not this occurrence prove a turning-point in her destiny? But the good man, her father, seemed to take the matter very coolly; at least he gave no outward indications of emotion. To Bersvend he merely said, in a fretful tone, while they were drawing up the boats near the bridge where we landed: 'I give thee thanks for thy trouble, Bersvend;' and the subject was not again alluded to. Poor Ragnhild, in her dripping clothes, sought refuge in Nebby Farm.

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* A narrow inlet formed by the waters of the river.

IV.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

The last bell was tolling as we ascended the eminence on which the church is situated. On the embankment, outside the churchyard, stood the parishioners in closely pressed groups; the men in dark-gray jerkins, with metal buttons; the women in blue or black linsey-woolsey jackets buttoned up to the throat, dark-coloured petticoats, and holiday kerchiefs pinned over their silken hoods. The whole bygd was probably on the spot, for it was not likely that any one whom necessity did not detain, would be absent from church on such a day; but peace and silence reigned around, and an air of festive solemnity was spread over the scene.

Availing himself of the few minutes that were left before the service was to commence, grandfather led me to the brow of the hill, that we might take a view of the inundated valley from this height; and indeed the scene which lay spread out before us was such as could not easily be forgotten. The broad sheet of water, with its islands and groups of trees, and a picturesque bridge in the foreground, gradually contracted into a mighty stream, which, during its winding course through the valley, here and there again expanded into lakes, until at length it was lost among the Elvedal-Fjelds, that appeared in the distance covered with a blue veil of mist. Crowning the uplands, which, on the other side, circumscribe the plain, was a line of corn-fields and verdant meadows. The farm-steadings did not, indeed, present to the eye stately edifices with tile-covered roofs, but the groups of little turf-covered cottages were in harmony with the whole picture. Above the farms begin the pine-forests which climb the Li, until at last they give way to the yellow moss of the Grönfjeld, and the bare precipitous crags of the Haver. But high above all the other ridges and fells, the Tronfjeld uprears its broad and furrowed back. Sublime in his isolation, the mighty rock-giant seems to spurn the support of the humbler kindred that surround him; but further down the valley, in the south-west, plants his foot in the Glommen, which hurries past in whirling currents, as if anxious to escape his threatening presence.

Our silent raptures were soon interrupted by the sound of the little bell. Before we could reach our closed pew opposite the pulpit, a chorus of many voices had joined in the entrance-psalm; and though no organ was there to regulate the singing, and a practised ear would have detected many a discord, there was so much of earnest devotion in the singers, that it made up for the want of harmony.

How light, and roomy, and airy, is this pretty timber church! with its double row of lofty windows running round the whole of the octagonal edifice, and its whitewashed walls, and arched roof, supported by carved wooden pillars, formed of single blocks of timber, the like of which are no longer found in our forests. Along the walls are raised galleries; and here, on benches rising one above the other, are seated in close array the children of the village. Among these there is a great stir as soon as the hymn, 'My child, fear the true God,'* commences, for that is the signal for the children to go down to be catechised, and none will bear the shame of being the last. If we turn our eyes to the floor of the church, and let them pass along the rows of pews, we will find that there also each seat is filled. On the men's side,† a striking number of bald and gray heads prove that the aged among the community, as well as the young, have sought the house of God; while, on the women's side, the monotonous rows of uniform black coifs and sober-coloured jackets, afford the pleasant spectacle of an assembly of matrons, who do not vie with each other in gaudy attire.

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* The hymns in the Lutheran Church are not the scriptural psalms, but are of modern composition, and in a great measure take the place of prayer, there being hymns of thanksgiving, supplication, deprecation, &c.

† In the Lutheran churches, the men and women sit in separate pews, each sex occupying one side of the church.

After the service was over, began the ceremony of baptism, which lasted a long while, for as usual there were at least a score of infants, in white linen swaddling-clothes, wound round with red ribbons, to be brought to the font. Then came the offering,* when young and old, men and women, crowded up to the altar to deposit their mite; only the little ones on the mother's arms seemed loath to part with the penny placed in their hands, and frequently gave loud expression to their discontent when forced to do so.

V.

IN THE FOREST AND ON THE FJELD.

We had reached the month of July, and the time was approaching when the hay-rakes are busy in the fields, and the sound of the whetting of scythes breaks constantly on the ear. As yet, however, only a few ricks were seen here and there on the rich grassy slopes of the Oestby-Li.

The hope that old Arne would relent, which we had nourished ever since the event of Whitsunday, seemed doomed to disappointment. The old man continued to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of the young people; and when others spoke to him on the subject, and represented that Bersvend might, in fact, be considered as having a right to the maiden, now that he had saved her life, he was much put out, and declared that Bersvend could claim no particular merit for having done so, for that every young man in his place would have done the same; and so far the goodman was right. Besides, he said, because the lad had saved her from drowning, it did not follow that he must have her for his wife; that was quite another question.

However much Bersvend fretted, this caused no change in his kindness to me, who had always been a favourite with him; and he was as ready as ever to humour me in all my boyish desires. As I was already a passionate angler, he had long promised to take me one day up to the Auma, a little mountain stream, particularly rich in small trout, and which rises behind the Haver, at the very foot of the Tronfjeld, and descends thence over the Tönset-Keel. I was therefore highly delighted when he came one beautiful summer evening, in this same month of July, to announce that he was ready to start on the projected excursion on the following morn. He dared say the 'fish would now bite,' and perhaps he would at the same time look after his horse, which was on pasture in the Aum-Li.

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* One of the sources of revenue of the country clergy in Norway are the offerings made on the great church-festivals, as well as on occasion of marriages, baptisms, burials, &c. The amount is optional with the giver, who, going up to the altar, deposits there his or her gift, accompanying the act with a bow or a courtesy.

That there was any other matter he was going to look after, he did not say; but many of the village-people had their sœters in the Aum-Li, and among these the Tjönmo folk, and Ragnhild was there as *Sœterkulle;*[*] but, it is true, under the guardianship of the 'good-woman herself.'

My mother's and my grandfather's permission was given, and the following morning, at three o'clock, Bersvend and I were already on our way. The night had been so cold, that the dew lay like frost on the meadows; but, as is usual when a cold night succeeds to a hot day, the vapours from the tarn and the river had risen more thickly, and spread over the bottom of the valley; and when such is the case, the night-frosts do no damage. Walking at a brisk pace, we proceeded up the valley, choosing the sœter road, which leads over the Haver, and through the glen of Skaret.

In the pine-forest the mist began already to ascend, and, curling itself in fleecy masses round the tall tree-tops, which seemed as if trying to keep it back, it disclosed to our view glimpses of the clear blue sky beyond. The road runs past a small enclosure, within which sat three hares enjoying their morning repast in a small patch of green barley. Our presence, however, soon sent them scampering off in an opposite direction. Again the forest opens. We had arrived at the *Koje* Hill, in the enclosed, partially cleared outfield belonging to our farm. This was one of my favourite spots. Hither it was our wont to come in the summer evenings, to meet the cows returning from the out-pastures, whither they were sent in the morning without a herdsman, and whence they generally returned at a fixed hour. Sitting on the hill-side, we listened for the first distant tinkling of the cow-bell. My mother or the milkmaid would then begin the *Koje*, or decoy-song, which, taken up by the echo, was carried to the ears of the slowly returning cattle. The tinkling of the bell would then sound faster and nearer; in a little while the cow whose name was called would answer with its well-known voice, and soon the whole herd would be seen advancing rapidly towards us. Beyond the hill is a marshy glen, through which a little brooklet winds its silent course, and then commences the dark monotonous forest Li, behind which the Tronfjeld rises in gloomy majesty. A strange melancholy stillness generally prevailed on the spot; but the scene which presented itself to us on the day to which I am now alluding, had in it nothing of the darkness or gloom which otherwise characterised the place; rosy morn had shed light and life and joy over the whole landscape. A veil of mist was still spread over the marshy grounds, over which a flock of wild ducks were just flying, their wings giving a whizzing sound as they passed along; but beyond, gradually as the slope ascended, the trees lifted their heads higher and higher out of the vapoury envelope, until at length, high up on the mountain-side, every tree stood out in clear relief. The rays of the sun were just glancing along the summits of the Grönfjeld and the Haver, while the rock-walls in Skaret were already glowing in its full blaze. Even the gigantic Tronfjeld looked friendly, clad from head to foot in dazzling light; for no cloud-cap enveloped to-day his shaven crown, and thus everything betokened a fair day.

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[*] Sœter-girl.

On the levels which, rising like terraces one above the other, form the first steps of the Li, deep silence reigned, as is indeed generally the case in the pine-woods, where reindeer moss and red ling are the only plants that can find nourishment in the arid sandy soil beneath the widely scattered trees. The usual inhabitants of the forest love not these regions; they dwell in preference amid the brighter and more succulent verdure of the leaf-trees. Only a swift squirrel, which now and then bounded across the path, and ran up the rough brown stems, or a lonely *Carrulus infaustus*, which, seeming not to fear the unknown wayfarers, accompanied us awhile, flying from tree to tree, proved to us that here also life was stirring. But what do I say? The broad pathway, intersected by the knotty roots of the trees, was teeming with life and activity; but it was silent, noiseless activity. How far had they not to journey, those indefatigable little insects, which, in swarming multitudes, moved to and from their distant ant-hill, laboriously conveying to it the needle-like leaves of the fir or pine, which were to form a sheltering roof over their cherished progeny!

While in the buoyancy of my spirits I danced more than walked along, every now and then giving vent to my full heart in a joyous exclamation, or in some snatches of a popular song, my companion trudged silently on, seemingly in a state of mind but little in harmony with the morning or the scene that surrounded us. Being desirous of enlivening him, I bethought me of starting a subject which would be sure to interest him, and commenced by asking him, with a waggish look, whether his horse was grazing far from the Tjönmo Sœter. Bersvend reddened, and answered with an equivocal smile, that he was not quite sure. 'Do you know what, Bersvend,' I resumed, 'you had better let the horse alone to-day, for I foresee that if you go to the Aum-Li, I shall have no companion to fish with me.' Bersvend thought, nevertheless, that he ought to look after the horse. I might, in the meanwhile, try my luck in the lower waters, and he would make as much speed as he could to come back to me. To this I would not consent. 'Then,' said I, 'it would be better for me to go up the Aum-Li with you; I have never been in the Aum-Li Sœters, and who knows but that I also may have something to say to Ragnhild?' Bersvend again objected, and muttered something about not knowing exactly whereabouts the horse would be found; and so on. Determined to let him see that I was not so devoid of penetration, I now exclaimed: 'Tut, Bersvend, I know full well what horse it is you are going after; but you may trust in me; I will not blab.' And I then inquired, with much sympathy, how stood his suit, and if he had better hopes. But Bersvend shook his head, and confessed that his prospects were not very bright, for that the goodman of Tjönmo was so stiff-necked, when once he took a thing into his head; but they would bide their time, and try if matters would not mend. If Ragnhild could but hold out, and not allow them to force her into marrying another, and he could rid his farm of the debt with which it was burdened, they might perhaps at length get the better of the old man's obstinacy.

It so happened that, a short time previous to this excursion, I had got hold of some old-fashioned sentimental novels, which I had read with great avidity. Impressed by the manner in which in these novels such matters were invariably settled, I now, with a very knowing air, advised Bersvend to run away with Ragnhild, and settle himself in Nordland, as so many Oesterdalesmen had done before. But Bersvend laughed, and called me a silly boy, which greatly incensed me, and made me think that, after all, he was no true lover. After a while, however, I conquered my indignation, and resuming the conversation, asked how it was that he could venture to present himself in the Tjönmo Sœter, since Mother Kari herself was there. 'Tush, boy,' answered Bersvend, whispering in my ear, as if he were afraid the stately pine-trees that surrounded us should hear the important secret: 'the goodwoman went home last night, and the maiden is alone in the sœter to-day.' And now I understood why Bersvend had made the sudden proposal last evening.

In the meanwhile, we had reached a spot well known to me. This was a little hollow, the marshy bottom of which was covered with a thick underwood of willow and birch, below which the molteberries grew in wild luxuriance. Here it was that I and the farm-boy Christopher set our snares for the ryper,* in winter, coming up twice a week on our snow-skates,† to look after them. But now the molteberries were not yet ripe, and the time for catching ryper had not come, so we passed on without stopping.

As we advanced further up the Li, the declivities became longer and more precipitate. The pine-trees were now gradually superseded by stately firs, until at length the latter held undivided sway.

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* Ptarmigan.

† Snow-skates consist of thin slips of light wood, of the breadth of the foot, six feet in length, and curving gently upwards at both extremities. In the middle is a loop into which the foot is slipped. In a country like Norway, where the snow covers the ground many months in the year, this contrivance for passing easily over its surface is of immense importance. On level ground, the *Skies* or snow-skates enable the wearer to get on without sinking in the snow, and therefore at a more rapid pace than without them, and with less fatigue. Uphill, however, they somewhat impede his progress, and where the snow is frozen hard, would cause him to slip back, were they not provided with a bit of hide with the hair on, and turned backward. Down the mountain-slope, the snow-skater flies with the rapidity of an arrow, guiding himself with a long pole.

Among their dark pyramids we discovered, however, from time to time, the tender green foliage of a tall and slender birch, which, undaunted by its mightier companions, endeavoured to stretch its delicate leaf-crown forth into the sunlight. The brown heath, which had for some distance covered the ground, had by this time also vanished, and in its place bilberry-bushes and dog-grass spread their bright-green carpet over every knoll, and over the long grave-mounds of the fallen forest-trees, which, during hundreds of years, had lain smouldering in the earth. Here and there shot up the long hollow stem of an angelica, while the purple bells of the wolf's-bane, and the violet blossoms of the wood geranium, reared their heads in every open glade into which the light of day could penetrate.

We were now drawing nigh to the glen of Skaret, which separates the Grönfjeld from the precipitous eastern flank of the Haver. High up this glen lay the sœter belonging to the people occupying the second house on our farm, and we knew that Mother Sigri herself was there at present, busy with her dairy occupations. The tinkling of the cow-bells, and the long-drawn melancholy tones of the cow-boy's horn, already reached our ears, and we concluded that the cattle were out taking their 'morning bite.'* As the sounds drew nearer and nearer, we could discern that they were coming down the valley, and I rejoiced at the thought of meeting my friend and playmate Tollef, who had been up here since the spring, serving his mother in the capacity of herd-boy. It could be no other than he who was blowing the ram's-horn so lustily, and who, by way of varying his amusements, sang the sheep *trale* and the goat *halling* in so shrill a voice. Besides, I recognised the bark of his dog Budreng, whose nose seemed to give him warning of our approach.

The last two long steep hills were at length laid behind us, and we were in the Skaret pastures. The precipitous Li here changes into a gentle, fertile slope ; the forest opens, the fir-trees gather into scattered clumps, and cede the place to various kinds of leaf-trees, the sunny glades among which are covered with a velvety carpet of short, fine grass ; but in contrast with this smiling scene rose immediately on our right hand a lofty perpendicular and barren crag, on the summit of which an eagle had built its aerie. High up above our heads we descried the mighty bird circling on heavy wings, spying with eager eye after a hare or a lamb for its greedy young ones in its inaccessible stronghold.

The herds and flocks which we expected to meet here were, however, nowhere to be seen. Disdaining the short-cropped grass on this oft-visited spot, the cows had wandered towards the forest Li in search of the more juicy herbage of the marshy hollows, and the margins of the brooklets in the dells; and Tollef's horn and voice were equally silent. I now raised my voice, signalising our presence by a few staves of the sheep-trale. Soon the horn responded, its tones being caught up by the echo, and repeated from crag to Li. I hurried off in the direction of the sound; and while I was paying a visit to my playmate, Bersvend offered to go in search of a slender young birch-stem for a fishing-rod.

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* This is the appellation given to the first turning out of the cattle into the pastures in the morning. It lasts from four o'clock in the morning until eight. At this hour, they return to the sœter to be milked, and for a couple of hours' rest, and are then again turned out for the 'long bite,' which lasts till evening.

Tollef, who was seated on a grassy knoll between the verdant pyramids of two young pine-trees, was busily engaged in carving with his folding-knife some of those pretty wooden toys for which the Norwegian peasants are so famous. At a little distance, his flock of sheep were tranquilly browsing along the blackened ridge of a deserted charcoal kiln, while the more adventurous goats formed, as it were, a chain of vedettes in the willow copse, and among the brushwood that encircled the foot of the lofty mountain-wall. I threw myself down on the soft grass beside my friend in the red woollen night-cap and knee-breeches, who, though glad to see me, continued undisturbed his interesting occupation.

The air was warm and balmy in shelter of the Fjeld where I was sitting. Notwithstanding the early hour, the sun was already shining hotly on the rock-wall, calling into life all the insects of the woods and earth. The little sky-blue wood-butterflies were already disporting around the young fir-trees, while a couple of brown and silver-speckled insects of the same species were gamboling and racing in merry flight along the grassy dike, where the dew-drops still lay like glittering diamonds on the broad-bladed grass. This was one of those spots on which nature seems to love to lávish her best gifts, while the surrounding landscape is, as it were, despoiled of its richest ornaments to deck the favoured nook. There were here a variety of leaf-trees and other plants, which were sought in vain in the lower tracks of the Fjeld; rowans, wild-cherries, and aspen, were intermingled with the birches which are everywhere at home in our mountains; blue-berries and strawberries, the latter still in blossom, peered up from among the stones; and the flora of valley as well as mountain vied with each other in beauty and size.

In such spots as these it is that the *Huldre** loves to dwell; hence she issues forth in the morning with her herd of voiceless and milkless cows, following at a distance the cattle from the sœters, when they are driven out into the pastures, and in the evening when they are returning. And it was no doubt at yonder old deserted kiln that she appeared, as old Knud told me, to the man who was burning charcoal, and who thought it was his wife who had brought him his rake, which he had forgotten, until he discovered the cow-tail, the degrading mark of her race, which poor Huldre can never conceal.

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* Mountain-spirit, of which there are innumerable legends.

After I had rested a while, Bersvend made his appearance with a fishing-rod, which, though it might have been rejected as too heavy by more knowing anglers, quite satisfied my desires; and taking leave of Tollef, we continued our journey. For fear of being detained, we determined that we would not to-day pay a visit to Mother Sigri at the sœter, and were attempting to pass by at a brisk pace, when, just as we were outside the *Skjœle*, or covered area between the dairy-room and the dwelling-house, the good woman came out with a wooden bowl with milk in her hand, and caught sight of us. Such being the case, we could not of course pass by without greeting her with: 'A good day, Sigri; a blessing upon thy butter-making!'* for it being Saturday, we knew that it was churning-day. She answered with the usual: 'Thanks for that,' and insisted on our stopping to take a draught of milk; assuring us at the same time, that she would not have let us off so easily had it not been Saturday morning, when the place was not fit to be seen by company.

From Skarvang (or the Skaret pastures) the road continues to ascend for some time, running along the western flank of the Vesle-Haver, until it leads through the Hemsta pastures into the Valley of the Auma. But in order to reach the Aum-Li Sœters by a shorter cut, we turned off to the left, and leaving the beaten track, trudged through bog and brake, depending on Bersvend's intimate knowledge of the locality. The day was growing very warm, and large drops of perspiration stood on our foreheads, while we fought our way through the trackless forest-lands. But when we had got through the glen, and on to the mountain-slope again, the ground became less rugged and more firm. The pine and fir gradually disappeared; only a solitary old weather-beaten fir, with half-withered branches and broken top, and covered with beard-like moss, stood now and then in our path. The leaf-trees also gradually grew more scarce, and at length nothing remained but an underwood of willow and birch.

These are dismal regions to be in when the storms of autumn sweep the snow down from the sides of the Fjeld; and yet the people of the village are often obliged to brave these storms, when, in order to avail themselves of the facilities which the snow affords for driving,† they come up here, late in autumn, to gather the reindeer-moss, which forms an essential part of the winter fodder for the cattle in these parts; and which, being collected in wet weather, is gathered into square heaps, and thus left to freeze into compact masses, when it is with ease transported to the farms on sledges. One poor man they had often told me of, who, having come up here on such an errand, had been overtaken by an awful snow-storm, and had failed to return to his home at night. The next day, the weather having changed, the people went out in search of him. After seeking long in vain, a young lad at length discovered the loaded sledge and the horse. The animal was still alive, but the reins, which had fallen down, were so tightly fixed in the hard frozen snow, that in his impatience to rescue the horse, the lad cut them off. The driver could nowhere be found; but in spring, when the snow melted, he was discovered with the stump of the reins in his hand.

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* It is usual for passers-by to address the salutation: 'A blessing on your labour,' to all persons engaged in any kind of work.

† The snow is of very great importance to the Norwegians, as it facilitates the transport of heavy loads, which the rugged and steep roads would otherwise render almost impossible of conveyance.

But to-day it was summer on the Fjeld, and the prospect increased in beauty at every step which we made upwards, as one blue mountain-top after another rose up on the ever-widening horizon. Above them all towered the mighty Humle-Fjeld in the north-east, throwing frowning glances down upon the Valley of the Glom, which lay smiling in the bright sunlight, deep down below us. At length we descried the topmost hills in the great pasture-tract, and through the cleft appeared the bluish tints of the Fjeld on the other side of the Valley of the Auma. On beholding the goal before me, every vestige of fatigue disappeared, and I sped on with such elastic steps, that Bersvend found it difficult to keep pace with me, though to him also there must have been a power of attraction in yon valley. Suddenly an obstacle presents itself in our path. It is a horse with two full-laden panniers slung across its back. No human hand guides its steps, but behind it saunters a woman, tranquilly knitting a stocking, in full reliance on the sure foot and unfailing instinct of the animal to whom she has intrusted so precious a burden. Precious, indeed, is the horse's load, at least to her, for although one pannier is filled with nothing but butter-tubs, milk-flagons, and other such wares, there protrude from the other the head and shoulders of a little child, the rest of the body being safely ensconced among cheeses and other dairy produce. The little creature seems quite pleased with its seat and its surroundings, for it is munching with quiet gravity the piece of cheese which the mother has put in its hands, and of which it has generously bestowed the greater part on forehead, cheeks, and nose.

As is generally the case when wayfarers meet on little-frequented roads, both parties made a halt, and in the course of conversation we learned from the good woman, that 'old Kari Tjönmo' had indeed been at the sœter, but that she had gone home on the preceding evening to set the woof in the loom, that the maidens at home might not be without work; that she would not return till after the Sabbath; and that, in the meanwhile, Ragnhild and her little sister Olaug remained in care of the sœter. Bersvend having thus ascertained all he wanted to know, we parted from the woman, interchanging with her the caution which it is usual to address to wayfarers: 'Look well to your footing!' and proceeded onward. In a little while we beheld the sœters—houses, enclosures, and cattle-folds spread out before us.

VI.

THE SŒTER.

'Is this it?' I asked my companion, as we drew near the first enclosure. No, this was not it—the new-built cottage, with its little square window, standing on an embankment within the enclosed field, where the grass stood as high as our knees, looked very inviting—but we had to pass this, and another and another, before reaching the one we had in view. All was still around: the cattle were in the folds resting after their 'morning bite,' from which they had just returned; no human beings were within sight; and the sheep-dogs seemed too lazy to bark, as they lay stretching themselves in the sun outside the sœter-houses.

At length we climbed over a gate into an enclosure. 'Softly, boy; we are in the Tjönmo Sœter!' said Bersvend, as we approached an old and very low cottage, the window of which was not on this side. We stopped in the *skjœle*, while Bersvend listened at the door, to ascertain if there were any strangers within; but the only sound that reached our ears was the splashing of water and the clattering of wooden bowls. Bersvend then opened the door, which was so low that even I was obliged to stoop when entering.

Within, we found Ragnhild busily engaged in scouring her milk-pans and pails with the wisp of the peculiar grass which is said to make the wood so beautifully white. On account of the heat, and to make herself more comfortable during her work, she had thrown off her jacket and bodice, and stood there in petticoat and chemise, with upturned sleeves and unbound hair, little thinking that she would be surprised by visitors in this light attire. But, in truth, she had no reason to blush for her appearance; her linen chemise, gathered close round the throat, was so clean, her arms and hands were so white, and her hair, which fell down over her well-formed neck, was so thick and long and glossy brown, that she might well let herself be seen as she was. A blush of joyful surprise spread over her face on beholding so unexpectedly the very person on whom perhaps her thoughts had been dwelling; for Saturday evening is the time when the lads of the village go out to the sœters, to junket with the maidens, and she had no reason to expect that he whose company she most prized would be there. She answered our greeting with the usual 'God's blessing! will you not take a seat?' But in her embarrassment she did not observe that this was impossible, as there was not the very smallest end of a bench which was not heaped up with wooden bowls, pans, &c. Little Olaug, however, soon cleared away as many of the things as were necessary to enable the strangers to sit down, and in the meanwhile Ragnhild having tied up her hair, and put on her green bodice, brought in from the milk-room the draught of sweet cream milk, which is always the first thing offered in a Norwegian sœter.

Bersvend first broke the silence, by observing that the day was very hot; in which observation Ragnhild readily concurred, the more so as her glowing cheeks bore testimony to its truth. She then expressed in words her surprise at seeing us; not, however, without an implied reproach to Bersvend for having brought a stranger with him, when they had so seldom an opportunity of holding unrestrained converse. Bersvend then related the real or pretended cause which had brought him up to the Aum-Li, and Ragnhild having said a few words about our standing in need of something to eat after our long walk, left the room again, followed this time by her lover. As I had penetration enough to perceive that my company would not be wanted in the dairy, and as little Olaug was rather shy to-day, not having seen me for several months, I had time to look about me in the sœter-house. It was in every respect like all others I had seen. Under the little latticed window, opposite the door—for these houses, built of planks, or rough timber-logs, never have more than one room, the milk-room being under a separate roof—there was a kind of broad shelf or bench, called the sœter-bench, made of split branches placed closely together, running the whole length of the wall, but being divided in the middle by a cross plank, and having on the outside an upstanding wooden ledge. The half of this bench serves as bedstead, the bed being formed of calf-skins spread over a layer of moss or hay, and the coverlet of sheep-skins, with the fleece on. The second half serves as table or bench, as need may be. Along the two side-walls, in which there are small apertures to let in the air when desired, there were shelves or benches of the same kind, but somewhat narrower, and used only for stowing away the various wooden utensils required for dairy purposes. In addition to these, a couple of movable forms constituted all the furniture. The greater part of the remaining space is occupied by the fire-place, which must be very broad, to afford room for a large cheese-caldron. When to what I have already described are added a narrow shelf above the door, containing a long row of yellow cheeses, and a couple of small shelves next to the fire-place, on which are ranged a variety of wooden dishes, spoons, and ladles, whose spotless whiteness tells of the constant use of the scouring grass, the picture is complete.

I was just beginning to tire of my occupation, when Ragnhild, followed by Bersvend, entered with a large dish of curds and whey, mixed with sweet cream, and called *Drovle* in sœter language. After this followed *Kjernrömme* (consisting of cream taken from the churn, just before it turns to butter, and which is so thick and stiff that the spoon can stand up in it) and *Skjörost* (a cheese made of skimmed sour milk). Although these were delicacies that might satisfy the most fastidious, we were further tempted with a dish of sweet yellow *Mölske* (cheese and curds boiled down very much, and rendered sweet by the consequent concentration of the sugar of milk), brought in by our hospitable hostess, who, not content with this, further insisted upon our taking as dessert a ladleful of fresh sweet goat's-milk cheese, and a plateful of *Kjæsmos* (another kind of cheese, fresh from the caldron), expressing at the same time her regret that she had not had time to boil us a little cream-porridge ; but if we would but wait, she would soon have it ready. We were of course obliged to decline the offer.

After our meal was over, and we had chatted pleasantly for a little while, I asked Bersvend if he did not think it high time for us to turn our steps towards the Auma. He evinced, however, but little alacrity. With an embarrassment which shewed that he was not quite sincere, he said that he would be obliged to look after his horse first, as he had learned that the animal had strayed, and that he might be detained longer than he had calculated upon ; and Ragnhild, coming to his assistance, proposed that I should proceed on my fishing expedition with Velt*-Morten, the son of the woman we had met on the road, leaving Bersvend to follow me when he was able. I was not a little disgusted at this plan, as Velt-Morten was a dolt of a boy, and a sorry substitute for Bersvend ; but when the latter seconded Ragnhild's proposal, I at last indignantly yielded, and started with Velt-Morten, in no very amiable mood. However, the lovely day, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the excellent sport, together with some little waggish tricks which I was able to practise successfully on my heavy-headed companion, soon restored my good-humour, and I was in full glee when I returned to the sœters towards sunset, with my basket brimful of small trout.

As I passed by the long row of sœters, I heard the sounds of laughter and of the Jew's-harp, the favourite instrument of the Norwegian peasant, issuing from several of the houses ; and a little further on, I found two young lads and a maiden sitting on a grassy slope, singing the song about little Karin ; and I perceived that Saturday evening had, as usual, brought visitors from the village. On entering Ragnhild's sœter, I found the house deserted, but festively set out for the holiday-eve. The white wooden bowls stood in beautiful order on the shelves ; the floor was strewn with sprigs of juniper ; on the brackets in the walls were placed bunches of fresh birch ; and the sœter-bench was covered with a many-coloured carpet of leaves and flowers ; while round the little window wound a wreath of monkshood, wild-poppy, and other flowers. On the hearth burned a bright fire, and by the side of this stood the sauce-pan with the cream-porridge, which was 'keeping itself warm.' I did not remain long indoors, but went out in quest of the sisters, whom I found in the enclosure milking the cows; which latter, accustomed to be milked by regular turns, had of their own accord placed themselves in a row, jealously observing the accustomed order of precedence. Bersvend, I was told, had gone out to meet me, and Olaug was now sent off to call him back.

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* Little.

In the *Trö*,* the smoke was already ascending from the covered fire, which is lit in the evening to keep off the gnats from the cattle; and well aware of the protective quality of the smoke, the cows, after receiving the gentle push from the milkmaid's hand, indicating that she was done with them, moved one by one in the direction towards which the wind was carrying it.

By the time Ragnhild had finished her task, Olaug returned with Bersvend; and fish being among the people of Oesterdal a necessary accompaniment to cream-porridge, if the treat is to be in the grandest style, I was, to my great delight, allowed to contribute to the regale of the evening. When the fish was boiled, the table was laid; that is to say, a bowl of porridge and a platter of fish were placed on the sœter-bench, together with two wooden spoons and one clasp-knife, for the common use of the guests, to whom was assigned this seat of honour, while the two sisters took their seat in the chimney-nook; and many an innocent joke and merry laugh added to the enjoyment of the excellent meal. Suddenly, however, the sounds of a horse's hoof were heard outside; and before we had time to think of who it could be, the door opened, and Mother Kari entered.

With a very serious countenance, the old woman greeted the guests; but neither of them had presence of mind enough to reply: 'Welcome in!' which is the salutation always addressed to the people of the house on their coming in. Ragnhild, pale as death, was leaning against the chimney-post, having dropped, in her fright, the wooden ladle with which she had just been taking some porridge out of the pot.

'I see there are visitors from the village here,' began Kari. 'I say, I see there are strangers here from the village,' she repeated, when she found that no one answered.

Bersvend now took courage, observing that, after all, they were not strangers.

'Nay, God help us,' replied Kari, 'some of them are too well known, I fear. But ye must not stop your meal because I have come in—though, I see, I was not expected.'

But Bersvend had suddenly lost his appetite; and even I, who had, in fact, no cause for embarrassment, felt no longer inclined to eat.

'So thou art out a love-making on the Saturday eve, Nekkelai?' [Nicholas] said Kari in a gentler tone to me.

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* The cattle-fold.

Without replying to this observation, which I knew could not be seriously meant, or, at all events, could not be meant for me, I felt that I ought to make an effort to create a diversion in favour of my friend. Putting on a very bold face, I said: 'You must not take it amiss, Kari, that we have come as guests to your sœter to-day. It is all my fault, and therefore, at all events, you must not be angry with Bersvend. He had so long promised to go with me to the Auma; and then he was to look after his horse upon the Li; and then'——

'And then you just chanced to fall in here,' interrupted Kari. 'O yes, I see it all. But God forbid that I should shut my door or close my dish to any one,' she continued after a pause. 'But I do think it is great folly of thee, Bersvend, to act in this way. Thou art sinning, Bersvend; thou art sinning grievously against thyself and against the maiden, by not keeping away from her, when thou knowest that she can never be thine. It would be much wiser, methinks, if thou wouldst never look to the side where she is, that it might at last be forgotten' [here Ragnhild burst into tears]; 'for thou knowest that what the good man has once said, that he will stand by. God help us, we have all our crosses to bear in this world,' she added, sighing, while her voice betrayed her emotion.

Now Bersvend rose, and, going up to the old woman, laid his hand on her arm. 'O yes, Kari,' he said, and his voice trembled; 'I know full well that I am acting foolishly, and that it leads to nothing. Often have I said to myself, that better would it be to hie me away to Nordland, or some other place far away in the world, than to go hanging after one that can never be mine; but then it is as if I were nailed to the place, and I have neither courage nor power to tear myself away. And so much I know, that were I even to travel north, and Ragnhild south, as far as the earth reaches, we could not, if we would, forget each other. And so much I have said, and that I never will gainsay, that if I cannot get Ragnhild for my wife, I will remain without a wife all the days of my life. But, Mother Kari,' he now exclaimed with warmth, taking the old woman's hand, 'is there no help? Canst thou not aid us to bend the good man's will, if not directly, at least little by little, that we may not lose all hope?'

'Yes, Bersvend,' answered Kari, wiping her eyes, 'thou knowest it is not I who am so hard. I, for my part, have nothing to say against thee; and seeing that ye bear so strong a love to each other, it would give me joy could you be united, if thou wouldst conduct thyself well. But the good man is not easy to bend, and least of all will it help that I touch upon that string. We must put our trust in God, and bide our time; the Lord has softened harder hearts than Arne's when the right time has come! But, alack-a-day! I have been forgetting all this while the pony that is fastened to the paling,' exclaimed Kari suddenly, in a different tone of voice, and evidently with the intention of putting an end to this painful scene; for Ragnhild was still leaning her head against the chimney-post, and weeping loudly, and Bersvend's eyes stood full of tears. 'Go out, Ragnhild, and let the poor fellow into the enclosure, and put the clog on his fore-legs.'

Bersvend offered to attend to the horse, but Kari would not have it so. 'Nay, nay,' she said; 'remain in thy place; ye have need of rest after your meal, ye that have so far to travel. Ragnhild is accustomed to mind the horses.'

We remained, therefore, for awhile, seated on the form round the hearth; but in spite of Mother Kari's repeated endeavours to introduce various topics of chit-chat, and although the assurance of her friendly disposition had evidently comforted the lovers, conversation would not flow, and soon after Ragnhild came in again, we rose to take leave.

VII.

A BRIDAL.

There had long been much talk in the village about a wedding which was to take place at Kjerengen Farm; on which occasion the bride was to be dressed by my mother, who was in possession of a full bridal-costume, which she had inherited from the former pastor's wife; and although there were several other women in the bygd who undertook to 'dress' brides, the late Madam Vessel's red silk gown, silver coronet, and other paraphernalia, were always most in request. The day had not yet been fixed; and we children, who were to be of the party, were anxiously looking forward to it, when one morning we saw the future bridegroom, Niels Kjerengen, accompanied by the old sexton, both clad in holiday attire, with hats on their heads,* coming along the road towards our house. We readily guessed their errand, and received them at the garden-gate. The sexton, who acted as head of the deputation, informed us that he had something to say to the people of the house, and requested to be admitted within the door; for it must be observed, that invitations of this kind, like legal summonses, must be delivered within the threshold of the parties concerned, or they are not considered valid. Admitted to the presence of my mother, the two men first partook of refreshments, and the sexton then commenced a very long and circuitous speech, detailing the reasons why Niels Kjerengen had chosen this particular maiden for his wife, and why the bridal was to be celebrated at his and his parents' farm, and ending by inviting us all to take part in the festivity, and requesting my mother to dress the bride. The invitation was accepted, and the promise given in due form; and the sexton having delivered another speech, full of wise saws about matrimony, he and his dumb companion took leave, and proceeded to Tjönmo Farm, to ask Ragnhild to be bridemaid.

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* The everyday head-covering of the Norwegian peasant is a woollen night-cap; a hat is only worn on grand occasions.

The bridal-morning dawned clear, bright, and warm. Early in the forenoon, a farm-servant, with a horse, was sent over from Kjerengen to fetch my mother; and the horse having been put to my grandfather's old cariole, she, together with my sister and myself, took our seats in it, grandfather having excused himself on the plea of his advanced age. On the road we passed several parties in holiday attire, perspiring under the burden of the heavily laden baskets, in which they were carrying their contributions to the marriage-feast; for it is the custom of the country for all invited guests to contribute on such occasions; and those who live at too great a distance to send their offering on the previous evening, must take care to be in time on the great day, to allow of their gifts being placed properly on the table.

The well-swept yard, strewn with grass, and the two young birches, planted outside the door of the new house,* with their branches interlaced, at once indicated the bridal-house. We were received in the yard by the kitchen-master and master of the ceremonies, and by the mother of the house; and having been greeted with a hearty welcome, were ushered into the old house, where the solemn ceremony of dressing the bride was to be performed. On entering, we found the bride, still in her maiden attire, surrounded by a number of female relatives, married and unmarried; but Ragnhild Tjönmo, who, as one of the bridemaids, and a near relative, ought to have been one of the earliest arrivals, was not among them. The rosy cheeks of the bride became still more rosy when she beheld the ominous basket with the bridal-costume; and when the latter was placed upon the table and opened, bursts of admiration were heard from all lips.

The important ceremony soon commenced. The bride taking off her coif and bodice, seated herself on a stool in the middle of the floor. The first act performed was the taking down and combing her fine hair, which was then curled in front with a warm iron, and combed back over a cushion placed on the top of her head somewhat in front. On the hair, which, thus arranged, made her look tall and stately, was then fixed a profusion of tinsel flowers of various kinds and colours; while on the back of the head were attached five lappets of ribbon, trimmed with gold and silver lace, which fell over her shoulders down to her waist. This being accomplished, the red, somewhat faded, damask gown, with trimmings of green ribbons round the sleeves, was put on; a girdle of silver lace was fastened round her waist, and a gorgeous stomacher of red ribbons, richly studded with beads and spangled with gold, was pinned on her bosom, which was furthermore covered with a white handkerchief. Then came at last the keystone of the edifice—the bridal-coronet of real silver, which none but the virtuous may wear; and the bride having then only to put on her mittens, and to take her folded pocket-handkerchief in her hand, was ready to receive the female guests, who now crowded in to admire her rich attire.

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* The *stue*, or room, is the term used in Norway, as the house frequently does not contain more than one room, it being the custom of the country to have separate rooms under separate roofs. Timber being plenty on the farms, and the roofs being covered with turf or shingle, or the slate quarried on the spot, building costs but little.

At this juncture, however, I slipped out, and went over to the new house, where the banquet was to take place, to look around me there. It was a spacious room, with white timber walls and newly painted doors and cupboards, on which Synvis, the village painter, seemed to have expended all his talent; for on each door was represented a stately city, consisting of half-a-dozen houses, with red tile roofs, and five or six stories high; besides a temple, with a belfry, in the distance, and two or three palm-trees, the leaf-crowns of which seemed to have been dexterously produced by a single flourish of the brush. The tables were already laid out for the coming banquet, and the wooden forms placed around. First, there was the 'high table,' which, beginning from the 'high seat,' or seat of honour, extended the whole length of the room. At right angles with this table, at which the bride and bridegroom and the principal guests take their seats, was placed the smaller one, called the women's table, which is generally occupied by the married women of the party; and from this extended, again, the bridemaids' table, running parallel with the high table, and destined for the young people of both sexes. All the tables were covered with the coloured cloths only used on festive occasions, and over these were spread smaller white ones. The side of the room where stood the high table was in particular festively decorated; on the wall, and before the window, were suspended the white and red drapery, which is used in all solemnities, whether joyful or sorrowful; and in addition to this, a white sheet was spread, like a canopy, over the high seat, or places of bride and bridegroom.

On the tables were placed, at regular intervals, numerous pyramids of butter, on wooden platters, and beautifully decorated with flowers and scroll patterns and lions in relief. Between these stood three-legged wooden platters with fat cheese, old cheese, and other varieties of cheese; and the so-called bridemaids' cake, a plain wheaten cake, eaten with butter and treacle, and considered a very great delicacy. But near the place of honour stood the greatest ornament of the banquet—the wedding-cake, made of sifted meal and milk, and adorned with the initials of bride and bridegroom, with the date of the happy day, and with innumerable zigzags and flourishes.

When all the guests were assembled, and were conversing in merry groups, while Bersvend alone walked about with a dejected countenance, although as bridegroom-man he ought to have been the merriest of the merry, to enliven the company as in duty bound, my mother, guessing the cause of his dejection, and having looked feelingly at him for some time, went up to the good woman of Tjönmo, and talked to her in an under-tone. All that passed between them I did not overhear, but I could understand so much that my mother—who had always felt a deep interest in Ragnhild and Bersvend, and who, on account of her strong good sense, acknowledged rectitude, and general kindness of disposition, was much beloved and respected in the village—was inquiring of Kari whether it would not be possible to induce Arne to relent. To this Kari replied, that of late she had perceived that Arne was often sleepless, and lay and sighed and moaned, and that she did not doubt but that he was sorely troubled at seeing Ragnhild dwindling away with sorrow, and that she was sure that, if it were not that he was ashamed of recalling his word, he would perhaps still give his consent. 'But try what you can do, Malene,' at length said Kari; 'it is no use my speaking any more.'

'Yes,' said my mother, 'I will try;' and she proceeded to the banquet-room, which was soon filled with guests. On a form, with his back turned to the table, sat old Arne Tjönmo, deep in politics with some of the elders of the village. On seeing my mother come in followed by the other women, the master of the ceremonies bade the guests take their seats; but my mother walked straight up to Arne, and having shaken hands with him, asked why Ragnhild was not among them.

'Oh, somebody must stay at home, and take care of the house,' answered the old man.

'That is not the whole truth, Arne,' replied my mother; 'it is because Bersvend Trön is here.'*

'Well, and if it were so?' rejoined Arne, placing his hands on his knees, and squaring his elbows, as if putting himself into a firm attitude to ward off an expected attack.

'Hear me, Arne,' now said my mother; 'let me speak a serious word with thee; and all who are present are welcome to hear what I have to say. See, we are assembled here to-day, and all are pleased and full of joy. If you look round in this assembly, you see none but cheerful and happy countenances. There are only two persons who are not glad—perhaps the only two in the bygd who to-day bear sorrow and grief in their hearts; and one of these is thy daughter, who is sitting at home as if in prison; and the other—I seek him in vain in the room—who is bridegroom-man—God help us for such a sad bridegroom-man!—he goes about looking more as if he wished he were laid in the black earth, than like one who is to help to make others glad and merry. Tell us, now, is it still thy firm determination to prevent those coming together who will perhaps never know a happy hour if they are not allowed to wed?'

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* It is usual to attach the name of the farm to that of the owner as a distinguishing appellative—surnames being not in use among the Norwegian peasantry.

'Yes,' answered Arne slowly, and without looking up; 'for I think I, as father, can judge better than inexperienced youth what is likely to lead to the happiness of my own child.'

'But what reason hast thou to think that thy child would not be happy if she wedded him whom her heart has chosen? What objection canst thou have to the lad? Is there any one in this assembly who can say that Bersvend Trön is not as able and as honest a fellow as a man can desire for his son-in-law?'

'That we can say with truth,' here broke in several of the elder men, 'that Bersvend is as industrious, and as steady, and as honest as any one in the bygd.'

'As far as that goes,' added the old sexton, 'I can tell thee, Arne, thou wilt not easily find a better son-in-law.'

'I don't pretend to say that I have anything against the lad himself,' said Arne; 'but his is a poor house.'

'A poor house!' exclaimed my mother with warmth. 'Many a one has gone in to a poorer house than that, and has nevertheless got on very well. Remember thy own youth, Arne. How many of thy people gave a cheerful consent when thou brought thy Kari in to thy mother, and all thy grown-up brothers and sisters? That was not either, I daresay, so very pleasant a house to enter. But see, did not she and you manage so that you paid out the inheritance of your sisters and brothers, and that you now have wherewithal to leave your children? And thy neighbour Peter, yonder, how much had he and his good woman to begin with when they first came to the farm?' She then went on to enumerate several other couples that had begun with very little, and had nevertheless thriven by industry, order, and frugality; and also dwelt on several melancholy occurrences which were well known in the village, and which had taken place in consequence of parents thwarting the affections of their children; and she ended by alluding to the event of Whitsunday, which, she said, seemed to shew that it was ordained that Ragnhild and Bersvend should be man and wife.

My mother had spoken with the warmth inspired by deep conviction, and the words therefore flowed from her lips with persuasive force. When at length she paused, the ticking of the clock on the wall was distinctly audible, so breathless was the interest with which all present had followed her; the deep silence that reigned throughout the banqueting-room being only broken by the suppressed sobs of Mother Kari, who stood leaning against one of the cupboards with her face concealed in her hands.

Old Arne remained a long time with his eyes bent upon the floor, shook his head a couple of times, and gave utterance to a few inarticulate grunts: it was evident that a great struggle was going on in his mind. At length he said in a suppressed voice: 'Are, then, we parents not to have a word to say regarding our children?'

'O yes!' exclaimed my mother with much animation: 'you are to bring up your children in the fear of the Lord, and to all that is good, and to keep them out of such paths as would inevitably lead to their ruin; but you are not to use your power and authority over your children to thwart and oppose them unnecessarily and unreasonably, at the risk of destroying their happiness. And now, Arne, if thou desirest the welfare of thy child, thou must no longer say no to that which seems to be the will of Heaven. Thou wilt otherwise rue it on thy death-bed. Come, give me thy hand, Arne.'

'Well, then, let it be, in God's name!' exclaimed Arne, raising himself from his stooping position, and grasping my mother's hand.

The anxiety with which the company had awaited the result of my mother's endeavours, was succeeded by a burst of applause, and loudly expressed admiration of her eloquence. The good man of Tjönmo, whose countenance expressed a mixed feeling of vexation at having been induced to give up a principle, and of contentment at having found a reasonable pretext for yielding to what in his heart he had long desired, remained some time longer in deep thought, shaking his head, and uttering short but significant grunts. Suddenly, however, he exclaimed: 'Isn't she a wondrously clever woman, that Malene? Why, she might preach any day as well as the old bishop!'

In the meanwhile, my mother had hurried out of the room to bring Bersvend the joyous intelligence; but the young man, who had been in the passage during the whole scene, had heard every word that had passed, and before any one could say what had become of him, he was seen issuing from the stable with the Tjönmo pony ready saddled, and waving his hand to my mother, he was soon out of the yard at full gallop.

VIII.

THE WEDDING.

In the bridal-house, the guests had not yet left the table; but the dishes were already pretty nearly empty, and the beautiful butter pyramids had lost their topmost ornaments. The wedding-cake, with the initials and flourishes, had, however, not been touched; for this must remain in its pristine beauty the day over. The cup-bearers, with their long narrow-necked flagons, were diligently going their rounds, offering fresh draughts of strong beer to those whose thirst might not yet be quenched. The black bottle on the sideboard was not either left idle, but was sometimes even carried over to the women's table, to fill the glass which passed from hand to hand there, and from which each, it is true, only took a sip, but which, nevertheless, went round until it was empty.

At length the foreman, or master of the ceremonies, made a few raps on his wooden platter, and silence immediately ensued. 'Lads, are you satisfied?' he asked. 'Have you had anything to eat, and have you had anything to drink?'

'Yes, we have had to eat and to drink,' answered some voices; but others, who thought that anything was not synonymous with enough, said: 'To eat, we must say we have had enough; but as for the drink, that is another matter.'

'Cupbearer! there are complaints against thee at the other end of the table. Thou must try and quiet them.'

But the cupbearer contended, with mock gravity, that however often he filled some people's glasses, there was no quenching their thirst; but he would, nevertheless, make one trial more.

When the cupbearer had, for the last time, filled the glasses all round, the foreman again gave the signal for silence; and clearing his throat, he made a speech, complimenting bride and bridegroom on their happy choice, and on their bright prospects; but recommending them, at the same time, not to put too much trust in fortune, for but few pass through this world without sore trials, and then it was that they would be called upon to prove 'if they had true and strong love in their hearts—if they would faithfully share the burden with each other, standing by each other, and placing their confidence in God: in which case, they would be sure to get through, were it ever so difficult.' Then addressing the guests, he added: 'I have now to thank all those who have honoured the house to-day; and to tell them, that the good woman expects that you will all accompany the young couple to church, and then return here to partake of the feast, such as it may be. But first we will now thank the Lord for his plentiful and merciful gifts.'

He then said grace, after which the whole company sang the hymn commencing, 'Thou art my host, and I am thy guest.' This was followed by the old bridal-song about Rebecca, who was fetched from her brother Laban's house; a song which generally draws tears from some eyes, as it is the signal for the bride to leave the paternal roof. At the close of the song all rose, and were hurrying out into the fresh air, when a shout was heard: 'There they come! there they come!' and the next moment Bersvend, with Ragnhild placed behind him on the horse, arrived at a furious gallop. Guns were fired in the air, and loud acclamations greeted them; but pressing through the crowd, Bersvend went straight up to my mother, and taking her hand, said: 'Never shall I forget what thou hast done for us to-day. I have neither words nor power to thank thee as I would.' And the tears that stood in his and in the maiden's eyes, proved that the thanks came from the depth of their hearts. They then entered the house, and went up to Arne, who was still seated with some of the other elders.

'Well, well, it must be so now, Bersvend,' said the old man, shaking hands with his future son-in-law. 'I have given my word, but God help thee if thou shouldst ever give me reason to repent!'

A great commotion in the yard now announced that the time for proceeding to church was come. From stables, sheds, and enclosures, were dragged forth horses, saddles, and wagons, and great activity prevailed. At length all were ready. The quietest and most sure-footed horse was led forward for the bride, who was carefully lifted into the saddle, and sat there, stiff and stately, in her shining and glittering costume. On each side of her rode a young man, leading her horse by a bridle, the bridegroom's place in the procession being next after the foreman. The musician, also, must be on horseback, and for him likewise a careful choice must be made; for it is no easy matter to play the fiddle and guide a horse at the same time. At length the report of a gun gave the signal for putting the procession in motion. The foreman rode forward, the fiddler struck up the merriest bridal-march, the horses snorted and reared, the women shrieked, the men cried merrily: 'Ho, ho!' and with much noise and confusion the procession moved on, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of dust.

Around the church, the turmoil was even greater to-day than on other occasions of the kind, for no less than three weddings were to take place; and in addition to the three bridal-parties, which arrived at the same moment from three different sides, the eminence was crowded with idlers, who came to stare at a sight they had perhaps seen a hundred times before. After the wedding-ceremony, and when everybody had come out of church again, a rather long delay ensued, as custom would have it that young and old were each by turn to shake hands with bride and bridegroom, and wish them joy. In the meanwhile, the three fiddlers scraped away, each playing his own particular march; the *feu de joie* resounded; the maidens laughed, the matrons wept; and the men partook of refreshments from each other's canteens. At length, however, all were again mounted and in motion, and three clouds of dust indicated the directions in which the three processions were going.

In the new house at Kjerengen the tables were again laid, almost in every respect in the same way as in the morning, with the exception that to every wooden platter was added a beautifully carved wooden spoon, shewing that, as on all festive occasions, soup was to form part of the chief repast. Old Mother Kirsti, who presided in the kitchen, had at least scummed the pot twenty times, and had each time presented the ladle to one or other of the assisting-women, asking them to taste whether the soup was good; and when at last it had been pronounced strong enough, and salt enough, and fat enough, and altogether delicious, she was beginning to be very impatient for the return of the party, when the cracking of the guns announced its approach.

A few moments later, a stately procession was seen coming from the kitchen to the banqueting-room. First came the fiddler, playing a wedding-march; then the bridegroom-man; and then the waiting-women, each carrying a smoking tureen of soup, which was placed on the tables round which the guests were already seated. Grace was now said; and the master of the ceremonies having invited 'all who have *jongas*' [clasp-knives], 'to take them out of their pockets,' adding, 'that for those who had none, some would be provided,' the repast commenced. Towards the close, after the foreman had drunk to the health of the king, and to that of the young couple, accompanying the last toast with a short speech, and after each guest had repeated the toast, when the glass came to him in his turn, the company was called upon, according to old custom, 'to honour bride and bridegroom with gifts for the bowl;' by which was meant, that each guest was expected to place a piece of money in a bowl, or to make promise of some other gift, the proceeds being destined to pay the expenses of the banquet, and to help the young couple to begin housekeeping. The foreman, as in duty bound, announced the amount of each gift, giving at the same time a humorous description of the name, person, and condition of the giver, in order to awaken laughter and merriment, the speaker being, however, bound to contribute before all others, and to raise as hearty a laugh against himself as against others. The parents of the young couple, who generally give one or two cows, or a horse, or some other valuable thing, are always the last of the givers, in order that the costliness of their gifts may not make others feel awkward at giving less.

The company having dispersed for a while, the tables are got out of the way, and now the tones of the fiddle call them back again to see the bridal-dance begin; for the bride, still in full costume, is bound to dance three polskas *—one with the foreman, one with the bridegroom, and the next with the most honoured guests, each partner 'challenging' the next—that is to say, leading the bride, after having thanked her for the dance, to the person he selects as his successor. After this, the whole company mix in the dance. Suddenly the report of a gun causes a pause, and announces that the most important of all the wedding-ceremonies is about to commence. Followed by their relatives, the bridemaids, and all the persons who have performed any of the functions connected with the festivities of the day, bride and bridegroom proceeded to the other house, where the ceremony was to be performed. Here the bride doffed the wedding-dress, the coronet, and all the glittering baubles which had decked her for the day, and appeared in dark-blue petticoat, snow-white apron, coloured bodice, and beautifully embroidered linen sleeves, with her hair parted smoothly on her forehead. The bridegroom then advanced, and placed on her head the matron's coif of black velvet, embroidered with bugles; and a couple of verses of an appropriate hymn were sung by the foreman and a few others; while the tears that glittered in the eyes of the bride, as well as of many of the spectators, shewed that they felt the deep meaning of this affecting ceremony, during which the maiden, in exchanging her grand bridal attire for the simple and sombre dress of the matron, is, as it were, introduced to the more serious duties of life. However, smiles soon again broke through the tears, when the young wife, in her turn, placed the woollen night-cap on her husband's head, and pulled it well down over his ears.

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* The same dance which, under the name of *Schottische*, is now introduced into fashionable society.

Having put on her blue cloth jacket, the young matron was quite ready; and a gun having again been fired, the procession, preceded by music, returned to the ball-room, where the black hood was now to be 'danced in;'[*] for though the matron's coif is black, it does not denote a renunciation of the innocent joys of life.

The night was far advanced before the guests thought of breaking up, and then commenced on the bride's side the distribution of knitted gloves and garters to relatives, intimate friends, and all who have assisted in the various duties of the day. The next day the festivities recommenced, the only change being that bride and bridegroom, having taken over the housekeeping, themselves placed the dinner on the table.

Two months after the wedding at Kjerengen, my mother placed the bridal-coronet on Ragnhild's head. When, after the marriage-feast, the time came for contributing the gifts to the bowl, my grandfather, who was this time of the party, did not allow the master of the ceremonies to announce his gift, but only whispered a few words in Bersvend's ear, who seemed overwhelmed with emotion, and could only express his thanks by a silent pressure of the old man's hand. His aged friend had whispered, that the 200 dollars which he wanted, to get rid of his most pressing creditors, should be forthcoming, and for one year without interest. By this timely assistance, Bersvend was relieved of the floating debts; and by the aid of his beloved and industrious Ragnhild, he succeeded in a few years in ridding the farm also of the mortgage with which it was burdened.

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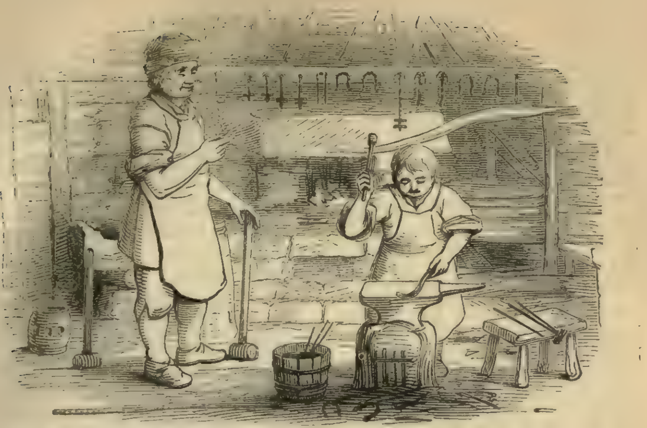
[*] The first ceremony is called 'singing the black hood on.'



QUINTIN MATSYS, THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

I.

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FAMILY.

NEARLY four hundred years ago, there was, at a short distance from the city of Antwerp, a blacksmith's cottage. It was not much better than a hut—low-roofed, mud-walled, and consisting of only one room. It was situated a little aloof from the high-road, in one of those solitary nooks which are so often found, when least suspected, in the neighbourhood of large cities. Only at times there came through the distance the faint hum of a populous town, and the high spires of the renowned cathedral stood out in bold relief against the sky, which was of that pale bluish gray peculiar to an October evening, when the brilliant autumn sunsets are in some degree gone by.

The blacksmith's wife sat spinning by the half-open door of her humble dwelling. She was a woman of middle age; her face was of that peculiar Flemish cast which the Dutch painters have made so well known—round, fair, and rosy, with sleepy eyes of pale blue, bearing an expression of quiet content, almost amounting to apathy. A few locks of silky flaxen hair peeped from under her Flemish cap, and were smoothly laid over a rather high forehead, where, as yet, no wrinkle had intruded. She looked like one on whom the ills of life would fall lightly; who would go on in her own quiet way, only seen by the unobtrusive acts of goodness which she did to others. Such characters are lightly esteemed, and little praised, yet what would the world be without them?

The good Flemish dame sat at her work undisturbed, occasionally stopping to listen for the noise of her husband's forge, which resounded from the high-road, a little way off, where the blacksmith had wisely placed it, as well to deaden the noise of the hammering in his little cottage, as to attract stray customers. At this distance the unceasing sound of the forge was rather lulling and pleasant than otherwise, and no doubt the wife often thought so, as it reached her ears, and told her of the unwearied diligence with which her husband toiled for her and her children. Their cottage had once been alive with many childish voices, but one by one all had dropped off, from sudden disease or inherent delicacy of constitution. Of eight, seven lay in the churchyard not far distant, and one only was left to cheer the blacksmith's cottage—little Quintin, the youngest born. No wonder was it, therefore, that the mother often turned her eyes within, where the child was amusing himself; and at such times the placid, almost dull expression of her face changed into a look of ineffable love, for he was her youngest and her only one.

At last the sound of the forge ceased. The blacksmith's wife immediately put by her distaff, and set about preparing the evening meal; for she knew her husband's daily work was over, and that he would soon be home. The *sour kraut* and the beer were laid on the rudely carved plank, which, fitted on tressels, served for a table; and all was ready when the husband and father entered. He was a short, stout-built man; his broad face shone with good-nature, and his muscular frame shewed strength which had not even begun to fail, though some gray locks mingled imperceptibly with his light curly hair. He nodded his head in cheerful thanks when his active wife brought him a large bowl of clear water, in which he washed his dusky face and hands; and then, without wasting words, sat down, like a hungry man as he was, to his meal. The wife, with a quiet smile, watched the eatables and drinkables disappear, interrupting him only to fill his plate or cup in silence, as a good wife ought; asking no questions until the first cravings of nature were satisfied.

When the blacksmith had finished his meal, he rested his brawny arms on the table, and looked in his wife's face—then for the first time broke silence. 'I have had a long day's work, Gretchen; but that is not a bad thing for us, you know. I have shod all the elector's horses. He was travelling, and said none could do it so well as Matsys the blacksmith.'

'It is a good thing to be spoken well of; but great people do not often notice such folks as we are,' answered the quiet Gretchen.

'The electo need not be ashamed of speaking of or to an honest man, who owes nothing to any one, and whose forge is never seen idle,' said the blacksmith, who was an independent character in his way, though rather phlegmatic, like the rest of his countrymen. 'But, by-the-bye, working all day in the heat of that same forge makes one feel cold even here,' continued he, shivering, and glancing towards the half-open door.

Gretchen rose up and closed it without saying a word.

'You are a good wife, Gretchen,' said the blacksmith, looking at her affectionately: 'you always think of your husband.'

A pleased smile passed over Gretchen's face. 'You know, Hans, it is near the end of October; we must begin to have larger fires, I think.'

'And, thank God, we shall be able to have them, and also warm clothes; for I shall have plenty of work all winter. We will have a merry Christmas dinner, wife, and Quintin shall dance and sing, and have many nice things. But where is little Quintin?' asked the blacksmith, turning round.

'Here, father!' answered a sweet child's voice; and a little boy crept from out of a dark corner beside the hearth, where he had remained crouched while Matsys was eating his supper. He was slight, and rather delicate-looking, and dressed in the quaint Dutch fashion, which made him appear much older than he really was; and the uncommon intelligence of his countenance did not belie that impression. 'I am here, father; do you want little Quintin?' said the child, lifting up the long dark lashes from his deep, violet-coloured, and beautiful eyes, which indeed formed the principal charm of a face not otherwise pretty.

'I want to know what you have been doing all day,' said Matsys, drawing his son on his knee, and kissing him affectionately. The boy returned his father's rough but loving embrace, and then jumped off his knee, saying: 'Wait a little, father, and I will shew you.'

He ran to a far corner of the room; the mother looked after him, saying: 'Quintin often alarms me: he is always getting near the fire, and working and hammering. When I scold him, he only says that he is doing like his father.'

The blacksmith burst into a loud cheerful laugh, that rung through the little cottage, in the midst of which Quintin appeared, bringing with him two armlets, as he called them, ingeniously worked in iron. The father took one of them from his son's tiny wrist, and put it on his own great thumb, laughing more than ever. 'How did you make this clever little article?' asked he.

'Pray, do not be angry, father,' timidly answered the child; 'but I found an old horse-shoe in the forge, and brought it home; and then I made it red-hot, and hammered it into shape with the poker.'

'And how did you contrive to make this pretty little hand that fastens the bracelet?'

'I made it in clay, and then took the shape in sand, and poured the moulten iron into it.'

'Clever boy! clever boy!' cried the blacksmith, raising his hands and eyes in astonishment; then, recollecting himself, he said in a loud whisper to his wife: 'Quintin will be a genius some day—a wonderful man; but we must not tell him so, lest it should make him vain.'

The mother shook her head, smiling all the while; and little Quintin, who doubtless heard every word, grew red and pale by turns as he stood by his father's knee, proud and happy at the admiration his work excited.

'I 'll tell you what, my boy,' cried Matsys; 'you shall come to the forge with me to-morrow: "like father, like son." I had no idea you had watched me to such good purpose. Let me see; how old are you? I forget exactly.'

'Quintin will be ten years old at Christmas,' said Gretchen; adding, with moistened eyes: 'You know, Hans, he was born just two years after Lisa—poor little Lisa—and she would have been twelve now.'

The father looked grave for a few minutes, but soon recovered his cheerfulness when the eager upturned face of his pet Quintin met his. This one darling atoned for all his departed children; he had soon become reconciled to their loss, like most fathers: it is only in mothers' hearts that the memory of babes vanished to heaven lingers until death.

Matsys twisted his coarse brown fingers in Quintin's fair curls, and said thoughtfully: 'Well, ten years old is not too soon to begin; I was a year younger myself when my father made me work; to be sure I was stronger than Quintin, and was the eldest of a dozen boys and girls. But then Quintin shall do no hard work, and it will keep him out of mischief, and make him learn diligence betimes—always a good thing for a labouring lad. Not but what I shall have some gold florins to put by for him in time; but bad things happen sometimes, God only knows! However,' continued the blacksmith, ending his long soliloquy, and speaking louder, 'if you like, Quintin, to-morrow you shall begin to learn how to be as good a blacksmith as your father.'

'And may I make plenty of bracelets like these?' inquired the boy.

His father laughed merrily. 'You would take a long time to get rich if you never did anything but these little fanciful things. You must learn how to forge tools, and horse-shoes, and nails. But,' continued he, noticing that the boy's countenance fell at this information, 'don't be unhappy; you shall make bracelets now and then if you like, and rings too, if you are clever enough. And now, go and ask your mother what she says to this plan.'

'I am quite willing, Hans,' said his wife: 'you know best; but I shall often be very lonely without the child. However, you must send him over to see me sometimes in the day.'

'Very well, wife. And now, all being settled, put out the fire, and let us go to rest, for it is long after sunset, and little Quintin will soon be half asleep here on my lap.'

Gretchen kissed her little son, heard him repeat his prayers, then undressed him, and laid him in his straw bed. In another hour the quiet of night was over the cottage, and the little household it contained had all sunk into that deep slumber which is the sweet reward of labour.

II.

DEATH IN THE COTTAGE.

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!' is a wise saying, and of mournful import. The holy man who wrote it knew its truth; and many a fearful heart, shrinking from the future, as well as many a one stricken to the earth when most confident of bliss, have acknowledged the same. They are words never written or spoken without an indefinable dread; for no one living is so happy, or so confident in his happiness, that he has nothing to fear.

Christmas drew nigh merrily. In the blacksmith's little family there was nothing but hopeful anticipation. The clear biting frost of a Dutch winter had set in, and all was gaiety; for this is an important adjunct of mirth in a country where all festivities are carried on by means of the frozen waters. Gretchen had bought her furs and her gay ribbons; all the Christmas gifts were ready, and the Christmas dinner provided. The blacksmith's wife had finished all her preparations, had brought out the great silver cup, a family heirloom, the only vestige of riches, and had set out, ready for the morrow, one or two bottles of Rhenish wine, as a crowning treat for the Christmas festivities. Lastly, she brought out the eight carved wooden cups which had been added at the birth of each child, each bearing the initial letter of their names. It was the fancy of an old relative, a clever workman, who had thus enriched the stores of the blacksmith. Gretchen brought them out one by one, dusted them as carefully as if they were to be used, and as she did so, let fall a few quiet tears on each memorial of her little ones. Mechanically she arranged them in order, and then sighing deeply, put them all aside, leaving only Quintin's. She then dried her eyes with her apron, glanced round the cottage to see that all was right, and wrapping her warm mantle over her head, went outside the door to watch for her husband and child, for the loneliness of the cottage was too much for her.

It was a fine day for winter: there was no sunshine, but the white snow made everything light and cheerful. The frosty weather caused the bells of the cathedral to sound louder and nearer; their merry peal rang out as if to drive away all care and melancholy thoughts; and while Gretchen listened to them, the mists of despondency which had gathered over her soul were, unconsciously to herself, swept away by their influence. The Dutch wife had little or no sentiment in her composition, yet she could not help giving way at this moment to fancies which mother-love alone could have roused in her placid mind. She thought no longer of the children lost on earth, but of the angels gained to heaven.

Gretchen's reflections then turned towards those left to her—her husband and Quintin. She thought of Hans, his diligence and industry, and how he had gone through all the struggles of their younger days, until comparative riches, the fruit of his labour, were beginning to flow in upon them. Their cottage was as small as ever, to be sure, but still it boasted many little comforts which it had not when they first began life; and all was through Hans—good, steady Hans! Gretchen never thought how much her own careful economy had contributed to keep safe, and spend rightly, her husband's earnings. Then she looked forward to the future, calculated how long it would be before Hans might leave off work, and Quintin succeed him in the forge. And the mother then pictured Quintin grown to manhood, and smiled as she thought of his taking a wife, and making Hans and herself grow young again on playing with a troop of grandchildren.

The blacksmith's wife was in the midst of these reflections and anticipations when the sound of her husband's forge ceased. It was earlier than usual; but Gretchen was not surprised, as it was holiday-time, and she thought that Matsys had got through his work quicker than ordinary, that he might be at home on Christmas eve. So she went into the cottage to await his return, and warm her chilled hands at the fire, which she took care to heap up in readiness for the cold and weary labourers, for Quintin was now indefatigable at his father's trade. She waited longer than usual, but neither came; the short twilight had passed away, and it was nearly dark. Still she feared nothing, but sat quietly by the fire.

At last the latched door was burst open, and little Quintin rushed in. He hid his pale face on his mother's bosom, sobbing bitterly.

'What is the matter? Who has vexed my little Quintin?' said the mother, soothing him.

'No one, mother—no one!' cried the child anew; 'but they told me not to tell you. Father'——

'Where is your father? Is he coming home?'

'Yes, he is coming home—they are bringing him; but he will not speak, and he looks like Sister Lisa. That is what frightened me.'

At this moment some neighbours entered: they were carrying Hans. His wife rushed to him, and flung her arms round him with wild exclamations; but he made no answer, and she could not see him clearly for the darkness. They drew Gretchen away, and laid him on the bed. A bright blaze sprung up in the fire, and shewed to the horror-stricken wife the face of the dead.

Death, sudden and fearful death, had come upon the strong man in the flower of his vigour and hope. The blacksmith had been engaged on his usual labours, when the horse that he was shoeing gave him a violent kick on the forehead: he sank on the ground, and rose up no more a living man.

III.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was a mournful Christmas in the home of the widow and the fatherless. Until the day of the funeral, Gretchen, passive in her affliction, sat by the body of her husband, holding in her arms her sole treasure, her only child. She seemed calm, almost passionless; but her countenance, before so peaceful, was seamed with wrinkles that might have been the work of years, and her hair had grown gray in a single night. She kept her eyes fixed upon the corner where the dim outline of a human form was seen through the white covering, never moving them except to follow, with intense anxiety, every motion of little Quintin. To the child the scene was not new; he had seen death before, and had not feared to behold, and even to touch, the white marble figures of his brothers and sisters who had died since his infancy; but now he felt a strange awe, which kept him away from his father.

Those to whose hearths death comes slowly, preceded by long sickness, pain, and the anguish of suspense, can little imagine what it is when the work of the destroyer is done in a moment; when one hour makes the home desolate, the place vacant, the heart full of despair. And when, added to the deep sorrow within, comes the fear for the future without, the worldly thoughts and worldly cares that will intrude even in the bitterest and most sacred grief, when that loss brings inevitably with it the evils of poverty—then how doubly intense is the sense of anguish!

Thus, when the remains of poor Hans Matsys had been laid beside those of his children, and the widow returned to her desolate cottage, it was no wonder that her strength and courage failed her. She burst into a flood of passionate grief, to which her quiet and subdued character had hitherto been a stranger, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, unconscious, or else heedless, of Quintin's attempts to console her.

'My child! my child! we have no hope. God has forsaken us!' she cried at last.

'You had not used to say that, mother, when Lisa died. You told me to be good, and then God would never forsake me.'

'I did, I did,' cried the stricken woman; 'but it is different now! O Hans, Hans! why did you go away and leave me alone, all alone?'

'Not quite alone, mother,' said Quintin, raising himself, and standing upright before her with a serious firmness foreign to his years; 'you have me—Quintin. I will take care of you.' And he stretched out his arms to his mother, his face beaming with intense affection, and his eyes glowing with thoughts and resolves which even she could not fathom. However, there was something in the child's countenance which inspired her with hope: she felt that Quintin would one day or other be her stay and comfort

'But,' said she, after she and her son had sealed their mutual love and confidence in a long embrace, 'how are we to live? Your poor father worked too hard to save money, except for the last year; and how are we to find food, now that he is no longer here to work for us? You are too young, my poor Quintin, to keep on the forge; it must go into other hands. There is no hope for us: we must starve!'

'We shall not starve!' cried the boy, his slight form dilating with the earnestness of his manner as he drew himself up to his full height. 'Mother, we shall not starve! I shall be a man soon; but, until then, we must be content with little. I can work well even now; whoever takes the forge will have me to help, I know. You can spin, mother, until I grow stronger and older, so as to be able to get money enough. You told me once, when I was trying to do something difficult, "When there is a will, there is a way." Now, mother, I have a *will*, a courageous one; and never fear but I shall make a *way*.'

New comfort dawned on the widow's heart; she was no longer hopeless as before. The boy who, a few days before, had clung to her knees in childlike helplessness, looking to her for direction, advice, and assistance, now seemed to give her the counsel and strength of which she stood in such sore need. It is often so with those who are afterwards to be great among their fellow-men; in a few days, by some incident or sudden blow of misfortune, they seem to step at once from childhood to the threshold of premature manhood. With Quintin this change was not surprising; because his thoughts had ever been beyond his years, partly from the superiority of his mind even in childhood, and partly because he had lived entirely with his parents, and from various causes had never associated with those of his own age. These circumstances had given a maturity to his judgment and a strength to his feelings which made him, in the foregoing conversation with his mother, assume that unwonted energy and resolution which was afterwards the prominent feature of his character, and which even then was sufficient to make the forlorn widow experience a feeling almost approaching to hope, as she read courage and firmness on every feature of the face of her only son.

From that time Quintin was no more a child. He seemed to think it incumbent on him to fill the place of his dead father; he went regularly to work at the forge, which had been taken by a kind-hearted neighbour, and Quintin's skill and dexterity atoned so much for his want of muscular strength, that he received good wages for a boy. These he regularly brought home; and no merchant ever told over the gains of his Indian vessels with more delight than did Quintin count over the few pieces of silver into his mother's lap. There is a sweetness in the gains of labour which no gifts, however rich, can bestow; and Quintin often thought that the bread which was bought by his hard-earned money tasted better than any other. It might be that his mother thought so too; and when he stood beside her—Quintin now considered himself too old and manly to sit on his mother's knee—the smile returned to her face as she noticed his sturdy hands and cheek embrowned by labour, and said he was growing so like his father. No other eye would have traced the very faint resemblance between the honest but coarse features of the poor blacksmith, and the intellectual countenance of his son.

Quintin, after his father's death, occupied his leisure hours no more with the toys and trifles of his own manufacturing, in which he had before so much delighted. He would not waste a moment; and as soon as he returned from the forge, he always set himself to assist his mother in her household duties, suffering her to do nothing that he thought was too much for her strength, which had been much enfeebled by grief. Quintin was become a very girl in gentleness and in domestic skill, for he thought nothing beneath him which could lighten his mother's duties. He even learned to spin; and during the summer evenings Gretchen and her son sat together at their work, often until long after the inhabitants of the few scattered cottages around them had gone to rest. But Quintin and his mother feared the long bitter winter, and worked early and late to put by enough to keep them from poverty during the biting frost of their climate. Still, while they feared and took these precautions, they did not despair; for they knew how sorely such a feeling cramps the energies of even a strong mind, and thereby induces the very evils which are dreaded. So Quintin's hopeful spirit encouraged his mother, and they worked on, patiently waiting until better times should come.

IV.

THE GOOD ANGEL.

It was on a cold dreary February day that a boy came through the churchyard, where the poor, who had no storied epitaphs, nor white marble shrines, awaited in peace their resurrection from clay. The boy was thinly and poorly clad, and his face and bare hands were blue with cold. He walked slowly, in spite of the chilliness around him; for his spirit was very heavy, and his steps refused to move as those of one who carries a light heart in his bosom.

It was Quintin Matsys, who was coming from his daily labour to a sorrowful home; for the unusual severity of the winter had drained their little store, and Quintin knew now, for the first time, what poverty and hunger were. He thought, in his simplicity, that he would come round by his father's grave, and say his prayers there, hoping that God would hear them, and send comfort. Quintin crept rather than walked; for his poor little feet were frozen, and sharp pieces of ice every now and then pierced through his worn shoes. He was thankful to have been all day in the warm shelter of the forge; but that made him now feel more keenly the bitterness of the cold without. He came at last to the little green hillock which had been watered with so many tears; it was not green now, but covered with frozen snow; not soft, but hard and sharp.

The mist of a coming storm was gathering over the churchyard before Quintin had finished his orisons. The boy could hardly distinguish the gate at which he entered, and was about to depart, when there rose up from a grave which he had not before noticed a white figure. It was slender and small; and Quintin's first thought was that an angel had been sent to answer his prayer. He was not alarmed; but knelt down again with folded hands, waiting to receive the heavenly messenger. But another glance told him that it was no angel that he saw, but a little girl wrapped in white fur, who came timidly to meet him.

'Will you tell me who you are?' asked she, putting out from her mantle a warm little hand, which shrunk from the touch of Quintin's chilly fingers.

'My name is Quintin Matsys,' answered the surprised boy.

'You are very cold, poor Quintin, if that is your name. Give me your hands to warm them under my furs.'

Quintin did so in silence.

'Where is your father?'

'Here!' said Quintin sadly, pointing to the grave. 'My father has been dead a year.'

'They tell me that my mother is dead too, because I never see her now. I sometimes come here to think of her. When my father is angry, I steal out of the house and come here, as I have done to-day. No one minds little Lisa.'

'Lisa!—is your name Lisa?' cried Quintin eagerly. 'I had a sister Lisa once; but she was much older than you.' And the boy looked earnestly in the beautiful childish face of his new friend, as if to trace some slight resemblance to the sister he had lost, but remembered so well.

'I will be your sister Lisa!' exclaimed the little girl. 'I like you —you look good.' And she sprung up with a sudden impulse, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him. Quintin returned her affectionate embrace, and then asked her more about her father. He was a painter at Antwerp, and had been living near the village for several months—ever since his wife's death.

'And now,' said Quintin, 'I must go home. My mother is ill, and I have staid too long already; but I will not leave you here all alone, Sister Lisa;' and the word Lisa lingered on the boy's lips with the fondness with which we pronounce a beloved name, even when owned by a stranger.

'Why did you not tell me your mother was ill? I live close by; we will go away together directly.' And she took hold of his hand and set out.

The two young friends had not gone many steps when Quintin turned pale, and sank on a grave.

'What ails you, Brother Quintin?' asked the frightened child.

'I do not know,' said Quintin faintly.

The little girl tried to encourage him; and then, with childlike reasoning, thought that something good would be the best resource. She drew from her pocket a sweetmeat, which she put in Quintin's mouth. He devoured it eagerly, and then, looking wistfully at her, he cried: 'Have you another?' But immediately a crimson blush overspread his face. 'I was wrong,' said he, 'to ask; but I am so hungry. I have tasted nothing since yesterday.'

'Not eaten since yesterday!' exclaimed his compassionate little friend. 'Poor Quintin!—no wonder you are tired! And your mother—has she nothing to eat?'

'I fear not indeed—unless some charitable neighbour has given her some dinner.'

Lisa felt again in her pocket, and produced a biscuit, which she made Quintin eat; and then, as soon as he was able to go forward, she pulled him on. 'I will go home with you, Quintin,' said she. 'Here is a fine gold piece that my father gave me; we will go and buy some supper, and take it together to your mother. I am very hungry too, and I will sup with you,' she added with instinctive delicacy of feeling, wonderful in a child.

Quintin yielded to her gentle arguments; and, laden with good things, he and Lisa entered his mother's cottage. She was sitting, exhausted, beside the fireless and cheerless hearth; a small rush-candle in one corner just shewed the desolation of the cottage, for they had been obliged to part with one thing after another to preserve life. The two children entered hand-in-hand. Gretchen looked surprised, but, from feebleness, did not speak.

'Mother, dear mother,' cried Quintin, 'I have brought you a good angel, who has come to save us from dying of hunger.'

The child stepped forward and took her hand. 'Here is plenty for supper; let me stay and share it. I am Lisa—little Lisa.'

The similarity of name struck on Gretchen's ear; her mind was weakened by illness and want; she snatched the child to her bosom, crying out: 'Lisa—my Lisa! are you come back to me again?'

The little girl, startled, uttered a cry. Gretchen set her down, and looked at her. 'No, no—it is not my Lisa!' she said sorrowfully.

'I am not your own Lisa, but I will try to be,' answered Quintin's friend, while the boy himself came forward and explained the whole. His mother was full of grateful joy. Without more words Quintin lighted the fire, while little Lisa, active and skilful as a grown woman, arranged the supper—not, however, before she had carefully administered some wine and bread to the thankful widow. All three sat down to a cheerful meal, Lisa holding one of Quintin's hands in hers the whole time, and watching him eat with an earnest pleasure which prevented her thinking of her own supper, and effectually contradicted her assertion that she was very hungry.

'You will not faint again, Quintin,' she said at last.

The mother looked alarmed. 'What has been the matter with you, Quintin? Have you indeed fainted from hunger? My poor boy! I thought you told me they were to give you dinner at the forge, and therefore you would not eat that piece of bread this morning?'

'Yes, mother; but—but—' said Quintin stammering, 'they forgot all about it. I was not so very hungry, so I thought I would not come home until after dinner-time, that'——

'That your mother might have it all! My own boy—my dear Quintin, God bless you! You are husband, and son, and everything to me,' cried the widow, folding him in a close embrace.

Lisa looked on, almost tearfully. 'I wish my mother were here to kiss me as you do Quintin!' she said.

'Have you lost your mother, poor child?' asked Gretchen, turning towards her. 'Then come to me—you shall be my own little Lisa.'

'I am Quintin's sister already, so we shall all be happy together,' cried the pleased child, who would have willingly staid, had not the thoughtful Gretchen told Quintin to take her in safety to her own home. The children parted affectionately, and Quintin felt that Lisa's loving and hopeful spirit had left a good influence behind upon his own. He went home with less gloomy thoughts for the future; his mother, too, had a happy look on her care-worn face, which cheered the affectionate boy. He listened to her praises of the sweet Lisa, and bade her good-night with a lightened heart. Both mother and son felt the day's events had shewn them that there is no night of sorrow so dark to which there will not come, sooner or later, a bright and happy morning.

V.

THE FIRST PARTING.

Two years passed lightly over Quintin's head, bringing with them much happiness and little care. It seemed as if the meeting with Lisa had been the turning of their fortunes; from that time friends sprung up for the widow; and Johann Mandyn himself, the father of Lisa, helped Quintin to obtain work with the influence he possessed. But he was poor, and had little sympathy beyond his art, in which he placed his sole delight. Quintin and Lisa were inseparable in their childish friendship; the artist's daughter felt no scorn for the blacksmith's son, for she was too young to think of difference of station. Quintin worked at the forge, where he was invaluable, and his mother spun; so that the week's earnings were sufficient for the week's need, and poverty was no longer dreaded in the widow's now cheerful home. Gretchen became once more the stout, rosy, and good-humoured Flemish dame; for time heals all griefs, even the bitterest; and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is sin.

Gretchen's restoration to peace after her heavy trials was in a great measure owing to the influence of Lisa. This child was one of those sweet creatures who steal into our hearts like a gleam of sunshine. Why this was so, it was impossible to tell: she was not clever above her years, nor fascinating through her beauty, which then was not conspicuous; but there seemed an atmosphere of love around her which pervaded everything and every one with its influence. It was impossible not to love Lisa.

A good man once said to his daughter: 'Why is it that every one loves you?' 'I do not know,' answered the child, 'except that it is because I love everybody.' This was the secret of Lisa's power of winning universal affection. Her little heart seemed brimming over with kind words and good deeds. She was never seen gloomy or unhappy, because her whole delight consisted in indulging her love of bestowing pleasure on others, and therefore she never knew what it was to be sad. People may talk as they will, but it is in ourselves alone that the materials of happiness are to be found. Even love—we mean household, family love—need not always be reciprocal at first. A gentle and a loving spirit, though it may seem for a long time fruitless, will at last win love in return. It is useless to say: 'I would be kind and affectionate if he or she would be so in return.' Let us begin by shewing love, and a requital will not fail us in the end.

Quintin's character matured rapidly. If his manly and resolute mind had wanted anything, it was the charm of gentleness, and this he learned from Lisa. They continued to call one another by the sweet names of brother and sister, and certainly no tie of kindred could be stronger than theirs. Lisa taught Quintin much that the misfortunes of his youth had prevented him from learning, so that he no longer lamented his ignorance of reading and writing—acquirements very uncommon in his present sphere, but which his ardent mind had always eagerly longed after. His bodily frame grew with his mental powers, and at thirteen Quintin was a tall and active youth, though never very strong. To say he loved the occupation which he pursued so steadily, and in which he was so successful, would not be true; and here it was that the quiet heroism of his character appeared. Quintin's heart was not in the forge, and the more learning he acquired, the more he felt this distaste increase. But he never told his mother, for he knew that it would detract from her happiness, and he manfully struggled against his own regrets.

When Quintin had attained his fourteenth year, a change took place in his fortunes. The young blacksmith, with the native taste which was inherent in him, had worked a number of iron rails with such ingenious ornaments, that the purchaser, a rich burgher of Antwerp, sent to inquire whose hand had done them. Quintin's master informed him; and the answer was, that the young workman should immediately go to the burgher, who had found him employment in the city.

A grand event was this in the boy's life. He had never seen Antwerp, but he and Lisa had often sat together on summer evenings watching the beautiful spires of the cathedral, while the little girl told him of all the wonders it contained; for Lisa inherited all her father's love of art. Now Quintin was about to realise these wonderful sights; and when he got home he could hardly find words to tell his mother and Lisa the joyful news. Quintin was too happy to notice that, while his mother congratulated him on his good fortune, a tear stood in her eyes, and that little Lisa—she still kept the pet name, which suited her low stature and child-like manners, though she was, in truth, but little younger than Quintin—looked very sad immediately after the first surprise had passed away.

'Will you be long away, Brother Quintin?' asked she, laying her hand on his arm.

'Only two or three months; perhaps not that.'

'Three months seem a long time when you have never left your mother before in your whole life,' said Gretchen mournfully.

Quintin then felt that his joy was almost unkind towards these dear ones, who would miss him so much. And yet it was such a good thing for him to find work at Antwerp; he would be well paid, and it was the sort of labour which he liked much better than his hard and uninteresting work at the forge. He urged all these arguments, except the last, to his mother and Lisa, and was successful in quieting their alarms, and in lulling their grief at losing him for a time. He was to leave the next morning, for there must be no delay, and the necessary preparations in some degree distracted Gretchen's thoughts from the approaching parting. Lisa assisted too, but her little fingers trembled while she tied up the small bundle in which Quintin's worldly wealth was deposited. He, good thoughtful boy, though his own heart sank after the first burst of delight, did not fail to cheer them both with merry speeches, telling Lisa that he would need a wagon and horses to bring home his goods, instead of the handkerchief in which they were taken thence, and such-like cheerful sayings—with little humour, but much good-natured cheerfulness.

Nevertheless, when all was ended, and the three sat down to their last meal together for some time, Gretchen's courage failed. She looked at her son; the thought struck her how soon his place would be vacant, and she burst into tears. Quintin consoled her. He felt almost ready to cry himself; but a boy of fourteen must not yield to such weakness, so he forcibly drove the tears back to their source. Lisa did not speak, but she changed colour, and several large bright drops slid silently down her cheek, and fell on her empty plate.

'Come, mother dear,' said Quintin at last, 'we really must not all look so very melancholy; I shall be quite too full of importance if you cry over me so much. And I shall be so rich when I come home. This will be the best winter we have had yet. You shall not spin any more, mother: indeed, there will be no need, I shall be so independent. And three months will soon pass; Lisa will be near you; and, mother,' he added gravely and affectionately, 'you can trust me to be good, to remember all you have taught me, and to love you as much as ever, though a few miles away from you.'

With such words did Quintin cheer the little party, until the time came for Lisa to go home. Her father, absorbed in his studies, though loving her sincerely, noticed her but little, and was content to leave her often for whole days with the blacksmith's widow, provided that Quintin brought her home at dusk. It was now summer-time, and the children went along the oft-trodden way together hand in hand. At length the moment for parting arrived, and how sad it was, need not be particularly described.

'Do not forget Sister Lisa,' were the last words Quintin heard from the child; and when the door of her father's house closed, and he saw her no more, Quintin felt more sorrowful than he had done since he beheld the cold earth thrown over his father.

VI.

QUINTIN'S LIFE AT ANTWERP.

It was a dull and dreary morning when Quintin set out on his journey. He was to proceed on foot to Antwerp; for in those days the poor and middling classes had to look to themselves alone for those powers of locomotion which are now open to every one. In the fifteenth century, carriages were almost unknown; the sole mode of conveyance was on horseback; but the very wealthy, when aged or sick, indulged themselves with litters, or with rude wagons, drawn by horses. But none of these appliances of luxury were for Quintin Matsys; so he set forth on foot, carrying his bundle, tied to a stick, over his shoulder.

With the night had faded many of Quintin's brilliant anticipations of pleasure. When he awoke in the morning, and saw that the long drought had melted into rain, and that the dull mist rose up from the fields, shutting out from his view the city of his hopes, he would almost have been glad not to set out. At the last moment, when anticipation has vanished into certainty, it is seldom that we really feel happy in some pleasure long hoped for at last attained. So Quintin felt; and when he had indeed parted from his weeping mother—when he had lost sight of the cottage, passed the forge, and was out in the high-road, he thought that if this was the first-fruits of good fortune, he had almost rather stay at home all his life.

But the boy had not gone far when the mist—it was only a summer's mist, like his own sadness—cleared away; the sun rose brightly, and the cathedral spires were bathed in its golden radiance. They seemed a beacon of future hope to Quintin's now cheerful heart. To a fanciful and enthusiastic spirit like his, a mere trifle—the passing of a cloud, the bursting of a sunbeam, the sudden carol of a bird—will drive away care, until we wonder why we were so heavy-hearted before; and this sudden susceptibility to pleasure, unless blunted by very sore afflictions, is indeed a great blessing. So it was with Quintin. Encouraged by the sunshine around him, he went hopefully on his way, and before sunset reached Antwerp.

The first view of a great and populous city is always striking. But the young blacksmith's mind was naturally of too high a tone to feel that stupid wonder with which such a sight would impress a country peasant who had less intellect than himself. Quintin walked through Antwerp, feeling himself elevated, not made lower, by the grandeur around him. Thus, when he came into the presence of his future patron, no false shame or self-abasement made him shew to disadvantage the talents he possessed. The wealthy Herr Schmidt was pleased with him, and Quintin was at once placed with a clever iron-worker in the city.

The country youth now began a new life, which required all his energies. Left almost entirely to his own guidance, he acted as became the good boy he had always been, when his mother's eye was upon him, and her precepts in his ears. But he had so long been accustomed to judge for himself and for her, that this complete independence was scarcely new to him. His sole regret was when, after his day's work, he returned to his lonely room in a narrow street, and missed the kind face and smile of welcome; when he had to prepare his frugal meal himself, and to eat it alone, without those almost invisible cares which a mother, sister, or wife's hand bestows, and which, though often unperceived and unacknowledged, yet sweeten the food. Then Quintin missed also the fragrant breath of country air coming in at his window; and while he grew taller, and his mind increased in strength and acquirements, his brown cheek became paler, and his frame more slender, through his city life. But Quintin had one grand object—he wanted to grow rich, that his mother's closing days might know all the comforts of wealth. Another impulse, too, which he scarce acknowledged to himself, spurred him on. He had grown wiser, painfully wiser, since he had come to Antwerp. He then found out, for the first time, the difference the world shews between an artist's daughter and a poor blacksmith's son; that he and Lisa, when they grew up, could never call one another brother and sister. Other feelings than fraternal ones never entered into Quintin's simple mind; but he could not bear the thought of losing his sister Lisa; and the idea of raising his position in the world, so as to be able still to keep up the association with her, mingled in his ideas of gaining wealth for his mother to enjoy.

Quintin was not entirely without troubles, even in his good fortunes. His fellow-workmen envied his skill in fancy-working in iron, and many a plan was laid to injure the youth in his master's estimation. They stole from him his tools, complained of his overbearing conceit, and accused him of giving a false statement of his age, and representing himself as much younger than he really was, to gain his master's favour and approbation. This accusation Quintin's high spirit could ill brook. The principal weakness of his character was a want of gentleness, not surprising in one of his resolute temper, for the two qualities are seldom combined. He was more tried than ever he had been at home, where his sole troubles came from without: he had none from within, for in the little household all was peace. This last allegation roused him to anger.

'I a liar!—I tell a lie!' cried the indignant boy; 'I would not do it for the king himself. How dare you say so to my face!' and his eyes flashed with the violence of his feelings. His companions saw they had goaded him on too far: they said no more that day. Quintin went home, his spirit still chafing under the insult he had received, and there was no gentle Lisa to cast oil on the angry billows of his soul. The poor boy felt how lonely he was, and when he had shut the door, his anger melted into sorrow; he threw himself on his little bed, and covered his face, while hot tears of vexation, mingled with grief, burst through his fingers. His spirit was strong; but still Quintin was only a boy—not fifteen.

Next morning he rose, and went courageously to his work. He was making the iron cover to a well, wrought tastefully in a manner which he alone could do, therefore his master had intrusted him with it, and thus caused so much jealousy among the rest. When Quintin came to look for his tools, lo! hammer and file were gone. He inquired, first gently, then indignantly, for them; but his companions could not, or would not, give him a satisfactory answer. His anger kindled; but they only taunted him the more.

'How will you make your fine well-cover without hammer or file?' cried one.

'Here is a pretty plight for the first workman in Antwerp to be in!' said another.

'The young genius will never finish his work!' exclaimed a third, bursting into a loud laugh.

'I will finish it, though!' said Quintin, resolutely folding his arms, and standing before them with a determined air, though his face was very pale. 'I will finish it, in spite of you all.'

He turned away, took up the rest of his tools, locked up himself and his work in another part of the establishment, took no heed of the daily taunts which he met with, until the given time expired. The master came, and asked for the well-cover. It was done! Quintin *had* finished it, as he said he would, without hammer or file. How he accomplished it, no one could tell; but the workmanship was inimitable; and this testimony to the genius and determination of the young blacksmith may be seen to this day over a well near the cathedral of Antwerp.

VII.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Lisa's fears proved true: Quintin did not come home for several months, not until mid-winter; and when he did return, his adopted sister was not there to welcome him. Lisa, the affectionate Lisa, had departed with her father for Italy some time before. When Quintin returned, all that he found was a sisterly message left with his mother for him, and a lock of hair—one curl of the bright golden tresses which he had so many times twisted round his fingers in play. Quintin had indeed lost his Sister Lisa.

This was not his only disappointment. He had ever been a delicate boy, and his constant work while at Antwerp, together with the confined air of the city, had injured his health. He was long before he would confess this to himself, for he could not bear to slacken in his exertions ; so he still remained where he had abundance of work, sending the fruit of his earnings to his mother, and keeping but little for himself. At last his master, a kind-hearted man, saw the sad change in the boy, who, listless and feeble, went about his work mechanically, without a smile or a hope. He sent Quintin home on his own horse, for the boy was now too feeble to walk, as he had done on his first entrance into Antwerp. And thus weakened in health, Quintin Matsys came home to his mother.

He had not known of Lisa's departure, and the closed-up, uninhabited dwelling, as he passed it, gave him a sudden alarm. When he learned the truth, it was a bitter disappointment to him, for his gentle little playmate had become entwined with every fibre of Quintin's heart. However, his fond mother's caresses were very sweet to the boy, who had been so long without them. Illness made him feel doubly how precious is a mother's love.

It was well that Quintin returned home in time ; for he had not been there long, before a slow fever, the result of his anxious toil for so many months, seized him, and he was many weeks unable to move from the bed on which he lay. When he recovered a little, he was as feeble as a child. Gretchen watched and nursed him as in the days of his infancy ; only too thankful to be spared the one absorbing dread to lose him for ever, she did not think of the future. But when Quintin began to feel better, he pined over the good prospects his illness had blighted, and thought sadly how long a time must elapse before he would be able to follow his trade. This idea retarded his gaining strength, and gave a painful cast of anxiety to his thin and sharpened features, for which his mother could not account. She, thinking of nothing but him, had not noticed how gradually the earnings of the year had dwindled away ; but Quintin often thought of this.

One day Gretchen had propped up her son with pillows in his chair, and placed him in the warm noon by the open window. He looked so worn to a shadow, with his long hair grown thin and straggling, as the hair does in continued illness, falling over his attenuated face, and his large full eyes fixed with a melancholy gaze on the sky, that his mother could not refrain from tears. She turned away, lest Quintin should see them, and busied herself with arranging her household affairs. She dusted the table and shelves, and then, in her search for more occupation, came to the silver cup where she kept her money. Many an anxious gaze had she often cast on that little cup ; and now she uncovered it, by an irresistible curiosity, to see how much it contained, for she had not looked in it lately. There was but a single silver piece ! Gretchen stood with it in her hand for some minutes, looking dolefully at the poor remnant of her treasure. Quintin turned his head feebly round.

'What are you doing there so long, mother?' he asked.

His mother closed the cup, but not before he had seen what she was doing. 'How much money have you left, dear mother?' he said again. 'Not much, I fear.'

To conceal it would have distressed him more; so Gretchen shewed her son the remaining coin.

Quintin's countenance fell. 'Oh, how unfortunate I am,' he cried, 'to have been ill here instead of gaining money! But I know I am nearly well—I am sure I can walk now.' And he rose, but before he had moved three steps, he fell exhausted on the floor. Gretchen ran fearfully, and raised him; but all her consolations failed to reassure him. Quintin—the brave-hearted Quintin—for the first time in his life sank into despair. He had still courage enough to conceal his feelings from his mother; but he could not speak, and she laid him in his bed, and sang him to sleep, as she had done when he was a little boy—not knowing how deep was the poor boy's misery and hopelessness.

But this feeling could not last long in one of such energy as Quintin Matsys. Morning brought with it strength and hope, for in the long wakeful hours of night he had thought of a good plan.

'Mother,' said Quintin, when she brought him his plain breakfast of milk and meal, and sat beside him, encouraging the slight appetite of the sick boy by all those persuasive words which loving hearts so well know how to use—'mother, I have been thinking of a way to gain money.'

'Eat your breakfast, and tell me afterwards, my dear boy,' said the anxious Gretchen. Quintin did so, and then began again to talk.

'You know, mother, when I was a child, I used to make all sorts of fanciful things in iron. Now, when I was at Antwerp, I saw that, in the grand religious processions, there were quantities of metal figures of saints used, and sold about the streets. I am sure I could make the same if I were to try; and the people buy such numbers, and give so high a price for them, you cannot think!' And Quintin, half raising himself, rested his elbow on the pillow, and looked anxiously in his mother's face.

Gretchen smiled cheerfully, to encourage him. 'I think it is an excellent plan,' said she; 'but you must make haste and get strong, so as to be able to make these figures; and do not be too anxious, or you will be longer in recovering.'

'I will promise everything,' answered Quintin; and his face grew brighter, so that his mother wondered to see how much better he looked.

Hope is the best physician in the world. Now that Quintin had something to look forward to, it was surprising how fast he improved. He was soon able to move about the room, and in a little time began to make the figures. His youthful skill returned, together with his childish pleasure in the work. Sickness brings us back to the enjoyment of simple and infantile pleasures; it takes away all the false gloss of the world, and restores our souls, in some measure, to their early freshness; we feel again like children—child-like in our feebleness, child-like in our enjoyment of things that seem trifles to others.

Thus Quintin would sit for hours, contentedly forming the figures in clay with his thin white fingers, that were, alas! incapable of harder work. Then he took moulds of them, into which his mother poured the molten metal, as Quintin had done in his first essay many years before. At last a number of graceful little figures were made, at which his proud mother lifted up her hands and eyes in admiration. She took them to a kind and honest neighbour, who was going to the grand festival at Antwerp; he sold them all, and faithfully brought back the money—a sum sufficiently large to maintain, until Quintin's complete restoration, the widow and her diligent boy.

VIII.

CHANGES.

It is an old and trite saying, how rapidly Time urges on his flight: sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer, but oftener as a swift-winged and beautiful angel, changing, yet not taking away, this world's blessings—making our past sorrows look dim in the distance, opening many flowers of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity.

Five years from the last epoch of our story, a young man sat all alone in a large cheerful room in the good city of Antwerp. The house was in one of the second-rate but respectable streets, and through the open windows might be distinguished the continuous trampling of feet, and the mingled sounds that rise up from a busy thoroughfare. The room where the young man sat was simply but comfortably furnished: carved chairs, coarse but full hangings to the windows, and abundance of clean rushes strewed over the floor, shewed that the occupier stood in no fear of poverty. His dress, too, though that of a plain burgher, was of good materials, carefully made, and well arranged. The young man himself was thin, almost spare in figure, and, as far as could be judged from the bending posture of one thinking deeply, appeared to be above the common height. His face was not handsome; but that very want of beauty added to its charm, because the eye, at first dissatisfied, was ever and anon discovering some new expression which gave unexpected delight. One becomes wearied of a handsome face, over which no change flits: it is far better to find out new beauties daily, than gradually to lose sight of those which fascinated at the first look. But Quintin Matsys—for it was indeed he of whom we speak—had one perfection so rarely seen, that great index of the mind and disposition—a beautiful mouth and chin. A Greek sculptor would have revelled in its exquisite curves—sharp, decided; the round, but not full lips, set close together, shewing great firmness and steadiness of character, mingled with almost womanly sweetness. And when he raised his head, the dark-blue eyes were just the same as in the boy Quintin of old, though now full of grave, almost mournful thought.

A great change had come over Quintin in five years. He had risen from the blacksmith's low mud-walled cottage to comparative riches. He was now the best iron-worker in Antwerp. He lived in a good house, had workmen under him, and his smooth soft hands shewed that he now had no need to handle the hammer. He walked through the streets of Antwerp a prosperous and respected man, though still so young; receiving salutations from the wealthy tradesmen and burghers of the place, and knowing that his present position was the result of his own diligence. But Quintin had had one great sorrow—he had lost his mother.

The unlearned, meek-spirited, but true-hearted Gretchen now slept in the lowly churchyard beside her husband and children. She had died not many months before, having seen and enjoyed her son's prosperity, knowing that it was the work of his own dutiful hands, aided by that blessing of Heaven which ever falls, sooner or later, upon patient industry exercised for a holy purpose. Therefore Quintin felt no violent grief at her peaceful death; but when all was over, and her place was vacant in the house where all needful comforts had surrounded her in her latter years, every hour in the day did Quintin miss his mother.

Often, when in the leisure hours which his raised condition in life afforded him, the young master of the house gazed discontentedly around on his comfortable dwelling, to which something was evidently wanting. He sat down almost cheerlessly to his plentiful meals, at which he felt so lonely. Quintin sighed for his mother, or else for some kind sisterly face to smile opposite to him; and then he thought of Lisa.

Since the hour of their parting he had never seen or heard of his childish friend. Johann Mandyn had never returned from Italy; and in those days, to be in a foreign country was as complete a severance as death itself could occasion. Quintin heard no tidings of Lisa; even her existence was unknown to him; and his memory of her had become like an indistinct but pleasant dream. Five years at Quintin's time of life make such changes in the whole character, that we hardly recognise one of the thoughts and feelings of the past as being like those of the present.

Quintin had grown up to manhood, with the good qualities which his youth promised ripened into happy maturity, while adversity had taken away many of those feelings from which no one is free. He was now a high-principled, right-feeling young man, guided, but not led away, by the impulses of an affectionate heart. Many of the finer qualities of his soul were as yet undeveloped, though his natural refinement of mind had kept pace with his fortunes. Quintin had not yet felt the influence of love, though, as was natural, several youthful fancies had pleased his imagination for a time; but he always discovered something wanting, and his ideal of perfection was as yet unfulfilled. He had, in reality, never felt a stronger love than his devoted attachment to his mother, and his brotherly affection for Lisa, which now existed only in remembrance. Yet the influence of these two had assisted in making Quintin what he was. There is nothing so salutary to a young man as the unseen but magic power of a good mother or sister. It is a shield and safeguard to him, on his entrance into the world, to look back upon a home where he found, and might still find, a nearer approach to his ideal of goodness than elsewhere. Otherwise he is driven abroad to seek for what he cannot have at home, and his heart often makes its resting-place in some fancied perfection, which soon proves delusive.

Thus Quintin, in all his likings, invariably instituted comparisons with what he remembered of Lisa—what she was, or would be now; and his early association with a character like hers made his heart grow purer and better, and this high standard of excellence prevented his imagination from being led away. Thus was Quintin at the age of twenty.

IX.

A MEETING.

One evening, as Quintin was returning from a chapel in an obscure part of the town, to which he had gone for the performance of his religious duties, an unforeseen adventure occurred. As the small crowd of worshippers passed along, one of them, a female, stumbled and fell. The young girl's foot had slipped from a stone; and there she lay, unable to move, and her old nurse was lamenting over her, and chafing one of the delicate ankles.

'Is she much hurt?' inquired Quintin, bending over the stranger, so as to throw the light of his lantern on her face. It was very beautiful; fair, though colourless, and full of womanly sweetness, like one of Guido's Madonnas. We cannot otherwise describe it. The voice which answered, too, was soft and musical, and thrilled in Quintin's heart like a tone heard long ago.

'It is nothing, thank you,' were the few words she said. The old woman kept exclaiming loudly in a foreign tongue, of which the words: 'Lisa—Signora mia Lisa!' struck Quintin's ear.

'Lisa! Is your name Lisa?' asked Quintin in the same words he had used so long ago.

'Yes, it is Lisa!' answered the wondering girl.

'But are you my Lisa, my Sister Lisa?' cried the young man, forgetting himself in his eagerness.

'I am indeed!' she cried, bending forward and looking fixedly at him; 'if you are Quintin—Quintin Matsys.'

Quintin's first joyful impulse was to press his adopted sister to his breast, as in old times; but he restrained himself, and only took the two hands which were stretched out to him, holding them in his, and kissing them many times.

'You have not quite forgotten Quintin?'

'Nor you Sister Lisa?' were the first questions that passed between them; and then a strange silence fell upon the two, who, had they thought of such a meeting an hour before, would have fancied their subjects of conversation inexhaustible.

'And your mother, Quintin?' asked Lisa at last.

He did not answer; but the light fell on his sad face, and the girl guessed the truth.

'I had not thought of that,' she cried, bursting into tears, and affectionately taking Quintin's hand. Another silence ensued, and then they spoke of changes.

'Things are strangely altered, when I did not know you, Lisa, as you passed me to-night.'

'Nor I you; but that was no wonder, you are so changed,' said the girl, looking at him intently.

'Were you thinking of the poor blacksmith?' asked the young man, almost mortified.

'No, indeed,' cried Lisa, blushing deeply at what she thought had pained him—'no, indeed; I only thought of my brother Quintin.'

'And are you not changed, Lisa? Are you indeed the same?' And with a sudden thought he took her left hand: there was no ring there. Quintin felt relieved; but Lisa had not noticed his movement, and answered him frankly and earnestly.

'Indeed, Quintin, I am not; I have never forgotten old times; you will always be the same to your sister.'

A dearer word than sister just flitted across the young man's thought, but he said nothing. The surprised Italian nurse now drew near, and a few words from Lisa explained the meeting. The young girl rose to go home to her father's house, which was not far distant; but her steps were feeble, and she was obliged to trust much to Quintin for support. Their young hearts were full of happiness as they walked together through the desolate streets, talking of olden days, of their united childhood, of all that had happened to them since, of her who had been as a mother to both. They spoke of the dead with loving regrets and gentle sadness, which rather spread a holy calm over their present joy than took away from it. And so they went to Lisa's home together, in the sweet reunion of their childish affection; and the quiet stars looked down upon them, as if rejoicing in their happiness.

X.

LOVE AND ITS SHADOWS.

A few weeks passed, during which Quintin and Lisa constantly met. They could not break through old ties—why should they? So they visited together their parents' graves in the old churchyard, and talked over their first meeting; then went to look at the poor cottage, and retrod the path from thence to Lisa's former home, the last walk they had taken together; and then their common faith was a bond of union. In short, love—first, deep, and true love—stole into the hearts of Quintin and Lisa before they were aware. It was but the sudden ripening of the strong affection of their youth. They ceased to call one another 'brother' and 'sister,' or, when they did, it was with a shrinking consciousness that these names, dear and tender as they were, were not those that lingered in their hearts, though unacknowledged.

How the discovery was effected each to the other, they probably could hardly tell themselves. Their yet unrevealed love was like a well-tuned harp, of which the lightest breath or touch would awaken its harmonious chords. And that breath, that touch, did come at last, and they were made happy by the sure and certain knowledge of each other's true affection. Lisa's nature was too frank and generous idly to sport with Quintin's love, or to deny her own for one of whom she felt a just pride; and when Quintin Matsys asked if he might one day call her not his sister, but his wife, his own beloved and true-hearted wife, she did not say him nay.

And now the young man had to ask boldly for the hand of his beloved. This required all his courage; for Johann Mandyn was known to be a harsh and irritable man; and even Lisa, who was the sole object which divided his affection with his art, had little influence over him. He was not a man of great genius; his talents were just sufficient to make him perceive this deficiency, and probably his temper was imbittered by this cause. Yet his beautiful and soothing art had a charming influence over his wildest moods; it acted upon him like a spell, and to it he owed all the better and more refined qualities of his nature. He lived within and for his pictures; everything in the world outside he reckoned as nothing. His greeting of Quintin had been cold, though not unkind; he congratulated him on his changed fortunes in a manner which shewed how little he thought about either the young man or his destinies.

Quintin had need of all his love and all his remembrance of Lisa to warm his heart when he sat waiting for the painter in his studio. It was a large old-fashioned room, and the light from above gave it a mysterious cast. Opposite to the young man hung a dark-looking painting, from which gleamed out the wild fierce head—it was that of a fallen angel, and the fixed eyes followed him round the room, as he fancied, with a threatening aspect. He closed his eyes, and pictured Lisa's sweet face, but still the dark image pursued him.

At last Mandyn entered the room. He was a little man, with sharp thin features, and bright black eyes gleaming from under bushy eyebrows. He wore a dark velvet cap, which he was accustomed, in the energy of his solitary thoughts, or in earnest conversation, to twist in all directions upon his bald head, giving a wild and sometimes ludicrous air to his countenance.

At his entrance Matsys rose. The old man came and stood opposite to him, with his hands folded behind his back.

'You are an unusual visitor here,' said he. 'Have you been admiring my pictures? But I forgot; you do not care about such things.'

Quintin muttered some vague compliments. At another time he would better have expressed the warm feelings with which he regarded art, as every higher mind must do; but now he thought only of his errand, and with hesitation explained the reason why he came—his hopes, his love, and his worldly prospects.

The old painter listened in silence; but a convulsive twitching of his thin lips shewed that he was not insensible to the young man's words.

'Does my daughter love you?' he asked at length in a suppressed tone.

'Yes,' said Quintin simply and truthfully.

'She has told you so?' cried the father in a passionate voice; 'then she must learn to forget her love, for she shall never become your wife.'

Quintin turned pale. 'Why not? Have you anything to urge against me? You can lay no crime to my charge. I am honest: I am not poor.'

'Do you taunt me with *my* poverty?' exclaimed the angry painter. 'Nevertheless, though I am poor, no daughter of mine shall ever wed a worker in vile metals.'

The unfortunate young man compressed his lips together in strong emotion. It was a sore struggle between pride, anger, and love; but he repressed his passion, and answered calmly: 'Is that your sole reason?'

'It is,' answered Mandyn, his wrath a little lulled, and surprised at Quintin's firmness and command of temper. 'I have nothing to complain of in your position, your prospects, your character; but you are, in fact, only a blacksmith—an iron-worker; and my Lisa, my beautiful Lisa, is an artist's daughter—worthy to be an artist's wife, and such she shall be.'

A pang shot through young Matsys' heart at the idea, and then his features relaxed into a less troubled expression. 'She is so young still,' he said, 'you will not marry her to any one against her will? If I have no hope, do not make Lisa miserable by such a union.'

'I will not,' answered the father. 'I love her too well: she shall have free choice. I am sorry for you,' he continued, and his softened feelings made him take the young man's hand kindly. 'I like you—I always did; but you are not a painter, and my child shall never marry any but an artist.'

Quintin wrung his hand and went out. As he threaded the passages of the house with lingering steps, his eyes glanced round in search of his beloved. He was not disappointed: a door opened suddenly, and Lisa appeared. She looked anxiously and blushingly up to him, but Quintin could not speak. He held fast the hand she laid on his, and turned his face away. They stood thus for some minutes, until Lisa said: 'I knew it! My father is angry: we have no hope!'

'Do not say so, Lisa—my own Lisa! If we are certain of one another's love, we can never be hopeless.'

Lisa shook her head. Poor girl! she knew her father better than Quintin did.

'You do not know how strong love is,' passionately urged the young man. 'Love can bear anything—can do anything! O Lisa, Lisa! only say you will not give me up, and then you will see we are not without hope!'

'I will not give you up, Quintin; you know I love you,' said the simple-hearted girl, her truthful soul beaming in her eyes; 'but I will never disobey my father, who has always been kind to me until now.'

'I do not ask you: I would not! There is no happiness for such unions. Only say you will not marry another—not yet—and I am content.'

Quintin's hopeful courage communicated itself to his companion. Her confidence rose she knew not why; and the lovers parted, not in despair, but in patient expectation of better things.

'I dare not see you often,' said Lisa as she bade him farewell; 'but you know I shall not change.'

'I know it,' answered Quintin, 'and I do not fear. Lisa, dear, you will—you shall be mine yet! Patience and hope. There is nothing impossible to love like ours.'

XI.

THE STRONG HEART TRIUMPHS.

Quintin had spoken truly. This last and sorest disappointment had roused in him a firm determination, which few would have undertaken, but which was not surprising in a character like his. He would not relinquish his beloved Lisa, the friend of his childish days, the sister of his early affections, the object of his manhood's strong and ardent love. They clung together as those do who are left alone in the world without near ties, and parting was not to be thought of by them. Still, there was but one chance for their union, and this Quintin determined, come what would, to accomplish.

Johann Mandyn had said that his daughter should wed an artist, and an artist Quintin resolved to be. His mother, for whom alone he had sought the comforts of riches, stood in need of them no longer, and they were valueless in gaining Lisa for his bride. Quintin determined to relinquish everything for Lisa; his home, his profitable trade, his comforts; and to qualify himself, by patient and arduous study, to be a rival to Johann Mandyn himself. He sold his shop, his house, his furniture—everything that he could convert into money, to maintain himself during his studies; left Antwerp, and went to Haarlem, keeping his destination and intention secret from every one but Lisa. The old painter heard of his departure; wondered, pitied him, almost relented; but then his eye fell on the pictures with which his room was hung, and he doubted no longer.

'It is a glorious thing to be an artist!' cried the enthusiastic old man. 'None but a painter is worthy of my Lisa!'

Meanwhile Quintin established himself at Haarlem as pupil to an artist there, and diligently began his studies. His progress was rapid; for love lightened his task, and, though he knew it not then, he was following the bent of his own mind. His soul was that of a painter: this predilection had shone forth throughout his whole life, when, through a sense of duty, he worked at a trade which he did not like. His genius only wanted some strong motive or happy incident to call it forth in fortunate exercise, and his disappointed love effected this. Still, the early path towards art is toilsome and difficult, and Quintin was often discouraged; but love, like faith, can remove mountains, and there are no obstacles invincible to a strong and loving heart.

As he advanced in his studies, the young man's whole soul became absorbed in his art; not that he loved or thought of Lisa less, but the awakened powers of his own mind, and his new-kindled perceptions of the beautiful, gave him intense pleasure. He was like a man who had found a treasure in what he thought was a desert to be passed through. He now loved art for its own sake as well as for Lisa's; and almost forgave her harsh father for his unconquerable will.

It was with a delicious sensation of conscious power, and patient conquest over difficulties, that Quintin Matsys viewed his first picture. Many talk of the vanity of genius, self-sufficient, thinking itself above everything. But it is not so. Without a certain consciousness of innate talent, a man would be unequal to any great attempt; his very soul would sink within him, thinking of his weakness and inferiority. As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which Heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others—a messenger from God himself, with a high and holy mission to perform. Woe unto him who abuses that mission!

Quintin Matsys was not vain, but he felt a noble satisfaction in himself and his work. His whole life had been a lofty struggle against difficulties. The last and greatest he was now surmounting; but he had yet to wait. He was too proud to come before Johann Mandyn's eye anything but a superior artist; so during a long season of unwearied perseverance did Quintin toil. Now and then he secretly visited Antwerp, and received the sweet assurances of Lisa's affection and encouragement. Her woman's heart swelled with delicious pride in him who possessed its deepest feelings, and every new triumph of his was sweeter to her than, perchance, even to Quintin himself.

At last the young man had become a painter, and a great one. He returned to Antwerp, and went openly and boldly to Mandyn's house with his last and best picture in his hand. The artist was out; but Lisa came, surprised and doubtfully, to meet the stranger, and was greeted by her lover, who, with his countenance full of joy and hope, shewed her his work. It was a household group; simple, life-like, and painted with that minute fidelity to nature and magic light and shadow for which Matsys' pictures are remarkable.

Lisa looked at it long and fixedly, and then turned her bright face, radiant with happy pride, to her lover. 'Quintin, my dear Quintin, you are indeed a painter!' was all she said; but it was the sweetest praise to him.

And now they thought of the discovery to her father, how it should be effected. Their happiness was almost like that of children, and in the exuberance of their mirth they imagined a playful trick. The old painter had left on the easel his darling picture of the fallen angels, the same which had struck Quintin's excited imagination in the last momentous interview which had influenced so strongly his whole life. The young artist now took a brush, and painted on the outstretched limb of his former imaged tormentor a bee, with such skill and fidelity, that Lisa's joyous laughter, as she stood by Quintin's side, was irrepressible.

'He will surely be deceived,' said she as they both departed from the studio, leaving Quintin's picture there, out of sight.

Mandyn came, and Lisa was right.

'How came the insect on my picture?' cried he, trying to brush it away; then discovering the clever delusion, he hastily called his daughter. 'Who has done this?' said the old man.

A bright colour rose on the girl's cheek, and a happy smile flitted about her mouth, as she answered: 'It was an artist, father, who has brought that picture for you.'

Mandyn looked at it, and could not conceal his unfeigned admiration. 'It is a noble picture—a beautiful picture!' he cried. 'Where is the artist?—what is his name?'

'Quintin Matsys!' answered the young man himself, entering at the door, and standing modestly before the father of Lisa.

'You—you!' exclaimed Johann Mandyn; 'have you become a painter? Where have you studied? Is this your work?'

'It is indeed; I painted it at Haarlem.'

The old man's piercing eyes searched his countenance; but there was no room for doubt in the young man's ingenuous though self-possessed look. He gazed at Quintin, then at his daughter; and then went up to the former, and seized both his hands. With eyes full of tears, and in a broken voice, the old painter cried: 'Quintin Matsys, you are indeed a great artist—greater than I. You are worthy to marry my Lisa: take her, and God bless you!'

And Johann Mandyn went out of the studio without saying another word.

XII.

WEDDED LIFE.

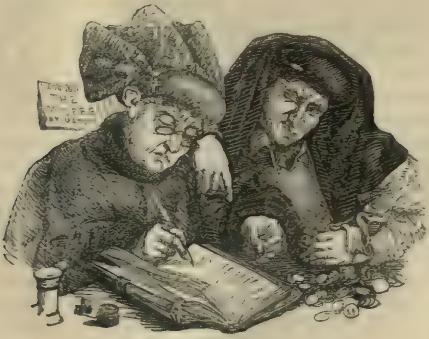
Quintin and Lisa were married, though not immediately; for the young painter loved his betrothed too well to suffer her to share the necessary difficulties of the struggle which must always be endured before fame and prosperity crown the toils of the seeker after such. But this struggle was not of long duration with Quintin Matsys. His evident talent, his unwearied perseverance, and, it might be, the little romance mingled with his story, soon won for him friends and patrons. As soon as Quintin felt that he need not dread the future, and that the present was free from difficulty, he wedded his beloved Lisa, and brought her to a cheerful home, not luxurious, indeed, but far removed from poverty. And Lisa's gentle spirit needed no more to constitute her happiness. To be the patient, devoted wife, looking up to her husband as the model of all that was high and noble; keeping his household in order, that nothing might trouble him; surrounding him and all about him with a mantle of perfect love, which hid from every other eye, almost from her own, any slight failing which might obscure his character—or hastiness produced by his intercourse with a world not always smooth—this was Lisa's daily life.

It is needless to say theirs was a blessed home; not perfect, for what on earth is perfect? but still as near to heaven, and as complete in happiness, as an earthly home can be. Perhaps, too, the sorrows of Quintin's youth made him feel more deeply the quiet happiness of his mature age. To one who has been long travelling through a desert region, how sweet is every little flower that he finds on his path! Quintin and Lisa had not married in the first bloom of youth and hope, expecting to find earth a paradise, and wedded love a thornless rose. Their hearts were matured even beyond their years, and therefore they grew old together, daily loving one another the more, with a deep, earnest, household love, far stronger than in their earlier youth they could have conceived or pictured. Children sprang up around them; and Johann, their eldest son, his grandfather's darling, bade fair to be a worthy follower in the art which both his immediate progenitors had delighted in.

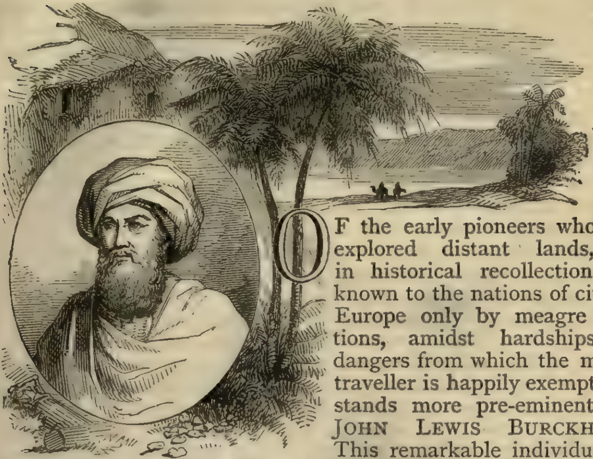
The life of Quintin Matsys as a painter is well known. He was one of the most extraordinary men of his time, when art was in its infancy, and when the stars of Michael Angelo and Raphael had yet scarcely risen. Matsys' style was peculiarly his own—he followed no school, imitated no master. Nature and his own mind were his sole guides. In general, he did not follow the higher style of art, but contented himself with depicting simple nature as she shewed herself to his loving eye. Quintin never left his native city, nor visited Rome, nor studied the antique. Had he done this, several judges have declared that he would have become the noblest painter that his country ever produced, so great were his natural powers. His pictures are little known in England, with the exception of one at Windsor, 'The Misers,' which is universally esteemed and lauded. In his latter days, Quintin painted an altar-piece for the noble cathedral of Antwerp, which still remains there as a testimony of the powers of his genius. Our own Reynolds visited it, and was struck beyond measure with this work of the blacksmith of Antwerp. The cold, cautious Sir Joshua, who seldom gave way to admiration or enthusiasm for any but his grand idol, Michael Angelo, was heard to declare that this 'Descent from the Cross,' by Quintin Matsys, was a wonderful picture at that early age of art, and that some of the heads were executed in a manner worthy of Raphael himself. Higher praise could scarcely have been given by any one.

Quintin and Lisa descended the vale of life together, slowly and peacefully. Johann Mandyn died, having gained his wish in seeing his Lisa an artist's wife, as she had been an artist's daughter, though this wish had been accomplished in a manner contrary to all his expectations. Quintin's origin cast no shade over his good name in the world's eye, or in that of his father-in-law. The blacksmith's son had nobly and successfully fought against ill fortune; and it was no shame, but a glory to him, to have once been poor. Johann Mandyn himself acknowledged this; and Quintin and his wife never passed by the lowly home of his youth—the cottage and the forge—without a thrill, not of discontent, but of pleasure. Many and many a day, when they saw their children playing about the two graves—now, alas! three—in the churchyard which had witnessed their first meeting, did Quintin tell over again to the attentive little ones that old story, and Lisa pressed closer to her husband's arm, as she felt how justly proud she was of the noble and brave heart which had lived through all—triumphed over all.

We have now traced Quintin Matsys through the trials of his youth, and the cares of his manhood, to the settled calm of his middle age. As after a stormy morning there often comes a season of peace, and stillness, and sunshine, so in many instances do the sorrows of early life lead to a happy old age. May it be so to all those who have struggled, and do struggle, often with a weary and a fainting heart! But the reward, though it seem long delayed, must come at last. There is no storm so great that a true, courageous, and loving heart cannot live through, and, it may be, prove conqueror at last. Let this be the moral of Quintin's simple history; let it encourage the feeble, bring hope to the hopeless, and excite to energy the despairing. The most helped of Providence is he who helps himself; and he who shrinks from disaster in coward fear, or sinks in listless apathy, is not worthy to go through, but must fail in the ordeal. To all on earth should this watchword be precious—Despair not; endure all things; for to him who fears God, and loves his brother man, life can never be without hope.



LIFE AND TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.



OF the early pioneers who have explored distant lands, rich in historical recollections, but known to the nations of civilised Europe only by meagre traditions, amidst hardships and dangers from which the modern traveller is happily exempt, none stands more pre-eminent than JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT. This remarkable individual was a Swiss by birth, being born at Lausanne in 1785, though his family belonged to Basel, in which city and canton it held an eminent position. His father, who enjoyed the territorial title of Burckhardt of Kirschgarten, from the name of his mansion in Basel, became a victim of the revolutionary party in Switzerland, when the French overran that country in 1796, and upset the existing government. He was tried for his life on a pretended charge of military treachery, and escaped condemnation at the hands of his prejudiced judges only by adducing undoubted testimony of his innocence; but receiving timely warning that, notwithstanding his acquittal, he was still marked for proscription by the ruling powers, he deemed it prudent to expatriate himself, and joined a corps of his countrymen in the British pay, then serving on the Rhine with the Austrians, in which he gained the rank of colonel. He was obliged, however, to leave his wife and family behind him at Basel; and it was thus his son, the subject of this memoir, being a daily witness of the oppressive domination exercised by the French, imbibed the deepest animosity against that nation, and, like another Hannibal, vowed undying enmity towards it. Young as he was, he panted to take arms under the banner of some nation at war with France; but, unfortunately for this aspiration, the continent was soon hushed in peace by the crowning ascendency of Bonaparte. His father accordingly placed him, in the year 1800, at the university of Leipsic, whence, after a stay of nearly four years, he was removed to that of Göttingen. At both these seats of learning he was distinguished equally for his ardent and successful pursuit of knowledge, and for his cheerful equanimity of temper, whereby he gained the applause and favour of the various professors under whom he studied, especially of the most eminent among them, the celebrated Blumenbach. In 1805 he returned to his father's house at Basel, and as no career was open to him on the continent which might afford him an opportunity of evincing his hostility against France, since Europe still trembled at the recollection of Marengo, he determined to try his fortune in England, whither he had been early taught to turn his eyes for deliverance from French tyranny. Armed, therefore, with sundry letters of introduction, and particularly with one from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, which eventually ruled the destiny of his life, he set out for the only country which yet maintained a struggle against the modern Charlemagne, and arrived in London in the month of July 1806.

At this time the 'Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa' was in full operation, and Sir Joseph Banks was one of the most active members of the committee. It becoming known to Burckhardt, through this source, that the Association was anxious to send out another traveller into the north of Africa to follow up previous discoveries, he at once yielded to a prepossession he had long secretly cherished, which was in perfect harmony with the leading characteristics of his mind, wherein a thirst of knowledge and spirit of enterprise were mingled with an indomitable courage, and he eagerly offered his services. It was not, however, until May 1808 that his proposal was formally entertained by the Association; when, it being accepted, Burckhardt forthwith commenced his preparations for the expedition, which consisted in a diligent study of the Arabic language, and of the sciences most likely to be serviceable in his intended field of action. He also allowed his beard to grow, assumed the Oriental garb, and undertook long journeys on foot, going bareheaded in the heat of the sun, sleeping on the ground, and living upon vegetables and water. On the 25th of January 1809 he received his final instructions from the Association, and shortly afterwards took shipping for Malta, which island he reached in the beginning of April.

From previous experience, it was judged indispensable that, before embarking on his perilous adventure, the young traveller should completely perfect himself in the knowledge of Arabic and of Moslem habits. Hence he was directed to proceed, in the first instance, to Syria, where he was to remain two years, and subsequently repair to Cairo in Egypt; whence he was to follow the track of Hornemann to Mourzouk, prosecuting his journey into the interior as far as practicable from that starting-point. He accordingly tarried but a short time at Malta, hastening with all speed to the coast of Syria, with the view of taking up his abode at Aleppo. In executing this purpose, however, he encountered numerous obstacles from the deceit of the Levantine captains he sailed with, and also incurred serious risks of discovery notwithstanding his disguise, which, to suit the present emergency, was that of a Mohammedan Bengal merchant, returning to India through Syria and Bagdad; and it was not until the end of September 1809 that he reached the place of his destination, Aleppo, where he was most kindly received by the British consul, Mr Barker. Here he made no secret of his European origin, but still retained the name he had assumed of Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, as well as the Turkish costume. He thus lived in retirement and unnoticed, prosecuting his studies of Arabic, the Koran, and Mussulman law—in all of which it behoved him to be profoundly versed. His stay in Syria was prolonged for nearly two years and a half, during which time he made sundry excursions among the Bedouins in the surrounding deserts, and visited Palmyra, Damascus, the Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, and the then unexplored district of the Haouran. Having thus acquired the requisite familiarity with the Arabs and their language and manners, he finally departed from Aleppo in February 1812, and proceeded to Cairo, passing through Tiberias and Nazareth in Judea, to the east and south of the Dead Sea, as far as Wady Mousa, where he discovered the remains of the ancient city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa, distinguished for its extraordinary architectural excavations in the rocks, and as the site of Aaron's tomb; from which place he diverged in a westerly course across the stony valley of Araba, and the horrid desert of El Tyh, to the capital of Egypt, which he reached in the month of September, after a tedious but interesting and profitable journey of seven months.*

Before attempting to execute the great object of his mission, Burckhardt judged it advisable, with the full approbation of the Association, that he should take time to study the Egyptian and African character, since to too great precipitancy, and the want of due preparation, might be ascribed the failure of previous travellers. Consequently, after a short sojourn in Cairo, he proceeded to Esné in Upper Egypt, from which he made an excursion up the Nile beyond the second cataract to Tinareh, being unable to penetrate farther on account of the hostile refugee Mamalukes, then in possession of the country of Dongola. As the authority of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was at that time recognised in this part of Nubia, Burckhardt did not encounter any serious dangers or difficulties on his way, beyond those inseparable from travelling in barbarous and unsettled regions, being fortified with a passport or firman from Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohammed; and he returned in safety to Assouan, on the northern frontier of Nubia, after an interval of thirty-five days. Settling again at Esné, he was compelled to remain there nearly a whole twelvemonth, waiting to accompany a caravan which took the route through Eastern Nubia to Sennaar, as he had resolved to proceed in that direction before venturing on his great western journey. His main object was to gain an acquaintance with the negro Arabs on the confines of Abyssinia and the shore of the Red Sea, and to pass into Arabia itself, returning to Cairo in time to catch the caravan from Egypt to Fezzan, by means of which alone he could advance into the south-west of Africa. On this journey he started on the 2d of March 1814, joining the caravan at Daraou, the place of departure, in the disguise of a poor Mohammedan trader, which he had maintained ever since his first arrival at Esné. He was but ill provided with money, owing to the long delay that had occurred, and on that account sold his camel, retaining only an ass to ride upon, and stipulating for the conveyance of his luggage and merchandise. The whole stock of money he carried with him was only fifty dollars in a purse, and two sequins sewed in a leathern amulet round his arm for better security. Having no servant or slave, and but a scanty supply of goods—being dressed, moreover, in the meanest garb, such as is worn by the Egyptian peasant—he at first provoked the contempt of the merchants his fellow-travellers, and eventually their hatred and suspicions; first, because they viewed him as a Turk, and secondly, as a spying interloper in their trade. He confessed, indeed, that he was an Aleppine, but sought to calm their suspicions by alleging he was in search of a cousin who, some years previously, had set out on a mercantile expedition to Darfour and Sennaar with a great part of his property, and had not since been heard of. This pretence was well suited to their apprehensions; but they continued, nevertheless, to treat him during the whole journey with the greatest contumely, and often with the rudest violence, addressing him as a vile beggar unfit to associate with their servants, beating him with sticks, and pilfering his provisions and goods. He had need, in truth, of all the forbearance and equanimity of temper with which nature had gifted him, for their design was to provoke retaliation on his part, in order to have a pretext to fall upon and despatch him. When their persecution at length grew insupportable, he was driven to throw himself on the protection of the Arab guides of the caravan, who, having themselves had a dispute with the Egyptians, were the more inclined to shield him from their vindictiveness; yet they required to be bribed by the forlorn traveller to yield him this natural service, which, by their contract, he had a right to command.

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* The incidents of this journey are related with Burckhardt's usual minuteness, and have been published under the title of *Travels in Syria.*

The deserts of the East are generally of similar character, being wastes of sand and rock; but in many particulars they vary. Some, as those of Syria and Tyh, for instance, are almost destitute of trees and sweet water; whilst others have a succession of verdant spots where both are found, which render them more easy to be traversed, for shade and water are the principal luxuries in those hot and arid regions. The only means of carrying water is in skins, made of the hides of sheep, goats, or oxen, hung over the backs of camels, which are filled at the different wells as they occur on the journey. These, however, are liable to burst, and the water soon becomes partially putrid, from the constant shaking and the action of the burning sun, so as to be almost undrinkable; whereby, if the distances between the wells are considerable, great inconvenience, and often danger of perishing from thirst, is incurred. The Nubian Desert from Daraou to Shigre, about sixteen days' march, is one with more agreeable features than most of its kind, although not free from the ordinary hazard of attacks by the roving tribes who inhabit it. It abounds in valleys, which contain trees and wells, yielding a copious supply of water; and over its whole extent is a broad beaten path, from which there is little risk of deviating. Yet even with these advantages the journey across it is irksome and laborious, especially to a solitary and unfriended traveller like Burckhardt. The want of a servant or associate was grievously felt by him; for he could get no assistance from his fellow-travellers, who delighted, on the contrary, in witnessing and aggravating his distress and perplexities. He himself represents his situation in very striking colours, at the same time that he gives a graphic picture of the peculiarities of desert travelling. 'Whenever it was known beforehand,' he says, 'that the chiefs intended to stop in a certain valley, the young men of the caravan pushed eagerly forwards, in order to select at the halting-place the largest tree, or some spot under an impending rock, where they secured shelter for themselves and their mess. Every day some dispute arose as to who arrived the first under some particular tree: as for myself, I was often driven from the coolest and most comfortable berth into the burning sun, and generally passed the midday hours in great distress; for besides the exposure to heat, I had to cook my dinner, a service which I could never prevail upon any of my companions, even the poorest servants, to perform for me, though I offered to let them share in my homely fare. In the evening the same labour occurred again, when fatigued by the day's journey, during which I always walked for four or five hours in order to spare my ass, and when I was in the utmost need of repose. Hunger, however, always prevailed over fatigue, and I was obliged to fetch and cut wood to light a fire, to cook, to feed the ass, and finally to make coffee, a cup of which, presented to my Daraou companions, who were extremely eager to obtain it, was the only means I possessed of keeping them in tolerable good-humour.'

From Shigre southwards to Berber, where the route rejoins the Nile, the character of the Desert is completely altered. Although a five days' journey between the two places, there is but one halting-place where water is to be had, and that in such scanty quantity that a caravan can seldom obtain an adequate supply. Consequently, it is necessary to carry from Shigre, whose wells are famous throughout the Desert, as much as possible of the indispensable element; but seldom sufficient can be taken to last the whole way. Reliance, therefore, is always more or less placed on procuring some quantity at least from the wells of Nedjeym, the only intervening station, which are often choked up altogether with the drifting sand, as on the present occasion the Arab guides were warned was the case. They resolved, nevertheless, to push on; and filling all the water-skins, the caravan advanced from Shigre into the Desert, where all trace of a road was now utterly lost. At Nedjeym a small supply of water was secured, after great labour in clearing out the wells; but the appalling fact became evident that the caravan could not hope to reach Berber upon its existing stock. Nothing remained, however, but to hurry forward with all speed; and, as always happens in such cases, many were unable to keep up with the main body, and were left straggling behind. The scene that ensued will be best portrayed in Burckhardt's own words.

'In nine hours,' he says, 'we reached the valley of Abou Sellam, which abounds with Sellam trees. Here we stopped, for the beasts were much fatigued, and there were many stragglers behind, whom we might have lost in proceeding farther. In order to spare my stock of water, I had lived since quitting Shigre entirely upon biscuits, and had never cooked any victuals. I now made another dinner of the same kind, after which I allayed my thirst by a copious draught of water, having in my skins as much as would serve me for another draught on the morrow. We were all in the greatest dejection, foreseeing that all the asses must die the ensuing day if not properly watered, and none of the traders had more than a few draughts for himself. After a long deliberation, they at last came to the only determination that could save us, and which the Arab chief had been for several days recommending. Ten or twelve of the strongest camels being selected, were mounted by as many men, who hastened forward to fetch a supply of water from the nearest part of the Nile. We were only five or six hours distant from it; but its banks being here inhabited by Arabs inimical to the traders, the whole caravan could not venture to take that road. The camels set out at about four P.M., and would reach the river at night. Their conductors were ordered to choose an uninhabited spot for filling the skins, and forthwith to return. We passed the evening, meanwhile, in the greatest anxiety; for if the camels should not return, we had little hopes of escape, either from thirst or from the sword of our enemies, who, if they had once got sight of the camels, would have followed their footsteps through the Desert, and have certainly discovered us. After sunset several stragglers arrived; but two still remained behind, of whom one joined us early next morning, but the other was not heard of any more. He was servant to a Daraou trader, who shewed not the least concern about his fate. Many of my companions came, in the course of the evening, to beg some water of me; but I had well hidden my treasure, and answered them by shewing my empty skins. We remained the greater part of the night in gloomy and silent expectation of the result of our desperate mission. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, we heard the distant hallooings of our watermen, and soon after refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of the delicious water of the Nile. The caravan passed suddenly from demonstrations of the deepest distress to those of unbounded joy and mirth. A plentiful supper was dressed, and the Arabs kept up their songs till daybreak, without bestowing a thought on the unhappy man who had remained behind.'

Thus happily rescued from the most dreadful of disasters, the caravan arrived at Berber two days afterwards. This is a cluster of four villages standing on the banks of the Nile, each village being divided into about a dozen quarters, standing separate from one another at short distances. These are inhabited by a tribe of Arabs called Meyrefab, who are under the government of a Mek, holding authority, at the time of Burckhardt's visit, under the king of Sennaar. The caravan halted here a whole month before proceeding to Shendy, a place of much greater importance a few days' journey to the south, likewise seated on the banks of the Nile. This delay, and his subsequent sojourn at Shendy, enabled Burckhardt to make close observations on the character, manners, and customs of the Nubian Arabs, who, from his descriptions, appear to be a very depraved race of people. Shendy is governed in the same manner as Berber, but is peopled by different tribes of Arabs, all of whom, however, are, or claim to be, descended from the original Arabian stock, and are distinguished in all respects by the same features. The account given by Burckhardt of the people of Berber being the most minute and animated, it may therefore be taken as applying to the whole country as far as Sennaar and Darfour.

'The native colour,' he says, 'seems to be a dark-red brown; which, if the mother is a slave from Abyssinia, becomes a light-brown in the children, and if from the negro countries, extremely dark. Their features are not at all those of the negro, the face being oval, the nose often perfectly Grecian, and the cheek-bones not prominent. The upper lip is, however, generally somewhat thicker than is considered beautiful among northern nations, though it is still far from the negro lip. Their legs and feet are well formed, which is seldom the case with the negroes. They have a short beard below the chin, but seldom any hair upon their cheeks. Their hair is bushy and strong, but not woolly. "We are Arabs, not negroes," they often say; and indeed they can only be classed among the latter by persons who judge from colour alone.

'The Meyrefab, like the other Arab tribes in these parts of Africa, are careful in maintaining the purity of their race. A free-born Meyrefab never marries a slave, whether Abyssinian or black, but always an Arab girl, of his own or some neighbouring tribe; and if he has any children from his slave concubines, they are looked upon as fit matches only for slaves or their descendants. This custom they have in common with all the eastern Bedouins; while, on the contrary, the inhabitants of the towns of Arabia and Egypt are in the daily habit of taking in wedlock Abyssinian as well as negro slaves.

'Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress, either in his own or in a separate house. Drunkenness is the constant accompaniment of this debauchery; and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called *bouza*. The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people may easily be conceived. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude are found in every man's character; and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them, or among my fellow-travellers from Egypt, who would have given a dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one.

'The women of Berber, even those of the highest rank, always go unveiled; and young girls are often seen without any covering whatever, except a girdle of short leathern tassels about their loins. Many, both men and women, blacken their eyelids with kohel or antimony, but the custom is not so general as in Egypt. The women of the higher classes, and the most elegant of the public women, throw over their shirts white cloaks with red linings of Egyptian manufacture. Both sexes are in the daily habit of rubbing their skins with fresh butter. They pretend that it is refreshing, prevents cutaneous complaints, and renders the surface of the skin smoother; the men, in reference to their frequent quarrels, add that it renders the skin tougher, and more difficult to be cut through with a knife. It is certain that the cutaneous eruption, called the prickly heat, which is so common in Egypt, is never seen here; and I had often occasion to admire the smooth and delicate appearance of the skin, even in men who were very much exposed to the sun. It is by the nature of their skin that these Arabs distinguish themselves from the negroes: though very dark-coloured, their skin is as fine as that of a white person, while that of the negroes is much thicker and coarser. But the small-pox is very prevalent, and very destructive. Only about one-third of those who are attacked recover, and they bear frightful marks of the disease on their arms and faces. Inoculation is known, but not much practised—little benefit being supposed to arise from it. The incision is usually made in the leg. Their only cure for the small-pox is to rub the whole body with butter three or four times a day, and to keep themselves closely shut up. The plague is unknown, and from what I heard during my former journey in Nubia, I have reason to believe that it never passes farther south than the cataract of Assouan.

'The houses in the towns are generally divided from each other by large court-yards, thus forming nowhere any regular streets. They are tolerably well built, either of mud or of sun-baked bricks, and their appearance is at least as good as those of Upper Egypt. Each habitation consists of a large yard, divided into an inner and outer court. Round this court are the rooms for the family, which are all on the ground floor; I have never seen in any of these countries a second story or staircase. To form the roof, beams are laid across the walls; these are covered with mats, upon which reeds are placed, and a layer of mud is spread over the whole. The roof has a slope to let the rain-water run off, which, in most houses, is conducted by a canal to the court-yard, thus rendering the latter, in time of rain, a dirty pond. Two of the apartments are generally inhabited by the family, a third serves as a store-room, a fourth for the reception of strangers, and a fifth is often occupied by public women. I have seldom seen any furniture in the rooms excepting a sofa or bedstead —an oblong wooden frame with four legs, having a seat made either of reeds, or of thin strips of ox-leather drawn across each other.'

The people of the various towns and villages are engaged as husbandmen, shepherds, and traders. At Shendy, a very extensive slave-trade is carried on, and it is likewise the entrepôt for other considerable traffic between Egypt, Arabia, and the interior of Africa. Burckhardt estimates that five thousand slaves are annually sold at Shendy, the greater part of whom are purchased for the Egyptian and Arabian markets, and are brought from the idolatrous countries to the south and south-west of Darfour. Few are imported above the age of fifteen, those between eleven and that age being in most request; males commanding fifteen or sixteen dollars, if bearing marks of having had the small-pox, without which a boy was not worth two-thirds of that price, and females from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Burckhardt himself, having disposed of his merchandise, bought a slave, fourteen years old, for sixteen dollars, and also a camel, intending to proceed no farther south, but to cross the country stretching from Shendy to the shore of the Red Sea. This he preferred to penetrating into Abyssinia—which he might, perhaps, have easily accomplished, as the roads were considered safe in times of peace—for two reasons: first, because the country between Shendy and the Red Sea had been unexplored, and was extremely difficult and dangerous to traverse; secondly, because he wished to reach Mecca by the month of November, at the time of the annual pilgrimage, being convinced that the title of hadji, or pilgrim, would be a powerful protection and recommendation to him in any future journey through the interior of Africa. It was his first idea to have pushed on as far as Massouah, a port lying far to the south, on the Abyssinian coast of the Red Sea, and thence crossed to Mokha, or Mocha, in Arabia; and with this view he took his departure from Shendy with a caravan proceeding to Souakin on the Red Sea, which he proposed to accompany as far as Taka, whence he hoped to find means of reaching Massouah. It is a striking proof of his persevering and ardent courage, that when starting on this most adventurous enterprise, he had only four dollars in his pocket, and that, after selling his camel, he relied upon being able to beg his way, if necessary, to Djidda, on which town he had a letter of credit.

This more extended scheme, however, he was not fated to carry out. The caravan, which left Shendy on the 17th of May, divided on the banks of the Atbara, or Astoboras, a tributary of the Nile, into two parties, one of which struck straight across the Desert to Souakin, and the other turned south to Taka. The latter, according to his original design, Burckhardt accompanied; but when arrived at Taka, which is a chief emporium for *dhourra*, the grain in principal request, and the almost universal medium of exchange throughout Nubia, he found there was no commercial intercourse between that place and Massouah, as he had been led to believe, and that, from the inhospitable and treacherous character of the intervening tribes, any attempt to penetrate through them alone was quite hopeless. He had no other alternative, therefore, but to relinquish the project, and proceed to Souakin, the road to which was comparatively safe and pleasant, and which he reached on the 26th of June. Here he was exposed to the danger even of losing his life, through the rapacity and violence of the Arab governor of the town, and the aga of Mohammed Ali, who then held a partial sovereignty over that and the other ports on the Red Sea, and averted it only by producing old firmans of the pasha, and of Ibrahim his son, which he had hitherto studiously concealed, through fear of being taken for a spy of those princes by the Nubians, who already foreboded the yoke that has since been imposed on them. In the latter of these documents he was described as 'Our man, Ibrahim the Syrian,' which had such an effect upon the aga, that though his clothes were literally in rags, that functionary forthwith tendered him marks of great respect, invited him to reside in his house, and ultimately procured him a free passage to Djidda on board a small ship, overloaded with dhourra and passengers, chiefly black pilgrims on their way to Mecca. In this vessel, which was little more than an open boat, he embarked on the 6th of July; and after the usual creeping voyage of Arab navigators, who cast anchor in some bay on the coast every night, arrived at Djidda on the 18th of July 1814.

JOURNEY TO MECCA.

It is now we enter upon the most interesting portion of Burckhardt's travels, because, from the perfect success with which he maintained his disguise of a Mohammedan, he was enabled not only to visit the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina, into which none but true believers are permitted to enter, but also to witness and participate in all the ceremonies of the hadj, or pilgrimage, to those places of Moslem superstition—mysteries never before beheld by any but a true disciple of the Prophet. The province of Arabia in which Mecca and Medina stand is distinguished by the name of the Hedjaz, or Holy Land, and it stretches from the 20th to the 26th degree of northern latitude. Besides these two cities, which are sanctified—the one as the birthplace, and the other as the burial-place of Mohammed—it contains the towns of Djidda, Yembo, Tayf, and others of lesser note. The first two are the ports of Mecca and Medina respectively. At the period of Burckhardt's visit, Mohammed Ali held military possession of the country, and was himself at Tayf. He had just repulsed the Wahabys, a powerful and fanatical tribe of the Nedjed in Eastern Arabia, who had previously conquered the whole Hedjaz, and, in the quality of reformers, destroyed many of the monuments in the temples of Mecca and Medina, which they viewed as savouring of idolatry. They had even interdicted the hadj, or pilgrimage, for the six years of their sway, although expressly enjoined upon his disciples by Mohammed in his Koran as necessary to salvation, and were consequently held in great detestation by the whole Moslem world, and by none more so than by the inhabitants of Mecca and Medina, who were principally dependent upon the sums spent by the pilgrims in their annual visit. These came from the most distant parts where Islamism prevailed: from European and Asiatic Turkey; from Morocco, Barbary, Egypt, and the countries in the south and east of Africa; and from Bagdad, Muscat, and India. They generally numbered from fifty to a hundred thousand, and arrived in five or six great caravans, of which the Syrian and Egyptian were the principal, they often comprising thirty thousand persons each. But from the interruption given by the Wahabys, and the increasing indifference to the precepts of their religion among the Mohammedans in general, the number had of late years considerably diminished. Its prolonged observance may be in a great measure ascribed to the commercial character with which it is invested, few of the pilgrims arriving without bringing some productions of their respective countries for sale, and taking back others in return—for Mohammed was too astute to prohibit trading during the pilgrimage—and thus, at the cost of much personal fatigue, the pursuit of sanctity and profit is cunningly combined.*

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* 'Make provision for your journey, but the best provision is piety; and fear me, O ye

In ordaining this pilgrimage, Mohammed did but perpetuate a custom already hallowed by its antiquity amongst his countrymen. The temple of Mecca had been for ages an object of veneration to the pagan Arabs, who, at stated periods, resorted to worship at its shrine; and as it would have been difficult to eradicate this sentiment, Mohammed sagely incorporated it in his religion. The chief attraction of this temple was, and is, the Kaaba, which is believed to have been constructed in heaven two thousand years before the creation of the world, and there adored by the angels. Adam, who was the first true believer, erected the Kaaba upon earth on its present site, which is directly below the spot it occupied in heaven. He collected the stones from five holy mountains, and ten thousand angels were appointed to guard the structure from accident. The sons of Adam repaired the Kaaba, and after the deluge Abraham was ordered by the Almighty to reconstruct it. His son Ishmael, who, from his infancy, had resided with his mother Hagar, near the site of Mecca, assisted his father, and, on digging, they found the foundations which had been laid by Adam. Being in want of a stone to fix into the building, as a mark from which the towaf, or holy walk, round it was to commence, Ishmael went in search of one, and on his way met the angel Gabriel, holding in his hand a stone, ever since an object of adoration, and famous under the name of the 'black stone,' although originally white. Such is the legend handed down by tradition, and to which the Moslems yet give credence.

This Kaaba, notwithstanding its fabulous host of guardian angels, has been repeatedly destroyed both by fire and water, and was entirely rebuilt as it now stands in 1627. It is an oblong flat-roofed building, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height.* It stands upon an elevated base of two feet, and has but one door, about seven feet from the ground, which is only opened on solemn occasions, and then entered by wooden steps. On its north-east corner, in the angle of the wall, is the 'black stone,' of an irregular oval shape, and about seven inches in diameter. It has at present the appearance of several smaller stones cemented together, as if broken into pieces and then united again, which may well have been the case from the numerous mishaps which have befallen the Kaaba. It is worn very smooth, from the millions of kisses and touches it has received, and is set in silver. Another sacred stone is inserted in the Kaaba on the south-east corner, which is only touched with the right hand by those frequenting the shrine. Below the water-spout, on the west side

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of understanding. It shall be no crime in you if ye seek an increase from the Lord by trading during the pilgrimage.'—*Koran*, Sale, vol. i., p. 36. Sale says: 'The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point of practice, that, according to a tradition of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it may as well die a Jew or a Christian.'

* The dimensions given by Sale are: Length, 24 cubits; breadth, 23 cubits; and height, 27 cubits.—Vol. i., sect. iv., p. 152.

of the Kaaba, which is reported to be of pure gold, are two slabs, beneath which Ishmael and his mother Hagar are believed to be buried, and around them is a semicircular wall, called El Hatym, the area itself being named Hedjer, and considered almost as sacred as the Kaaba. All the sides of the Kaaba are covered with a black silk stuff hanging down, and leaving the roof bare. This curtain or veil is called Kesona, and is renewed annually at the time of the hadj at the sultan's expense. Openings are left in it for the two sacred stones, which are thus exposed to the lips and hands of worshippers. The interior of the Kaaba consists of a single chamber, with two pillars supporting the roof, between which hang rows of golden lamps, and is hung with a drapery of red silk, interwoven with flowers and inscriptions. Round the outside runs a pavement of marble, about eight inches below the surrounding square, which is encircled by thirty-two slender gilt pillars or poles, between every two of which are suspended seven glass lamps, always lighted after sunset. Beyond the poles is a second pavement, about eight paces broad, somewhat elevated above the first, but of coarser work: then another, six inches higher, and eighteen paces broad, upon which stand several small buildings—namely, five makams, or oratories; the edifice above the well Zemzem, whose water is held to cure all diseases;* the arch called Bab-es-salam, through which those who enter the temple for the first time must pass; and the mambar, or pulpit, formed of white marble, from which sermons are preached on Fridays and festivals. Four of the makams are appropriated to the four orthodox sects of Mohammedans, and the fifth contains the stone on which Abraham stood when he built the Kaaba, and which rose or sank as occasion required.

The Kaaba, with these edifices around it, stands almost in the centre of an oblong square, 250 paces long and 200 wide, enclosed on all sides by a colonnade or piazza, with pillars three and four deep, united by pointed arches, and surmounted by domes or cupolas with gilded spires. Along the whole colonnade, on the four sides, lamps are suspended from the arches, some of which are lighted every night, and all during the nights of the feast of Ramadhan. Nineteen gates open into it, distributed without order or symmetry; and seven paved causeways lead across the area to the Kaaba, which is more distinctly called the Beitullah, or House of God. The whole mosque, which is encompassed by a wall running round the colonnade, is styled Masjad al Harem—the Sacred or Inviolable Temple. It is only during the hours of prayer that it seems regarded as a consecrated place, being at other times a place of meeting for men of business to converse on their affairs, and many of the poorer hadjis, or pilgrims, take up their abode under the piazzas during the whole period of their stay in Mecca. Boys, too, play in the great square, and servants carry luggage across it to pass by the nearest route from one part of the town to the other. Women sell corn and dhourra within the enclosure, which pilgrims purchase to feed the pigeons that abound in the mosque, and are deemed sacred. The latter is not an uninteresting trait; for the Mohammedans generally are fond and careful of animals, and in this respect would shame many Christians. In several parts of the colonnade public schools are held, where young children are taught to spell and read, who add not a little to the prevailing clamour, especially as the stick of the schoolmaster is in almost constant action. Ulemas, or doctors, harangue to groups, expounding the Koran and the law; and sheiks perambulate, offering their services to write out documents of every kind. Upon the whole, the desecration is complete; but it is by no means peculiar to the mosque at Mecca, being usual in all the great mosques of the East. At the times of public prayer the scene is very different, particularly at the evening prayer, which is most numerously attended. Then many thousands form in wide circles round the Kaaba as a common centre, before which each silently prostrates himself; the imaum, or priest, takes his post at the door of the Kaaba, and his genuflexions are imitated by the whole assembled multitude. This solemn spectacle is greatly heightened in effect by the indistinct light cast from the lamps around the Kaaba and the outer colonnade, which gives to it the essential character of sublimity.

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* This well is represented to be the spring miraculously disclosed to Hagar in the Desert, when her son Ishmael was on the point of perishing from thirst. Mecca may be said to owe its existence to it, as it contains the only sweet water in the town, and gives a very copious supply.

The mosque of Mecca is endowed with large revenues, possessing property in almost every part of the Turkish empire, but they are now ill paid, and are comparatively trifling to what they used to be. Its principal support is derived from the Turkish sultan and the gifts of the pilgrims. The chief officer is the Nayb al Harem, the guardian who keeps the keys of the Kaaba. Next to him is the aga of the eunuchs, or towashye, who perform the duty of police officers in the temple, prevent disorders, and daily wash and sweep with large brooms the pavement round the Kaaba. They amount to above forty in number, and are usually presented by pashas and other persons of distinction. Most of them are negroes, but they enjoy, nevertheless, great consideration among the Meccans, and are much courted by the pilgrims. Besides these, numerous metowefs, or guides, are attached to the mosque, who escort the pilgrims, and instruct them in the proper prayers and ceremonies to be gone through, expecting to be well paid for the service.

The city of Mecca, in the centre of which the great mosque stands, is situated in a narrow sandy valley, about midway between Djidda and Tayf, and extends in length about 1500 paces, though its suburbs reach to upwards of 3500, and are included under the denomination of Mecca. It is well built, and the houses, unlike other eastern cities, have windows fronting the streets, which latter are unpaved, and choked with sand or mud according to the season. There are no public khans or inns, so that every stranger is obliged to provide himself with a private lodging. Although anxious to visit the Holy City and its temple as early as possible, Burckhardt was debarred from doing so for some time by two circumstances—first, the want of money, his letter of credit being refused payment by the party on whom it was drawn, which plunged him into the greatest distress, from which he was unexpectedly extricated by Yahya Effendi, the physician of Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who advanced him 3000 piastres (£100) for a bill on Cairo; and secondly, by a summons from Mohammed Ali himself to repair to his headquarters at Tayf, which it was necessary to obey. This summons he had drawn upon himself by an application to Mohammed Ali for pecuniary assistance previous to his acquaintance with Yahya Effendi; but although the pasha received him with civility, and was not aware of the aid he had obtained, he dismissed him without any offer to relieve his necessities. Glad, however, to escape from an irksome detention at Tayf, where he felt himself constantly watched, he was content to extract a promise that he should not be molested in his travels through the Hedjaz, and proceeded with all alacrity towards Mecca, which he had already passed on his way to Tayf. On arriving at a place called Wady Mohram, he assumed the *ihram*, in obedience to the law, which prescribes it to all who are about to enter Mecca. The ihram consists of two pieces of white linen, woollen, or cotton cloth, one of which is wrapped round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders so as to leave part of the right arm uncovered. As every other garment must be laid aside before this is put on, great inconvenience is occasioned both in winter and summer, the more especially as the head must remain without any covering, and no additional clothing is permitted even at night. In the case of pilgrims who choose to wear the ihram until after the ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mount Arafat are concluded, the custom is often attended with prejudicial consequences, and provokes immediate, or lays the seeds of future, maladies.

Arrayed in this peculiar garb, and mounted on an ass, Burckhardt entered Mecca at noon of the 9th of September, and advanced straightway to the mosque, it being incumbent on every one visiting Mecca, whether as a pilgrim or not, to repair to the temple before attending to any other business whatever. Alighting at the gate, he selected a metowef, or guide, and penetrated into the building through the gate allotted for devotees. With the exception of numerous prayers, pious ejaculations and prostrations, recited and performed in the prescribed places and order, the principal ceremony is the towaf, or circuit of the Kaaba. After touching or kissing the 'black stone,' which the novice salutes with two *rikats*, or four prostrations, accompanied with prayer, he encompasses the Kaaba seven times, repeating prayers the whole way, and touching or kissing the 'black stone,' and touching the other stone previously mentioned, as he makes each revolution. The first three circuits are always executed at a quick pace or trot, in imitation of Mohammed, whose enemies having reported that he was dangerously ill, confuted them by running thrice round the Kaaba at full speed. Afterwards he embraces the Kaaba with outstretched arms, beseeching God to forgive his sins, and drinks of the water of the Zemzem well, which concludes the ceremonies to be observed in the mosque. He is then conducted out of the mosque to a slight elevation, about fifty yards distant, called the Hill of Szafa. Here stand three small open arches, with three steps leading up to them, which the pilgrim has to mount and there repeat a prayer; then descending, he commences the say, or walk, which is along a level street, about 600 paces in length, to a spot called Meroua, where stands a stone platform, raised six or eight feet above the level of the street, with steps ascending to it, which he likewise mounts, and, as at Szafa, repeats a prayer. Part of the distance must be done at a quick pace, and the whole perambulated seven times, prayers being recited uninterruptedly during the progress in a loud tone of voice. After going through these fatiguing rites, the pilgrim gets his head shaved, and lays aside the ihram if he chooses; or, if still untired, proceeds forthwith to the Omra, a place an hour and a half from Mecca, where he visits a small chapel, repeats two rikats, and returns to the city chanting all the way certain pious ejaculations. He may postpone his visit to the Omra, however; but it is held proper to be paid on the next or second day. The Omra finishes everything that is necessary to be observed with regard to the city and temple.

After being thus initiated into the mysteries of the Mohammedan superstition—an inauguration which was indispensable to the character he had assumed, and indeed to the safety of his life—Burckhardt returned on the 15th of September to Djidda, where he remained until the middle of October, when he again took up his abode at Mecca, to await the era of the great hadj, or pilgrimage. Djidda and Mecca were already crowded with pilgrims, who had arrived in anticipation of the event, many of them three or four months previously, in prosecution of their trade; but the chief accession was expected from the regular hadj caravans, those from Syria and Egypt at least being this year reported on the road. Nor were the excited hopes of the Meccans disappointed. On the 21st of November the Syrian caravan appeared, and encamped on a plain outside the town, with the pasha of Damascus at its head. Early the next day the Egyptian caravan defiled into the valley, and in the course of the afternoon Mohammed Ali himself entered the city, attracted by the twofold object of joining the hadj and inspecting the cavalry which had come with the Egyptian caravan, a reinforcement he was awaiting to take offensive measures against the Wahabys. He was dressed in a handsome ihram of Cashmere shawls, with his head bare, but protected from the sun by an umbrella held above him by an attendant. The ihram had been assumed by the pilgrims of the caravans at Asfan, two stations from Mecca; and those who had been previously residing at Mecca arrayed themselves in it at their respective lodgings.

On the following morning, the 8th of the month Zul Hadj, answering to the 24th of November, the pilgrimage commenced. The Syrian caravan first passed through the town amidst a vast concourse of people, uttering joyful exclamations, and with the enlivening sounds of martial music. Most of the hadjis rode in palanquins on camels, but the pasha of Damascus, his women, and the principal people were borne in takhtrouans—a sort of closed litter—carried by two camels, one before and one behind. The camels' heads were ornamented with feathers, tassels, and bells, and the procession was led by the soldiers of the escort, with the Mahmal, or sacred camel, in their front. The Egyptians followed, almost all soldiers, with many richly decorated equipages; and after defiling through the town amidst the acclamations of the people, pursued the way to Arafat. The private hadjis next mounted their camels to the number of 8000 or 10,000, whilst the greater part of the inhabitants of Mecca and Djidda prepared to accompany the hadj, as is usual with them, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The whole body of people—pilgrims, soldiers, servants, and camel-drivers—might be roughly estimated at 80,000. Burckhardt had engaged two camels to carry his luggage and provisions; but as it is considered meritorious to make the six hours' journey to Arafat on foot, he adopted that course, in company with several others, and by doing so incurred much danger, for many accidents occurred from the vast multitude of camels crowded in narrow thoroughfares. Nevertheless, he reached the plain of Arafat in safety about three hours after sunset, and beheld the fires of the vast encampment stretching over an extent of ground three or four miles in length. Lofty and brilliant clusters of lamps marked the spots where the tents of Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Damascus, and the emir of the Egyptian caravan were pitched; a countless throng was wandering up and down among the tents; noise and uproar prevailed in every direction; the loud prayers and vociferous chants of devotees were mingled with the songs and laughter of the merry Meccans and Djiddans, who regarded the affair in the light of a holiday; and over the whole plain were scattered numberless coffee-houses, crowded with customers the livelong night. Sleep was out of the question, though our traveller sought it, wrapped up in a large carpet he had carried with him; but he had scarcely composed himself to rest ere he was startled by the guns from the two caravans, announcing the advent of dawn, and summoning the faithful to prepare for the morning orison. Immediately all was in commotion, and the multitude began to press towards the great object of attraction, Mount Arafat.

This mount rises with a sloping acclivity upon a base of nearly a mile in circuit, and attains a height of 200 feet above the level of the plain. On the eastern side, a tier of broad stone steps leads to the summit, at the fortieth of which is a place marked by a slab in the mountain, a little on the left hand, called Modaa Seydna Adam, or the Place of Prayer of our Lord Adam, where, it is stated, the father of mankind used to stand while praying; for here it was, according to Mohammedan tradition, that the angel Gabriel first instructed Adam how to adore his Creator. At the sixtieth step is a small paved platform to the right hand, on a level part of the hill, where the preacher stands who addresses the pilgrims on the afternoon of this day. On the summit, the spot is indicated where Mohammed used to take his station during the hadj; a small chapel formerly stood over it, which was destroyed by the Wahabys. The majority of the pilgrims repeat two rikats here in salutation of the mountain, but many never ascend it at all; and it may be observed, with respect to the pilgrimage generally, that, as every one is too busily occupied with his own concerns to keep an eye on his neighbour, the whole of the prescribed ceremonies are performed only by the truly zealous and pious. As, for instance, upon descending from the mountain, the time for mid-day prayer had arrived, after the observance of which the pilgrims are to wash and purify the body by a total ablution, for which purpose the numerous tents were erected on the plain; but the weather being cold and cheerless, nine-tenths of them, shivering as they were already under the thin covering of the ihram, were induced to omit that rite, and content themselves with the ordinary ablution. After this the time was spent according to individual fancy until three o'clock drew nigh, when that ceremony of the hadj was to take place for which the mighty congregation had chiefly assembled. The pressure once more set in towards the mountain, which was speedily covered from top to bottom; the camels were ranged in deep rows along its base, bearing the hadjis on their backs, whilst the two pashas, with their whole cavalry drawn up in two squadrons behind them, took post in the rear, all hushed in deep and respectful silence. Then at the precise time appointed, the preacher took his station upon the platform on the mountain, and began to address the multitude. The sermon he thence delivers constitutes the holy ceremony of the hadj, called Khotbet el Wakfe; and no pilgrim, although he may have visited all the holy places of Mecca, is entitled to the appellation of hadji unless he has been present on this occasion. The multitude is necessarily too great for all to hear the preacher, but it is sufficient for the purpose if he be within sight.

In the present instance, as usually occurs, this preacher was the kadhy of Mecca, who was mounted upon a handsomely caparisoned camel, which had been led up the steps, in traditional imitation of Mohammed, who is said to have been always so seated when he exhorted his followers. The camel becoming unruly, however, the kadhy was obliged to dismount. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic, which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused, and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above; while the assembled myriads around and before him waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads, and rent the air with shout of '*Lebeyk, Allah huma Lebeyk!*' (Here we are, at thy commands, O God!). This stentorian cry rung in the ears with thrilling effect, and awed for a moment even the most volatile; for whilst numbers betokened the deepest emotion, crying aloud and weeping, beating their breasts, and denouncing themselves to be great sinners before the Lord, others looked on with indifference, and laughed and joked as if engaged in an ordinary pastime. At length the sun began to descend behind the western mountains, upon which the kadhy closed his book, and the crowd, having given one more tremendous 'Lebeyk,' rushed down the mountain to quit the place. Great merit is attached to speed on this occasion, and every one hurries away at his quickest pace. In former times, bloody affrays have occurred between the different caravans in endeavouring to get in advance of each other with their respective mahmals, or sacred camels, and two hundred lives have been sometimes sacrificed amid such encounters. There was no such contention in the present instance, as the power of Mohammed Ali extinguished all idea of competition.

From Arafat the pilgrimage returns through the pillars of Alameyn, on the skirts of the plain, and, passing through the defile of El Mazoumeyn, halts for the night at Mezdelfe. Nothing could exceed the confusion of this nocturnal march, although it is not one of more than two hours, owing in a great measure to the precipitation with which it was commenced. It was conducted by torchlight, amid the firing of cannon and musketry, whilst the two bands of the pashas vied with each other in producing the greatest noise. No order was observed in the encampment at Mezdelfe, and indeed no tents were pitched except those of the pashas and their suites, but every one lay down on the ground as he best might. Poor Burckhardt, with his usual bad luck, had lost his camels in the tumult of the start, and after being obliged to walk all the way, had to stretch himself on the plain with no other protection against the damp and chilly atmosphere than his scanty ihram. Before dawn of the following morning the whole hadj was aroused, and assembled around the mosque of Mezdelfe, with lighted torches, to hear another sermon from the kadhy of Mecca, who preached, as before, from daybreak to sunrise—a short interval in that latitude. After the conclusion of his discourse and the recital of a prayer, it moved from Mezdelfe to Wady Muna, distant one hour's journey from the former place.

It is at Wady Muna that the extraordinary ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, and making an expiatory sacrifice, is performed. According to belief, when Abraham was returning from the pilgrimage to Arafat, the devil Eblis presented himself before him at the entrance of the valley, to obstruct his passage, when the angel Gabriel, who accompanied the patriarch, advised him to throw stones at the Fiend, which he did; and after pelting him seven times, Eblis retired. Not sufficiently scared, however, the Evil One again confronted Abraham in the middle of the valley, who once more put him to flight by a shower of seven stones. Still the malignant foe was not repulsed, for he appeared a third time at the end of the valley, and it required a final volley of seven stones from the indignant Father of the Faithful to dislodge him, and drive him for ever from his sight. In consequence of this tradition, three pillars are erected at the different places in the valley where the devil made his stand, and at each of them every pilgrim has to throw seven stones, exclaiming as he does so: 'In the name of God; God is great. We do this to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops.' After this ceremony of throwing stones is completed, the sacrifice of animals commences. Not more than between six and eight thousand sheep and goats were slaughtered upon this occasion; but in the days of the califs, when they were accustomed to head the hadj in person, forty thousand camels and cows, and fifty thousand sheep, have been offered up in sacrifice. The animals are butchered in all parts of the valley, but the favourite spot is a smooth rock at its western extremity. The act of sacrifice is accompanied by no other ceremony than turning the victim's head towards the Kaaba, and crying out, whilst cutting its throat: 'In the name of the most merciful God! Oh, supreme God!' This sacrifice is in commemoration of a request said to have been made by Abraham to the Deity, for leave to offer up his son as a sacrifice, which being granted, a ram was substituted by Gabriel as he was about to plunge his knife into the body of his son. The spot is shewn where this occurrence took place, on a mountain near Muna; but the Mohammedan doctors are not agreed which son was the intended victim, Isaac or Ishmael, though the weight of authority is in favour of the latter, who is revered as the father of the Bedouin Arabs. The pilgrims remain at Muna two days longer, and on each of them renew the ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, making in the whole sixty-three stones cast by every hadji, so that in the end those missiles become scarce, especially as they are not to be above the size of a bean, and the same are used more than once, in contravention of a solemn ordinance to the contrary.

During the stay of the hadj at Muna for three days, a sort of jubilee prevailed. After the sacrifice of animals, the pilgrimage is virtually concluded, and the ihram is thrown aside. Shops are fixed in rows along the valley, and articles of every description are provided in abundance. The hadjis give themselves up to rejoicing, the more heartily as they have now accomplished the arduous task which secures them for the rest of their lives a peculiar character of sanctity. On all sides, accordingly, were heard mutual congratulations, and hopes that the pilgrimage might prove acceptable to God. At night the whole valley appeared as if in a blaze, every house and tent was lighted up, the abodes of the pashas were brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires gleamed from the tops of the surrounding hills. Fireworks also were exhibited, and a multitude of rockets shot into the air. The roar of artillery and the clang of kettle-drums kept up a fit accompaniment to these demonstrations; and the scene would have been one of unmixed enjoyment, but for the uncleanly habits of the Orientals. The entrails of the slaughtered sheep were left to rot on the ground, and the odour of their putrefaction polluted the air, filling the nostrils with a pestilent breath.

Shortly after noon on the 12th of Zul Hadj, immediately after having discharged their last shot at the devil, the whole body of the hadjis left Muna, and returned to Mecca, evincing the joy that filled their hearts by boisterous mirth, jovial songs, and animated discourse—affording a striking contrast to the gloom which marked the peregrination to Arafat. On their arrival at Mecca, it is incumbent on them forthwith to visit the Kaaba, which, in the meantime, has been covered with the new black curtain provided annually for the purpose. Here they repeat the towaf—consisting of seven perambulations—and afterwards go through the unmeaning ceremony of the say. With a subsequent visit to the Omra, and a repetition of the towaf and say, the whole duties of the pilgrimage are fulfilled. The caravans take their departure, and individual hadjis either loiter for a time at Mecca, or set out for their several destinations.

The inhabitants of Mecca contrive to glean an abundant harvest from this pilgrimage. Fees are exacted from the hadjis at every place they visit, and every rite they perform, and each locality is appropriated to separate families, who enjoy them as a sort of patrimony. Thus, in the aggregate, immense sums are collected,* which, in addition to the extortion practised in the shape of charges for board and lodging, serve to keep them in competence for the whole year. Besides those already enumerated, there are other places in and around Mecca at which the pilgrims are expected to pray—such as the spot where Mohammed was born, those in which Fatme his daughter, and Ali his cousin, first saw the light; the tombs of Khadidja his wife, and of Umna his mother; and the mountains,

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* Burckhardt distributed thirty dollars in fees during the pilgrimage. This perhaps may be taken as a fair average of the cost, as the rich hadjis pay a great deal more, whilst the poorer ones contribute much less. Taking the number of actual pilgrims to have been 40,000, that gives a sum of 1,200,000 dollars, or £255,000 sterling, levied in the shape of offerings alone.

Abou Kobeys, where Mohammed executed the miracle of putting the moon in his sleeve, extinguishing the sun, and thereby converting his powerful and hostile kinsmen the Koreish; Nour, where he was visited by the angel Gabriel, who brought him a chapter of the Koran; and Thor, in which is the cavern wherein he secreted himself when pursued by his enemies, and over the mouth of which a spider spun his web. At all of these the pilgrim must make offerings; and such is the rapacity exhibited, that devout Mussulmans are shocked and disgusted, insomuch that a bad impression is left on the minds of all the hadjis, who are initiated into a system of cheating which too often forms the rule of their own subsequent conduct, whereby it has come to pass that the appellation of hadji, in most parts of the East, is considered as synonymous with that of knave. The prevalence of indecent practices, too, tends in no small degree to poison the morals of the pilgrims, who have opportunities of witnessing places the most hallowed in their faith polluted by the grossest abominations. Burckhardt relates that he has seen the Kaaba itself made the scene at nights of detestable proceedings, which were pursued without shame or censure. Hence it happens that scarcely any pilgrim escapes demoralisation: all his cherished hallucinations are dispelled, and he begins thenceforth to consider religion but as a convenient cloak for iniquity.

As Burckhardt intended to proceed to Medina, he was obliged to tarry nearly a month at Mecca, waiting to join a caravan proceeding thither. During this compulsory stay, he had occasion to observe the difference perceptible after the departure of the caravans and the bulk of the pilgrims. But a few of these were left, except of the poorest class, principally Indians and negroes—the former of whom go about as mendicants, soliciting alms to enable them to return to their homes, whereas the latter seek the same means by labour and industry. As the Arabians regard themselves in the light of a superior people, they universally refuse to perform anything like menial offices, and consequently the negroes are in great request as porters and hewers of wood, and being orderly and thrifty, they often acquire comparative wealth. Burckhardt everywhere speaks of them in terms of eulogy, and represents them as by far the most decent of the pilgrims who resort to Mecca. Meanwhile that city appeared, in comparison with the recent bustle, as if deserted. The bazaars that had been lately filled with costly merchandise were, for the most part, closed; and the streets which, but a few days ago, had been inconveniently crowded, so that it was difficult to force a passage, were abandoned to solitary stragglers, and beggars whining their piteous supplications before the windows of the houses. Many of the poor hadjis, overcome by the climate, were stretched in the porticos of the temple, ill and dying, with none to tend or care for them. The suburbs of the town were strewed with the carcasses of camels, and the offal left by the caravans in their halting-places;

and every street was a dunghill of rubbish and filth, which was quietly allowed to stagnate; so that, from these combined causes, an effluvium pervaded the whole town of the most offensive and noxious description, fully accounting for the numerous diseases raging within it. And, as if this were not enough, the inhabitants select this period of the year to empty the contents of their cess-pools, which they do into holes dug in the streets before their houses, covering the receptacles with a simple layer of earth, whereby they insure themselves a perpetual miasma. They avoid, however, the pernicious practice of burying the bodies of the dead within the precincts of the city, as they remove them to cemeteries at a distance.

During his prolonged sojourn, Burckhardt likewise enjoyed the opportunity of gaining a clearer insight into the manners of the Meccans, or Mekkawys, as he calls them. These partake of the general Oriental character, with some few peculiarities. The Arabians have been, from time immemorial, divided into two classes—the Bedouins or wandering Arabs, and the settled cultivators and inhabitants of towns and villages. The native Arabians have been almost completely rooted out of Mecca; the great family of the Koreish, so paramount in the time of Mohammed, and of which he was a member, has sunk into obscurity, and is nearly extinct; and the only survivors of the original stock are certain families of sheriffs, who derive their descent from Hassan and Hossein, the sons of Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. These latter yet form a powerful class, having intimate relations with many of the largest Bedouin tribes, whose aid they can command, and they choose from among them the reigning sheriff, who shares with the kadhy, an officer sent annually from Constantinople, the governorship of the city. At times this sheriff has extended his sway over the whole Hedjaz; but under Mohammed Ali he exercised a very confined jurisdiction. The rest of the inhabitants are all of foreign origin, and comprise representatives from most of the states of the eastern world; but they have become gradually amalgamated, and are scarcely distinguishable from the pure Arabians. This surplus of strangers is owing to the pilgrimage, as every year some of the hadjis remain, either from illness or through inclination, and ultimately take up their abode in the place. The depopulation of the Koreish and other native Arabians is to be attributed to the incessant intestine feuds that prevailed amongst them, whereby, in process of time, they have been either extirpated or expatriated. Almost everybody in Mecca is more or less engaged in trade, which is carried on to a very considerable extent, as, there being no manufactories in Arabia, the country is wholly dependent on the foreign supply. The pilgrimage gives a great stimulus to commerce likewise, and many of the principal merchants have amassed large fortunes. One is mentioned by Burckhardt, of the name of Djeylany, who had establishments both at Mecca and Djidda, and who was reputed to be worth

£150,000 sterling. From the amount of wealth that annually flows into Mecca, Burckhardt considers it ought to have been one of the richest cities in the East, but for the dissolute habits of its inhabitants. 'The generality of Mekkawys,' he says, 'of all descriptions and professions, are loose and disorderly spendthrifts. The great gains which they make during three or four months are squandered in good living, dress, and the grossest gratifications; and in proportion as they feel assured of the profits of the following year, they care little about saving any part of those of the present. In the month of Moharram, as soon as the hadj is over, and the greater part of the pilgrims have departed, it is customary to celebrate marriage and circumcision feasts. These are celebrated at Mecca in very splendid style; and a man that has not more than three hundred dollars to spend in the year, will then throw away half that sum in the marriage or the circumcision of his child. Neither the sanctity of the holy city, nor the solemn injunctions of the Koran, are able to deter the inhabitants of Mecca from the using of spirituous liquors, and indulging in all the excesses which are the usual consequences of drunkenness. The sheriffs in Mecca and Djidda, great merchants, ulemas, and all the chief people, are in the habit of drinking an Indian liquor called *raky* (arrack), which they persuade themselves is neither wine nor brandy, and therefore not prohibited by the law.'

From this description, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences are very far from being in a flourishing state. Where the sole pursuit of all is gain, to be afterwards dissipated in debauchery, learning is sure to languish; and accordingly we find the Meccans, above all other communities in the East, distinguished for ignorance. Even in the subtleties of their own religion they are unversed, concerning themselves only with the prescribed formalities; and in the mere mechanical arts they are so deficient, that when any repairs are required in the mosque, workmen must be sent from Cairo or Constantinople. No heed is given to education; not a single public school exists in the town. Formerly, several medreses, or schools, were built and endowed in connection with the mosque; and El Fasy, who was himself kadhy of Mecca, and wrote a history of it in the fifteenth century of our era, enumerates no less than eleven as subsisting in his day. The edifices still remain; but, through the shameful cupidity of the ulemas and functionaries of the mosque, they have been converted into private residences, and are let out as lodgings to the hadjis. The only schools are those held under the piazzas of the mosque; and if any parents wish to educate their children after a higher standard, they are obliged to send them to Cairo or Damascus. In former times, also, several public libraries belonged to the mosque, but they have all disappeared, the last remnants of them having been carried off by the Wahabys. But with all this defective mental culture, the Meccans are singularly polite and urbane in their address, particularly to strangers, and shew great elegance and taste in the decorations of their houses and in the service of the table. They are very hospitable also; and, with something like patriarchal simplicity, invite any one who may seat himself in the vestibule to partake of their repast. On the other hand, they are excessively proud, holding themselves above all mankind as dwellers in the most sacred spot on earth, and as assured of the bliss in paradise promised to the frequenters of the Kaaba. They are gay and cheerful, nevertheless, and do not affect that stolid gravity which is so remarkable among the Turks and other Orientals. In their domestic economy they follow the usual customs of the East. They have one or more wives and concubines according to their means, the inmates of their harems being principally Abyssinian slaves. It is from this mixture of Abyssinian blood that the general complexion of the Mekkawys has become a yellowish brown, very distinct from the healthy hue of the neighbouring Bedouins. They are reputed to be bigoted and intolerant; but as no unbeliever is permitted to enter, or even approach, their walls, they have little opportunity of displaying these qualities. Burckhardt found his residence amongst them sufficiently agreeable, though he complains bitterly of the climate and the quality of the water; but he was left to enjoy complete freedom, unmolested by inquisitive or suspicious inquiries.

JOURNEY TO MEDINA.

On the 15th of January 1815 our traveller quitted Mecca for Medina, with a small caravan of hadjis who were going to visit the tomb of the Prophet. It may be remarked, that a visit to Medina forms no part of the duties of the hadj, or pilgrimage, being undertaken only by the more zealous of the Mohammedan devotees. The route from Mecca to Medina passes through several cultivated valleys, studded with groves of date-trees, and large villages, inhabited by settled tribes of Arabs, and sometimes by Arabs who partake of both the settled and the Bedouin character. The names of these villages, which are all market-places for the surrounding tribes, are Kholeys, El Rabegh, Szafra, and Djedeyda. No incident of any moment marked the journey; and Burckhardt entered Medina on the thirteenth day after leaving Mecca—namely, on the 28th of January—although the distance is generally traversed in eleven, and occasionally in ten days.

Medina is the city in which Mohammed took refuge when his life was sought by the Koreish, his kinsmen; and the adherence of its inhabitants gave the first impulse to his career. In gratitude, he directed his body to be interred amongst them. Extraordinary tales were current in Europe at one time concerning his tomb, which were purely fabulous. Amongst others, it was stated that his coffin was suspended in the air, kept in equipoise by four walls of adamant. It is, in truth, deposited underground, within the great mosque of Medina, which stands in the eastern part of the city, and not in the centre, as usually represented. This mosque, which, like that of Mecca, is styled El Haram, on account of its inviolability, is not nearly so large as the latter. It is only a hundred and sixty-five paces in length, and a hundred and thirty in breadth; but it is built much upon the same plan, forming an open square, surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, with a small building in the centre of the square. Near the south corner stands the tomb of Mohammed, detached from the walls of the mosque, being twenty-five feet from the south, and fifteen from the east wall. It is within an enclosure, forming an irregular square of about twenty paces, and consisting of an iron railing, painted green, fixed between the columns of the colonnade about two-thirds of their height. The upper part of the columns is left open, and is surmounted by a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes of the mosque, and ornamented with a large globe and a crescent, both said to be of pure gold. The railing is interwoven with inscriptions of yellow bronze, of so close a texture, that no view can be gained into the interior except by several small windows about six inches square, and five feet from the ground. There are four gates to it, three of which are kept constantly shut, and one only is opened every morning and evening to admit the eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor and light the lamps. Permission to enter this enclosure, which is distinguished by the name of El Hedjra, may be purchased from the principal eunuchs; but the privilege is rarely embraced. All that can be discerned from the outside, through the windows, is a curtain hanging down on all sides, leaving an interval of a few paces between it and the railing. Within that is said to be another curtain of rich silk brocade, of various colours, interwoven with silver flowers and arabesques, and covered with inscriptions in golden characters. No person is permitted to penetrate behind this latter covering except the chief eunuchs, who take care of it, and put on the new curtain sent from Constantinople when the old one is decayed, or a new sultan ascends the throne. Within is the tomb of Mohammed, buried deep in the earth, according to the historian of Medina, and above it are the tombs of his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abou Beker and Omar. A large amount of treasure was at one time deposited here, consisting of gold and silver vessels and precious jewels; but all has been swept away, chiefly by Saoud the Wahaby chief, and nothing of any value now remains except a few gold vessels presented by Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who, unlike his father and brother, was of a religious turn of mind. The curtain of the enclosure is surrounded with lamps, which are lighted every evening, and remain burning all night; and on one side of it is seen the tomb of Setna-Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. From the Hedjra to the opposite side of the mosque runs a wooden partition, dividing the southern colonnade from a holy place called El Rodha, or the Garden—a name bestowed upon it by Mohammed, who said: 'Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of paradise.' The pulpit of the mosque stands close to this partition, and the name of Rodha belongs strictly to that space only which is between the pulpit and the Hedjra. The columns within the Rodha are painted, to the height of about five feet, with flowers and arabesques, to give it something of the appearance of a garden, and the floor is strewed with rich carpets, on which the congregation sits when assembled for prayers.

The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are somewhat analogous to those observed in the temple of Mecca. First, the pilgrim is led to the Rodha, where he prays, and performs four prostrations as a salutation to the mosque; and then proceeds at a slow pace to the Hedjra, where he addresses invocations to Mohammed, repeating his different surnames or honourable titles, and craving his intercession in favour of himself and of all he chooses to include in his prayers. After this he steps back, and performs four prostrations, which being accomplished, he plants himself opposite another part of the Hedjra, where the tomb of Abou Beker is understood to be placed, and invokes him in like manner; and subsequently does the same with regard to Omar and Setna-Fatme, who is propitiated under the title of Fatme-è-Zohera, or the Bright-blooming Fatme. The whole is concluded with a prayer to the Deity, repeated in the Rodha—the time consumed in these observances rarely exceeding twenty minutes. The devotee is, however, pretty heavily mulcted for the satisfaction he derives from them, having to pay fees on every spot where prayers are said to people waiting to receive them, and to the eunuchs of the mosque on the completion of the rites. He is, moreover, beset by a crowd of beggars at the door of the edifice, from whom he finds it difficult to escape without a liberal distribution of alms. He has also to give a handsome gratuity to his guide or mezowah, as he is called, so that the poor hadji is plundered quite as ruthlessly as at Mecca.

The guardianship of the mosque is intrusted to the care of forty or fifty eunuchs, who have an establishment similar to the eunuchs of the Beitullah at Mecca; but they are persons of greater consequence at Medina, and are more richly dressed, though in the same costume, usually wearing fine Cashmere shawls, and gowns of the best Indian silk. When they pass through the bazaar, everybody hastens to kiss their hands, and they exercise considerable influence in the internal affairs of the town. They have large stipends, which are sent annually from Constantinople by the Syrian hadj caravan; they share also in all donations made to the mosque; and they expect presents from every rich hadji, besides what they take as fees from the visitors of the Hedjra. They live together in one of the best quarters of Medina, to the eastward of the mosque, and their houses are said to be furnished in a more costly manner than any others in the town. Like their brethren at Mecca, they are all, singularly enough, married to black or Abyssinian slaves. Their forms are emaciated, and their whole appearance represented as inspiring disgust. The chief of these eunuchs is called Sheikh el Haram, and is the principal personage in the town. Even Tousoun Pasha, who was governor of Medina at the time of Burckhardt's visit, yielded him precedence, and kissed his hand when he met him. In addition to the eunuchs, there are a great many other persons connected with the mosque, employed to light the lamps of the colonnade at night, to keep the mosque clean, and spread the carpets; these are called Ferrashyn, and as their duties are light and honorary, they include some of the first people in the place. They amount in number to no less than five hundred, and share among them an annual sum transmitted from Constantinople for their use. They officiate also as mezowahs, and drive a lucrative trade in praying for the absent—persons remitting them money from all parts of the Moslem world to pray for them before the tomb of Mohammed. Many of them have from four to five hundred regular correspondents of this profitable class, through whom they enjoy, at a slight expense of trouble, sufficient incomes to live in leisure and affluence.

As at Mecca, so at Medina there are several places considered sacred, and visited by the pious. The principal is the burial-ground outside the town, where numerous saints are interred, consisting of members of Mohammed's family, warriors who fell in his battles, and the Calif Othman, one of his successors. As a specimen of the invocations addressed to the manes of saints, we may take that repeated with uplifted hands after a prayer of two rikats over the tomb of Othman: 'Peace be with thee, O Othman! Peace be with thee, O friend of the chosen! Peace be with thee, O collector of the Koran! Mayst thou deserve the contentment of God! May God ordain Paradise as thy dwelling, thy habitation, and thy abode! I deposit on this spot, and near thee, O Othman, the profession everlasting, from this day to the day of judgment, that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his servant and his prophet.' The other places of resort are the Djebel Ohod, a mountain on which Hasuze, the uncle of Mohammed, and seventy-five martyrs, fell in battle, and are buried; Koba, a mosque erected on the ground where Mohammed first alighted on his flight to Medina; and El Kebletyn, a spot marked by two pillars, at which the Prophet first changed the Kebly, or direction in praying, which, before his time, was towards Jerusalem, and which he changed to the Kaaba at Mecca.

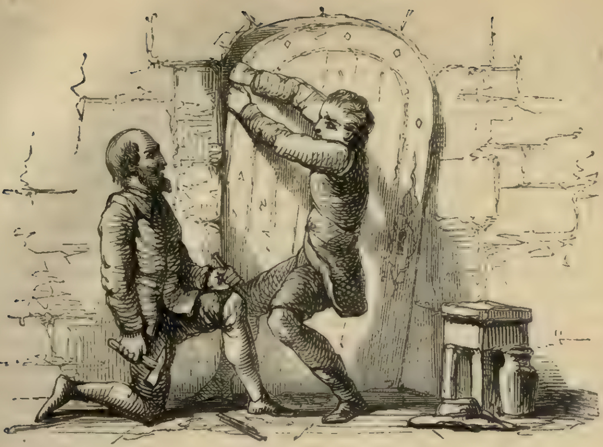
The city of Medina itself stands in the centre of an extensive plain, on the edge of the great Arabian desert, in the 25th degree of north latitude, and contains from 14,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the interior town and the suburbs, the former describing an oval, enclosed by a thick stone wall, from thirty-five to forty feet high, flanked by about thirty towers, and surrounded by a ditch. Three gates lead into the town, and on its western point is a large castle or citadel, of considerable strength, capable of holding a garrison of six hundred men. The houses are generally two stories high, with flat roofs, and entirely built of stone; but, owing to their not being whitewashed, and to the extreme narrowness of the streets, they have a very gloomy appearance. Many of them, moreover, have fallen into decay, and an air of ruin and desolation pervades the whole place. Outside, however, on three sides of the city, cultivated fields, gardens, and date-groves present a cheerful landscape, and afford agreeable retreats to the inhabitants, the wealthier of whom have little villas in the midst of them. On the southern side, the rocky nature of the ground forbids any attempt at cultivation. The present inhabitants of Medina are, as at Mecca, for the most part of foreign descent, owing to the gradual extinction or removal of the native Arabians, and the settlement from time to time of pilgrims. The trade of the town is inconsiderable when compared with that of Mecca, and is liable to continual interruptions from the quarrels of the tribes in its vicinity. There is the same remarkable deficiency of artisans, scarcely a single mechanic existing in the place; even carpenters and masons are to be brought from Yembo when repairs are needed to a house. The sources of wealth are few, since no manufactures are prosecuted; and the sole dependence of the inhabitants is on the gifts from Constantinople, and the sums spent by the pilgrims. Of these there is nothing like the number that resort to Mecca—a visit to Medina being considered rather meritorious and edifying than strictly essential, although the Moslem divines teach that one prayer said in sight of the Hedjra is as efficacious as a thousand repeated in any other mosque, except that of Mecca; and it is also said that he who recites forty prayers in the mosque of Medina will be surely delivered from hell and its torments in a future life.

The government of Medina has shifted according to circumstances. Nominally under the sway of a Turkish aga from Constantinople, and the Sheikh el Haram, or chief of the mosque, practically a sort of oligarchical rule, by the different sheikhs of the quarters, has prevailed, except when some strong hand held the reins of power. The command had been vested in a Scotsman some short time before Burckhardt's visit—one Thomas Keith, who went under the denomination of Ibrahim Aga, and filled the post of treasurer to Tousoun Pasha. The climate is very insalubrious, owing to the saline nature of the soil and water, and the exhalations which arise from numerous stagnant pools around the town. Poor Burckhardt fell a victim to it, being attacked with fever, and stretched on his rug for upwards of two months. Nothing can be conceived more deplorable than his situation under this affliction, for he had nobody to attend upon him but a miserable black boy, fitted only for his occupation of a camel-driver, and was unable to procure the necessary medicines for his complaint. He rallied, nevertheless, under the genial influence of some fine weather in April; and afraid of a relapse, hastened to depart from so noxious an atmosphere. It had been his desire to proceed from Medina to Akaba, on the northern extremity of the Red Sea, across a country as yet unexplored by any modern traveller; but in his debility of body and purse, he found the scheme impracticable, and he accordingly joined a caravan to Yembo, the seaport of Medina, and a five days' journey distant, where he arrived on the 27th of April. Yembo is a small town situated on the north side of a deep bay, and is divided by a creek into two parts. Its harbour is one of the best on the Red Sea; but the trade carried on is very trifling, and consists principally in provisions. The intercourse with Medina is kept up by means of caravans, which proceed to and fro every fortnight when all is peaceable on the route. Contrary to what is found at Mecca and Medina, Yembo is almost entirely inhabited by Arabs; a few Syrians, Egyptians, and Indians being the only foreign settlers, and they but temporary sojourners. At the period of Burckhardt's visit it was ravaged by the plague, and a terrible mortality was the consequence. This scourge is almost unknown in Arabia, particularly in the Hedjaz, which the Mohammedans believed to be inviolable to its visitation, from the holy character it possesses. However, it had broken out in the present instance beyond doubt, and the calamity was rendered more grievous by the fact that all the ships in the harbour were engaged to carry invalid soldiers to Egypt. It was consequently with great difficulty Burckhardt secured a passage in a small open vessel, bound to Cosseir, and crowded with passengers, in which he embarked on the 15th of May. The voyage was exceedingly tedious, and, tired of the wretched accommodation on board the vessel, Burckhardt bribed the reys, or captain, to put into the harbour of Sherm, on the western shore of the Gulf of Akaba, where he was accordingly landed on the 5th of June. After a stay of a fortnight at a healthy village called El Wady, on the sea-coast, to recruit his wasted strength, he thence made the best of his way to Cairo through Suez, and arrived at that metropolis on the morning of the 24th of June, after an absence of more than eighteen months.

CONCLUSION.

The joy which Burckhardt experienced at his safe return was damped by the miserable state of health into which he had fallen. He was still full of ardour, nevertheless, for the great enterprise to which all his previous labours had been merely preliminary. But no tidings were heard of any caravan from Fezzan, by the return of which he might have proceeded on his journey; and after a residence of nine months in Cairo and Alexandria, he made another excursion across the Desert of Suez, and advanced to the extreme point of the peninsula of Sinai, in the hope of tracing the route supposed to be taken by Moses and the Israelites after their withdrawal from Egypt. In this pursuit he was not at all successful, and he returned to Cairo in June 1816; and, pending the arrival of the so-much-desired caravan, set himself to work in preparing various papers for his employers of the African Association. He devoted himself with intense application to Arabic literature, and the study of Arabian history, particularly the genealogy, manners, and customs of the different tribes of Arabia; and the valuable result of his labours has been given to the world in a publication issued by the Association, which also contains an account of Mohammed Ali's war with the Wahabys. He also applied himself to fill up and complete the journals of his travels in Nubia and Arabia, which were necessarily in a very rough state, as he very rarely durst venture to commit any notes to writing in those countries, since nothing so soon excites the angry suspicions of the untutored Orientals as seeing a person recording observations. Even Mohammed Ali himself was not favourable to the practice; and, when at Tayf, he caused Burckhardt to be asked whether he intended to take notes—an inquiry which he adroitly parried by replying, there was little inducement for so doing, since there were no antiquities in Arabia as in Egypt. Thus he had sufficient occupation for his ardent mind; but he still panted with impatience for the opportunity to penetrate into the interior of the continent; and his letters to Mr Hamilton, the secretary of the Association, vividly portray his chagrin as he saw month after month elapse, and his fond hopes remain ungratified. At length a favourable prospect opened. A party of Moggrebyns, or Western Africans, passed through Cairo in 1817 on their way to Mecca, and they were expected to return as usual by way of Fezzan. To accompany them, Burckhardt made all the necessary preparations, eager to enter on the adventurous path he had so long contemplated, and transmitted all his papers to the Association in London, whither they were happily conveyed in safety. But alas for the vanity of human expectations! When the moment seemed about to arrive when he might realise the achievement on which he had set his heart, he was struck with a mortal malady, and after a short illness, expired at Cairo, a few minutes before midnight, on the 15th of October 1817. It is a source of melancholy satisfaction to know that he was attended in his illness by an excellent English physician, Dr Richardson, who happened to be at Cairo in the suite of an Irish nobleman, and that his last hours were soothed by the attentions of Mr Salt, the British consul in Egypt, so celebrated for his zealous pursuit of Egyptian antiquities, and to whom he confided his dying requests. He was calm and sensible, fully conscious of his approaching end, and dictated to Mr Salt his wishes as to the disposition of the books, manuscripts, and other little property he possessed, with perfect distinctness. He was fondly attached to his mother. He had already surrendered in her favour the share he inherited of his father's fortune. With troubled emotion he said to Mr Salt, six hours before he expired: 'Let Mr Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her.' This intrepid traveller was only thirty-two when he died.

It must ever be a subject of regret that Burckhardt was not spared to undertake the task of penetrating into the interior of Africa. No man could be better fitted by nature, character, and education to succeed in such an enterprise. The qualities of his mind were truly noble; his courage was undaunted, his industry untiring, his zeal most persevering. That he was a man of great capacity, quick intelligence, and profound observation, is sufficiently apparent from his journals; and even the language in which he wrote them evinces an aptitude of attainment which is so rare as almost to be a phenomenon. English composition is insuperably difficult to a foreigner, even under the most propitious circumstances; but Burckhardt learned the language only after he was twenty-five years old, and enjoyed scarcely any opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with English literature; yet he writes in a very agreeable style, and his works might pass for those of a native, if his origin were unknown. On the whole, his untimely fate is much to be deplored; for although he gave to the world the only authentic accounts of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and of the Mohammedan usages there, he would doubtless have added greatly to the sum of general geographical knowledge had he survived. By his lamented death, another victim was added to the number of enterprising men who have fallen a sacrifice to Oriental and African investigation.



LEON GONDY: A LEGEND OF GHENT.

I.

SOME three hundred years ago, there lived in the good old city of Ghent a rich clothier and banker, by name Karl Rosenfelt. He was a man of mark and note, sage in counsel and eloquent in speech, a shrewd man of business, but, above all, a good and just citizen. His temper was merry, and no man at proper times was more jovial and pleasant. He was stout, rather tall, and altogether the very type of his class. His countenance was the reflection of the reality. It was intellectual, benevolent; and about his eyes and mouth there was an expression which warmed at once all who had occasion to address him. He had his faults—and who has not? He was obstinate to the last degree upon occasion, and rather timid in presence of physical danger. A bolder or firmer merchant, when facing commercial difficulties, has been rarely seen; but he shuddered at the sight of a sword, and when he travelled, lived in continual apprehension of attack and pillage. He was a widower, with one daughter, Edith, a very charming, simple, unaffected girl of seventeen, with a very peculiar education. Karl Rosenfelt intended her to be his successor. He certainly hoped that she would marry in due time, but he wished her to be able to carry on the business, if necessary, herself; at all events to be able to understand her husband's affairs, and to aid with counsel and advice if needful.

Karl Rosenfelt lived in a grand old house, where he kept a good table, and where many a state affair had been discussed, to say nothing of the money that had changed hands. Karl negotiated loans even to princes; and although not an illiberal man, taking care where he lent, he became rich. He dealt in almost all the wholesale articles of the day; sold silks, and cloths, and spices, and even jewellery. There was then bustle and activity enough in Rosenfelt House. When Edith was seventeen, the house was in its most palmy days. Its reputation was European, and it had correspondents in every part of the known world; and yet Karl could never discover by their means any trace of his elder brother Paul, once a wild and passionate youth, who had in a moment of anger abandoned his father's residence, to seek fortune in the distant colonies as a soldier. Now Karl loved his eccentric elder brother, and would have given much to have found him; but search was vain: so he contented himself with talking to Edith, and regretting the fate of the other. Karl was very rich, and he felt that, were his brother alive and poor, or dead, having left children behind him, he had enough for all. In the same benignant spirit, when one Rigardin, a French clerk, robbed him and fled, he made no active search, for he said: 'Ungrateful rascal though he be, he has injured himself most. I am not less considered, or even much less rich, while he is ruined. Let him go.'

To replace Rigardin, who had been a confidential clerk, Karl took, on the strong recommendation of a Paris correspondent, one Leon Gondy, a well-educated youth, who, wishing to learn business in Ghent, came gladly to the place. Leon Gondy, when our story commences, had been six months with the house of Rosenfelt. He was about nineteen, an eager scholar, attentive, but silent and thoughtful. He never neglected business; but often when his occupation was over, he would retire to his room, and remain for hours shut up, there devoting himself to meditation and the study of the poetical romances of the day, which, however crude and vapid in general, were the forerunners of great things. But Leon was none the worse at his figures, wrote a clear, good letter, and prepared the private books of his employer with diligence and patience. Karl liked him at once, and soon treated him as one of his own family, admitting him regularly into his intimacy, and making him the constant companion of his daughter. The two young people were soon great friends, and were a great mutual resource. Karl had too much good sense not to be fully prepared for the consequences. He knew many young men whom he would, in one sense, have preferred as a husband for his daughter, but Leon was the only one who was placed in the circumstances which he thought likely to conduce to her happiness. Karl had no idea of happiness apart from the house:

he wished his children to grow up identified with it—a part of it; and as the education of Leon was in his hands, he thought he could insure the continued prosperity of his fortune and the future well-being of his child at the same time.

As yet, however, he interfered in no way; he allowed things to take their course, and seemed occupied only with the commercial education of the young people. He soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that what he wished was likely to happen. Leon and Edith seemed never happy save in each other's society. They talked, they read, they sang, and they played the spinet together; they were often silent and contemplative; Leon would watch the door with unwearied patience when she was out; and, in fact, there were very evident signs of what was going on. But Leon began soon to be sad, very sad: Edith naïvely asked him what was the matter, but he did not know. At last he said, that he thought his native air would do him good, and that he must return to France.

Karl was astonished to find his daughter in tears one morning, and still more so that she could not explain why. Some time after, however, she mentioned timidly, by the way, that Leon was about to ask for his dismissal on the plea of ill health. Karl smiled, and thought the time was come for him to interfere.

II.

Karl was wont to sit in the evening in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, by a table, in a room furnished in the antique Flemish style, richly but heavily. A lamp illumined the table, on which rested some books, either of devotion or travels. Near him sat knitting a kind of half-attendant, half-duenna, who had waited on Edith from infancy, and was privileged to be wherever she pleased. Leon and Edith in general sat near a spinet, by the side of which was a table; here she worked when he read to her or talked. Sometimes they turned to the spinet, and played or sang. On the evening in question, things were as I have described. Leon was speaking in a low tone to Edith, who scarcely answered.

'Has anything happened while you have been in my house to displease or offend you?' asked Karl, suddenly raising his head, and addressing Leon.

'No, sir, nothing,' replied the young man, colouring up and looking very much amazed, while Edith continued steadfastly at her work.

'Then why do you propose leaving us?' continued Karl.

'Why, sir, I do not feel very well; and I fancied—I thought—that—that my native air'——

'Hum! Now my idea, Master Leon, is, that you are as well as ever you were in your life, but that you have some secret cause of regret—that you wish for something which you suppose you cannot have. Now be a man, and speak out!'

Leon remained speechless. There was something in the old man's tone and manner which made his heart bound again. He looked at Edith; she bowed her head, listening with all her ears, but saying nothing. The young man took a sudden resolution: he determined to risk all on one bold cast. Without moving from his place, and almost closing his eyes, he spoke.

'My worthy and respected master, and you, my friend'—addressing Edith—'what I have to say, I meant not to have said. So direct a challenge, however, leaves me no alternative. I cannot say many words, but I love your daughter, Meinherr Rosenfelt'——

'And'—— said Karl, seeing the other hesitated.

'For that reason, I was about to leave'——

'I should have thought that a reason for staying,' put in Karl, in his driest tones.

'Sir!'

'But perhaps my daughter has refused you?' said Rosenfelt slily.

'I have not spoken to her,' replied Leon, who was overwhelmed with astonishment. 'But, sir, I, the son of a respectable jeweller, intended for commerce, it is true, like yourself, have yet no pretensions to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a merchant prince; and feeling this, I wished to go away, before, carried away by my feelings, I risked an avowal of my affection to your daughter.'

'Leon Gondy,' said Karl quietly, 'my father was a poor man, who rose by honesty and industry to vast wealth. My elder brother, if alive, is probably a poor man. You are not poor; you are the son of a respectable well-to-do tradesman; you have received a good education: during the year you have been with me, I have had reason to be much pleased with you. If my daughter is willing to accept you, I shall be very happy, one year hence, to take you as my son-in-law and partner. In fact, if you can settle this between you, I shall take steps to proclaim to the world the immediate union of the houses of Rosenfelt and Gondy.'

Karl bowed his head upon his book once more, and left Leon and Edith to their own thoughts. After a moment's silence, Leon, in a gentle tone, asked if she were inclined to ratify her father's promise.

'I do not know, my friend. I do not wish you to go away; but to decide so important a question so hastily'——

Lovers are in general somewhat selfish. The answer of Edith was not exempt from this defect. It had a tinge of that ungenerous tyranny, which, however, is very readily pardoned.

'Then I must go, and refuse your father's generous offers.'

'At all events, he is more generous than you.'

'Why?'

'To make me answer at once, when the least I should have is a week's reflection.'

'But think of my doubt and anxiety! Besides, your father expects an answer.'

'Tell him, then, that I have always been an obedient child, and that I am not disposed to change my principles,' replied Edith in a very low tone.

'I may then dare to hope, that one day I may call you, Edith Rosenfelt, my wife?'

The girl made no reply; but she listened with evident pleasure to the young man's protestations of affection, and smiled, at last, at some of his lively pictures of the future that awaited them. From that hour there was great joy in the house. Karl was delighted. He now saw a clear prospect of happiness for his child: he perceived in Leon all the signs of earnest industry and perseverance; and as he saw him so diligently devoted to his interests, longed for the moment when they should be bound together by irrevocable ties. There was something so frank, manly, and open-hearted in the character of Leon, that Karl already loved him as a son. In the course of a few weeks, it was settled that the marriage should be celebrated when Leon reached twenty years of age.

The sensations of Leon and Edith were pleasant indeed. The world smiled upon them: they were young people nearly of the same age, sensible, affectionate, well suited to each other, and looking forward to a happy marriage, sanctioned by parents and society: they had wealth, well earned, and always well spent, for Karl had taught them the secret of doing much good with their money. He was not a man to lavish gifts indiscriminately, but he never refused assistance to any when it could be really useful and profitable. The future was then bright and sunny, and they went on their way rejoicing, pleasantly, calmly, happy.

III.

It was four months later, and preparations were already making for the wedding. The father of Leon Gondy had signified his satisfaction and delight at the brilliant prospects of his son, and had renewed the promise of a visit at a future time. Leon was working very hard, to have the books of the house in good order; and was pressing business, so as conveniently to have a month's holiday; while Edith was busy seeing to all the domestic details of the house, as well as to the grand affair of the wedding, which in those days was a serious thing, requiring time and reflection. Karl overlooked all, even to the rich costumes which were being made for his daughter.

They dined at mid-day in private, the mass of clerks and others employed in the house having a general table. One day the meal was nearly over, when a servant announced that a young man had just entered the courtyard on horseback, and insisted on seeing the master of the house instantly. He was, the servant said, in a state of great agitation.

'Let him come in.'

Scarcely had the words passed the merchant's lips, when a youth of about eighteen, sunburnt, dusty, and giving signs of extreme agitation, entered. He was tall, fair, with small features, and an expression of considerable shrewdness.

'I have the honour to address the worthy and respected burgher of Ghent, Karl Rosenfelt?' said the youth, in a shrill, agitated tone.

'My name is Karl Rosenfelt,' replied the other, much astonished.

'Have you forgotten your elder brother Paul?' continued the youth, whose voice trembled, while his eyes were fixed anxiously on the old man.

'No!' cried Karl, rising, while at the same time he shook with emotion. 'Speak! what of him? Is he alive? What message bring you from him?'

'My uncle!—my dear uncle!' said the youth, rushing to the other's arms.

'You my nephew! But my brother—where is he? Where is Paul, my long-lost brother?'

The boy held down his head, while drawing forth a thick letter from his pocket-book, or rather a leather pouch that served the purpose. Edith and Leon had risen, and placed themselves one on each side, overwhelmed with surprise.

'Dead!' said the old man sadly, while taking the letter—'dead, and without my seeing him! Poor Paul! But let me read his last words. Sit down, my nephew. Give him dinner, Edith: welcome your cousin. Leon, my friend, do the honours of my house.'

The old man as he spoke withdrew to a window to conceal his emotion, and to read the letter. Leon and Edith made the tired and agitated youth sit down at the table, and gave him to eat and drink. They did not press him much to talk, seeing that he was weary and exhausted. He, however, ate and drank like a man who had travelled much, and then demanded leave to retire to a room, where he could change his bespattered dress and take some rest. Leon accompanied him to his own chamber, and then returned to join the merchant and his daughter.

'I will be a father unto him,' said Karl as he entered. 'It seems my brother has suffered much in Mexico and elsewhere, and died six months back, leaving this only child. He has sent him to me, begging that I will provide for him. I will. He writes me to give him my child to wife'——

'Your child!' cried Leon.

'My friend, that cannot be, I know. But we can make up for the non-fulfilment of this wish of my dear brother's, by finding him another wife, and giving him a position in the world.'

'O yes, my father,' cried Edith: 'as for me, he must of course look on me as the affianced wife of another.'

'Thank you, my dear Edith,' replied Leon; 'but I must leave you; I have a hard day's work before me, and there is no time to lose.'

'And I to the dressmaker's,' said the young girl.

Karl Rosenfelt remained alone. He was glad to be left to his thoughts: he was very sad. His elder brother—that Paul who had been his playmate, his companion, his leader—was gone, was dead; and he had died, too, in a foreign land, with only a boy near him. Karl would have given his fortune at that moment to have had his brother alive, even for one instant, to have pressed his hand; but, at all events, he had his son, and he vowed in his heart to transfer to him the deep and lasting affection which had always attached itself to the memory of his brother. There is no keener or more acute love than that which exists between brothers, nearly of the same age, who have been brought up together, and whom no quarrel has ever estranged. It is one of the most unselfish of all sentiments.

Rosenfelt was sad. He could have wished to have fulfilled his brother's wish in all things. It is true he could make his child wealthy among the wealthy, shower on him gold and all that gold can bring; but he could not give him his child. Why had he been so rash? Why had he given his Edith to a stranger?—a noble boy, it is true, but still a stranger. It would have been so delightful, so pleasant, to have united the cousins. But it could not be. The word he had given was a bond as binding as a triple-sealed parchment—more so; and Karl Rosenfelt rejected even the very thought of breaking off a marriage which had been settled under such happy auspices.

But Karl Rosenfelt went into his office that day very thoughtful and very sad.

IV.

Young Karl Rosenfelt—so he was called—appeared towards evening neatly dressed, and evidently completely refreshed. The whole family crowded round him, and asked him a thousand questions, to which he readily replied, speaking with an accent so completely foreign, as to leave no doubt of his having been born out of Flanders. He described his father minutely, bringing tears into his uncle's eyes. He had arrived in Europe in time, for his education, it was clear, had been much neglected. He was so incredibly ignorant as to astonish Leon, who was so very different in character. He seemed, however, modest and well-behaved, and rather won upon the old man and Leon; but Edith did not appear to like him much:

she seemed to feel by instinct that a great danger was near her. Not that she disliked him. How could she?—the child of her long-lost uncle; but she rather shrunk from any display of kindness and affection. Her manner was slightly repulsive, and she seemed beforehand to say: 'Do not attempt to make any advances: it will be in vain.'

Karl was never tired of hearing him speak. He made him relate all he knew of his father's life. He knew not much, having lost his mother when young, and being then left to the care of a quiet family in a village near Mexico city; but he knew that his father had been a soldier, an overseer of silver mines, a speculator in tobacco, and that he had died poor, after writing the letter which he had delivered that morning. He had seen him buried; and, with what money he had, had at once taken his departure for Europe in search of his uncle, whose kind and generous reception he should never forget.

'I have scarcely had time,' said the old man, 'to introduce you to my future son-in-law, Leon Gondy, an intelligent and good youth, who, as my daughter's husband, will soon be your cousin.'

'Ah!' was the sole reply of young Karl, while he looked considerably astonished.

The old man gazed at him curiously, while Leon and Edith interchanged glances.

'He is a rival already,' whispered Leon.

'No matter; you have nothing to fear,' said Edith quietly.

'Your father,' continued the merchant, in a tone which did not conceal his deep regret, 'I know had different wishes. He hoped you would find my daughter free, and that a union between you might reunite those so long parted. But you came too late: such a thing is not to be thought of.'

'I am very sorry, my uncle,' said young Karl, his eyes fixed on the ground. 'I certainly did myself come with this hope; but I should be the last person to wish to separate those who love. I wish my cousin much joy. I think my cousin Leon and I will be great friends.'

'I hope so,' replied Leon gravely.

Edith said nothing; she was looking with much sorrow at her father's serious and somewhat melancholy face. She felt an acute pain at her heart. She knew that her parent, under the impulse of his emotion, and influenced by his love for his long-lost brother, desired with all his soul that which to her was an impossibility. She was well disposed to like her cousin, as a cousin; but she was sure, that even if she had been free, she could never have accepted him as a husband: she resolved, therefore, to resist firmly any attempt to make her waver in her resolution. She felt strong in her father's consent, her marriage-day fixed, and in the affection of Leon.

Young Karl himself was very thoughtful the greater part of the evening. When his uncle took up his book as usual, he went to a window that looked out on the principal street of Ghent, and appeared there enjoying the lively scene below—in reality, he was watching the lovers. There was something in his countenance of envy, as he saw them looking at each other with intense affection, and as he listened to their whispered protestations.

Edith herself introduced the subject to her lover: she told him that she was sure her father now regretted having affianced them, not from any want of affection for Leon, but because of his dead brother's wishes. But she told him quietly, that even if it were proposed, she would never consent to a union with her cousin. Leon thanked her warmly, and also declared that he should trust to the old man's word, and hasten on the marriage. He added, however, that he was quite sure the cousin would make an effort; he thought him a youth not likely to give up the battle so easily as it appeared. They must therefore be cautious and observant, and not give the enemy, in this one sense, any opportunity of action.

Young Karl himself was mute and impassive: what were his hopes and wishes, it was impossible to say.

V.

There was apparently little change in the position of affairs. Leon remained at the head of the house; Edith attended to the domestic affairs; Karl carried on his vast business; and the nephew commenced his education under an able professor. He took, however, much more to fencing, and all the manly sports and exercises, than to mental accomplishments. His uncle gave him a handsome allowance; and he soon began to cut a figure amongst the dashing young men of the town—those who thought more of pleasure than business. He did not, however, do anything to disgrace the name he bore, kept reasonable hours, and never wholly neglected his cousin or uncle. Indeed, he sought in every way to ingratiate himself with Edith; made, in fact, undisguised love to her; and began, after a few weeks, to look solemn and sad: but Edith repelled his advances firmly. As he grew attentive, and even spoke of his deep regret at her being engaged, she grew cold and distant—Leon thoughtful.

Karl said nothing: he never thought of interfering to break off a connection he had himself formed, but his regret at not being free to carry out his brother's wishes could not be concealed. He watched the progress of events with painful anxiety. If his nephew had not taken the thing to heart, if he had fixed his affections on the richest heiress in the town, Karl would not have cared—he would have felt himself released from all anxiety; but the boy seemed really to love his cousin, and the old merchant suffered much. He respected and liked Leon as much as ever; he could not do otherwise: he was assiduously attentive to his interests—his whole thoughts appeared centered in the house.

A man struggling between a powerful sense of duty and a strong affection, suffers much; a good man like Karl Rosenfelt would naturally feel more than most persons, and yet he never swerved: he was firm in his determination to be just; but he racked his brain to find the means of making up to young Karl for his disappointment. He invited the good men and true of Ghent to come and sup with him, with their wives and daughters—he tried to draw the youth's attention towards several beautiful girls. His nephew spoke them the necessary words of politeness, and then returned where he could now and then speak a word to his cousin.

Old Karl Rosenfelt grew full of melancholy and remorse. Every night he retired to rest with the hope that the morning would bring him fresh counsel. He never reflected that his nephew was in all probability totally unfit to make Edith happy. A youth who had lived a wandering and semi-savage life in a country so uncivilised as the newly discovered Mexico, could not be reasonably expected to replace Leon, a young man of superior education and polished manners for his day, and who possessed the affections of his daughter; but then Karl Rosenfelt had nourished this hope of union with a child of his elder brother for years, and had only given it up when time rendered the other's return improbable.

The nephew said little about the matter, but he threw out occasional hints of regret; told his uncle how much he grieved that he had not come a year sooner; to all which Karl answered not. As things were, he saw no use in encouraging a passion which could only prove fatal to the youth, and painful in the extreme to Leon and Edith.

One evening, however, the youth spoke to Karl too pointedly for him to put off the reply: they did not notice Leon and Edith, who were seated side by side in an adjoining room, of which the door was open.

'Uncle,' said young Karl, 'I must leave you; I cannot remain and witness the happiness of Leon; I cannot be present at the wedding; it is beyond my strength.'

'Nephew, what mean you?' replied old Karl in a state of profound agitation. 'My brother's only child leave me! it cannot be.'

'I had hoped so too. If my cousin could have listened to my addresses, I should have been but too happy; but she is another's: she cannot be mine. Let me leave you—not altogether: give me the means of travelling; let me go to Paris, to England; it will do me good. When I return, my feelings will be conquered, and I can see Edith as a cousin only.'

Karl Rosenfelt sat motionless and silent for some minutes. At length he spoke. 'Nephew, your decision is wise. The dearest wish of my heart would have been to unite you to my daughter, you the son of my dear, long-lost brother; but it cannot be. Let us silence our grief, let us stifle our regrets. Come to my arms, my boy, and wonder not if an old man weeps. I never dreamed of your being in existence, and yet I had a hope that I might live to see in my nephew a son-in-law. But go; you shall travel at your ease; I will give you letters for every capital in Europe; and you shall see courts, and kings, and festivals—everything that can distract your attention, and fill your mind.'

'Thank you, my uncle! at my age, travel cannot fail to do good, though, when I read my father's letter, this was not what I hoped for.'

The reply of the young man was uttered in a tone of pique and disappointment, but this old Karl did not notice. He sat talking for some time, and then supped as usual with the whole family, and went to bed.

VI.

Next morning, Leon did not appear at breakfast-time; but two letters were handed to the old merchant, one for himself, and one for Edith: they were in the handwriting of the French clerk. Old Karl opened his anxiously; Edith hers tremblingly. He bounded on his chair; she wept with mingled pride, joy, and grief.

The letter to the old man was brief:

'I cannot allow my benefactor to turn his brother's child from the door for my fault. I love your daughter, and shall never love another woman. I thought her mine, and looked forward to a brilliant and happy future in her society. I find that my happiness is your sorrow. You have other wishes; and though I know well you would keep to your word, I cannot build my joy on your regrets. I make here a great, a bitter sacrifice to my benefactor; but I do my duty, and the sentiment of acting rightly will be some compensation. I shall be on my way to Bruges before you receive this letter. Please send me thither an order to receive my quarter's salary, as I have not money enough to enable me to reach home.'

The old man bowed his head, and wept. A moment after, he handed the letter to Edith, and took hers. It was much like that to him, and ended thus: 'My dear Edith, you will regret your poor Leon, but you will make your dear father happy. He will die a joyful old man, with his brother's child near him. Forget me: it is your duty. Think, if you will, that I love you not, and set your whole heart on loving your cousin.'

'A noble boy! a generous boy!' cried old Karl.

'My husband!' cried Edith, clasping her hands; 'noble and generous indeed. But the sacrifice is useless: I will never be the wife of any man but Leon!'

'But, cousin,' put in the youth in a timid voice, 'he leaves you; he gives you up: you cannot be willing to recall him.'

'No,' said the old man; 'that is my duty. He shall come back.

I cannot make so rare a man miserable for a whim—a caprice. I shall start after him for Bruges in an hour. Edith, my dear, hurry the preparations for your marriage: it shall take place in a week. My nephew, you *must* resign your hopes: be a man; take example by him, and shew only one-half his noble courage. The love of an old man will be doubly yours. My life, my fortune, are at your disposal.'

'I will have courage!' said young Karl impetuously. 'Go, bring him back, marry them, and then I will travel for a month or two in search of a wife. By your aid, I shall soon find one.'

'Now you are my own brother's child!' replied Karl warmly, while Edith kept coldly aloof.

'Do you not forgive me?' said young Karl.

'I will forgive you when my husband has returned,' answered Edith very coldly.

The old man looked at her with an anxious and wondering glance. 'It is not his fault if Leon be gone,' he said in a deprecating tone.

'It is, my father,' said Edith firmly. 'He was well aware that we were affianced, and yet he made advances to me which he knew you would encourage, if you could. His conduct has not been generous, and he has not acted the part of a cousin.'

Young Karl bit his lip, and looked half inclined to be angry; but the banker changed the subject to that of his journey, which was to be performed on horseback, with four armed attendants, as the road was not safe, and they had to pass through a thick wood. Karl had never before ventured that way, except in company with many other traders; but his feelings towards Leon were too strong to allow him to think of anything else. He gave a few minutes' instructions to Edith, placed her in the charge of the old attendant, handed young Karl a full purse, and then, after one or two adieus, departed on his way, in a hopeful but serious mood.

VII.

About a day's journey from Ghent, there was, in the days of which we write, a thick wood. On one side, it climbed a gentle hill; on the other, it descended to a winding river of small dimensions. At the spot where the scene is most picturesque, and where now there is a railway station, stood a small road-side inn, where carters, packmen, and retarded travellers were sometimes wont to stop, but which bore a very ill name in the country—some even going so far as to call it the Devil's House. It had certainly an evil look about it. It appeared half in ruins, or rather its upper story had never been finished, and the windows were all stuffed with hay, rags, and fagots, presenting to the eye a most miserable and uninviting aspect. A sign creaked with a dismal sound over the door, and a pond of musty water, fed by a spring, was disputed by a pig and a flock of ducks, when horses were not driven there to drink. A wretched-looking girl served as hostler, chamber-maid, waiter, &c.; while the landlord was a man of about fifty, common in look, and with an expression of vulgar sensuality peculiarly repulsive. A low, small forehead, a large mouth, and a nose flattened by some accident, were marks of themselves sufficient to terrify the pacific. There is much in a landlord; and an inn rarely fails where there is a jolly, merry, stout host, of smiling aspect, to welcome the weary traveller.

For several months the inn had assumed even a more dismal and deserted aspect than usual. There was no provender to be had for horses, and scarcely food for man. The landlord looked wretched, the girl pale and half-starved. They seemed hardly in their senses, for all guests that came they treated gruffly; so that few staid, especially as with the decreased accommodation the charges became exorbitant. The master stood the greater part of the time at his door smoking, while the girl sat by the fireside, her head resting on her knees. She was always thinking—an occupation which Peter Krubingen did not relish, for he would often interrupt her savagely, and then, as if recollecting himself, change his tone, and speak gently.

On the evening of the departure of Leon from Ghent, a scene of this kind occurred. The girl was seated by the fire, musing; the man had been looking at her for some time, with a scowl of the most threatening character.

'Poleska,' he said savagely, 'what are you sitting with your eyes fixed on the fire for?'

'I was thinking,' said the young girl, who was of Polish origin.

'Of whom?'

'Not of you.'

'Of whom, then?'

'I daresay you can guess.'

'Poleska, you know very well what my intentions are. Once our affairs are settled, I shall return to my own country, and take you to wife. You will be a proud and happy woman, Poleska, if you are wise and discreet. But stop this sobbing and musing, or it will be worse for you.'

'What can you do worse than you have done? You found me a poor orphan of seven years old; you gave me a home and shelter, and made me your servant, to wait on you, on your guests, ill-fed, ill-clothed. When I became a young woman, you fancied I was pretty, well-favoured, and you offered to make me your wife: I refused—for a good reason—and you seek to win me by ill-usage and brutality: but, Peter Krubingen, I will never be your wife!'

The man looked at her in a scowling way, and then turned his back, muttering something to himself not very flattering to the girl, whom, however, he did not seem to wish to exasperate. At this moment, a traveller on foot, plainly clad, a stick in one hand and a small bundle in the other, came up, looked at the inn, and then walked carelessly towards it.

'What is there for your service?' said Peter Krubingen gruffly.

'I want a crust of bread, a mug of beer, and a bed,' replied the traveller, a young man of goodly aspect, who stared with extreme surprise as he observed the landlord stand full in the doorway.

'You will find very bad accommodation here, my master; I would advise you to walk on farther.'

'What!' said the other; 'I think I must have misunderstood you. At all events, I go no farther: I must rest here this evening. I have walked twenty miles, and am not inclined to cross the forest in the night.'

'I tell you, my master, that you must sleep hard, eat black bread, and drink ill, if you stay here. I am giving up business, and am sick of waiting on my fellows.'

'I am sorry for it; but my legs refuse to carry me farther, so e'en let me pass, and remain an honest host for another day,' replied the youth; and he brushed past the landlord, threw his bundle on a table, and sat down on a bench.

Poleska quietly rose, gave him bread, cheese, and, to his great surprise, a jug of good wine, Peter looking on all the time with a dissatisfied and scowling glance. The young man, considerably puzzled at what he saw and heard, roused himself from his fatigue and lassitude, to watch. He saw at a glance, from the faces of the two, that there was a mystery to be discovered, and at once suspected that there was a crime concealed under all. He tried to detect glances of intelligence between the two, but failed. He thought, on the contrary, that the man looked menacing, and the girl defiant, while it was clear she was overcome with profound melancholy. Always generous and thoughtful, Leon Gondy—for it was our fugitive—determined to fathom her secret if possible; but he perceived that the host watched them, and he endeavoured, accordingly, to appear unconcerned: presently, he asked for a room, as, he said, he was tired.

'A room!' said Peter Krubingen sneeringly; 'I told you, you would be ill accommodated here. I have no room; you must sleep on a bench.'

'I will sleep on a bench,' replied the young man quietly.

'He can have my room, and I will sit up,' said Poleska. 'I have no inclination for sleep.'

Peter Krubingen looked savagely at her, but the girl bestowed no notice on him, turning to gaze once more at the empty fireplace. The landlord muttered something, and left the room. Poleska rose and crossed over to the door, whence the stairs by which he was ascending could be surveyed. The landlord was at the top, stamping and growling as he went.

'Are you a stout and bold youth?' said Poleska, without turning her head.

'What mean you?' exclaimed Leon, speaking, however, in a low tone.

'Would you prevent a great crime?' she continued, still without turning.

'If it were in my power,' said the young man, whose previsions were clearly realised.

'Go to your room; you will be locked in, but here is a master-key. Bolt and bar yourself in; and when morning comes, descend, go round the house, and under the first oak you will find me—I will then explain my meaning. But I had almost forgotten. Under the mattress, you will find arms; they may perhaps be needed: take them.'

'I will follow your advice in all things,' replied Leon quietly.

'God bless you, my gallant youth! But exchange no look of intelligence with me; let no glance but that of scorn escape you. He is cunning, deeply cunning; and all will be lost if he suspects us.'

The step of Peter Krubingen was heard descending, and Leon was silent. He poured himself out a glass of wine, and drank it off as the other came into the room. After rapidly examining the countenances of both, the landlord informed Leon that his bed was at his disposal. Leon looked round, and took up a small oil-lamp. Poleska never moved.

'Are you not going to shew the stranger his room?' said Peter Krubingen in a brutal tone.

'There are not so many but what he can find it,' replied Poleska sulkily.

'Go and shew it!' repeated the host in a still more surly tone.

Poleska took up the lamp, and preceded Leon. Arrived at the top of the stairs, Poleska silently pointed to a door, saw the young man in, then locked it on the outside, and took the key down stairs. Leon paid no attention to this, but proceeded to examine his room. It was small, and contained nothing but the bed, a chair, and a box; there were strong bolts on the inside, and a bar, of which Leon at once made use. He then turned up the mattress, and found a poniard, and a pair of loaded pistols, of the usual unwieldy make of the day. These he placed beside his bed, and then lay down in his clothes.

VIII.

To sleep under the circumstances was not an easy matter. Leon had much to think of. From an overwrought sense of duty, he had given up his fair bride, and the brilliant fortunes that awaited him with her; he had abandoned a post occupied with honour for more than a year, and was returning home to begin the world anew, with a very unsatisfactory account of himself for his father. In the inn where he had thrust himself, he did not feel in much danger, but still his position was not an agreeable one. He was engaged in an adventure of which he could not see the end; he did not hesitate, however, but resolved to try his utmost to do a good act, though not at all able to fathom the mystery by which he was surrounded. Strange ideas, wild thoughts, visions of varied character, filled his mind: he thought of Edith, of his long and happy engagement to her, of his blighted hopes, of his rival, and of the good old man to whom he had sacrificed his dearest feelings.

He had seen him that day, and guessed his errand. While walking along the road, he had heard horses' footsteps behind him; and not sure who the strangers might be, he had concealed himself behind some bushes: glad was he when he recognised Karl Rosenfelt and his armed attendants. He knew at once, that in the first generous impulse of the moment, he had determined to bring him back, and keep to his promise; but Leon felt that to shew himself was to be ungenerous and weak; and stifling a heavy sigh, he remained in his concealment. He was so convinced that the union between young Karl and Edith was necessary to the old man's happiness, that he was determined at any price not to stand in the way. To give up a bright future, thus within his reach, was painful indeed; but Leon Gondy was deeply impressed with the conviction that he was doing right, and to him this was compensation for much of his disappointment and suffering.

The old man had passed rapidly, and Leon Gondy had continued his journey. He had made up his mind to return to France, and there, in the pursuit of commerce, and by strict attention to his business, to try to bring about that oblivion of the past he so much desired; but an adventure, more like romance than reality, had now checked him on his way, although at this he rather rejoiced than otherwise. To him, it was so pleasant to have some honourable and legitimate excuse to remain near Edith, that even he was pleased at his present danger, and at the mystery which environed him, on that night—the most memorable of his life.

He remained some hours musing—how long he could not say—but at last he fell asleep, sound asleep, but not for long, as when he awoke it was still only the dawn of day, and he remembered his promise. He leaped out of bed, dressed as he was, took the pistols and dagger, and unbarred and unlocked the door. There was not a sound in the house. He listened carefully, but he neither heard nor saw anything; he then turned to the window, and looked out. He saw before him a narrow opening in the forest, and about a hundred yards distant, the ruins of a mill: it was a quaint-looking, old-fashioned building, and had probably in its day been the property of some good stanch miller, but now it was a remnant of times gone by. The morning was bright and sunny—birds chirped, the wind shook the leaves of the trees, the dew sparkled bright in the rising sun, and that peculiar steam which rises from the ground on such occasions created a slight fog. All was perfectly calm and still, and Leon felt a revulsion of feeling as he thought of crime haunting that spot; he, however, remembered his promise, and, taking his stick and bundle, began calmly descending the stairs.

It was about four o'clock; the house was already open, but not a soul was to be seen; this made Leon almost hesitate. Had a trap been laid for him?—had the girl deceived him? He could not believe it, and so he went on his way. He left the house—he had left the amount of his score in his bedroom—and went round to the back. At a little distance, under a tree, he saw Poleska; her arms were folded, and she seemed musing deeply. As the young man neared her, she started. 'Many thanks, stranger,' she said in a low tone; 'but follow me quickly; we have no time to lose.'

In a few minutes they had reached the mill, and Poleska, pointing to a stone, made sign to Leon to sit down.

'I have trusted in your open countenance, stranger,' she began. 'For months, a secret has weighed upon me: I have been, by my silence, the accomplice of a crime. Day and night, it has bowed me down, until I can bear it no longer. I have resolved at last, at all risks, to prevent its accomplishment by revealing the truth. It may cost me my life, but I care not. It would be better to die than live eternally face to face with remorse.'

'Young girl,' replied Leon, 'no harm shall happen to you. Whatever you have to reveal, speak boldly. There are laws and magistrates who will protect you.'

'No laws and no magistrates can protect from what will happen to me; but it matters little: the worst has happened to me already. But listen.'

Leon did, and heard a story which made his heart beat, his cheek blanch, and that filled him with wonder, indignation, and at the same time with hope. When Poleska concluded her tale, he leaped up, grasped her arms convulsively, and spoke: 'Open the door quick, Poleska! You have saved my life, and given me more joy than I can explain.'

Poleska, wondering at what she heard, gave him a large key; Leon took it, and opened quickly. Before him was a short dark passage, and then another door, but only barred on the outside. The young man laid his hand upon it; at that instant, he heard a piercing shriek, the door behind him was violently fastened, and he remained in total darkness.

IX.

A week later, old Karl Rosenfelt returned to Ghent in a very bad humour. He had found no trace of Leon at Bruges. Seven days of travel and of ill-temper had somewhat modified his admiration of the young man's sacrifice. At all events, as Leon had departed, he could not see any reason for hesitating to avail himself of the opportunity to make his brother's child happy. He had, therefore, in his own mind settled the marriage of Edith and young Karl: in fact, he was—so variable is the human mind—rather pleased at bottom at the turn events had taken. He had not sent Leon away; the lad had chosen himself to depart. He would have fulfilled his promise had the young man called upon him to do so; he would, under any circumstances, have remained his friend, if the other had allowed him; but he had disappeared mysteriously, and left no sign; and old Karl Rosenfelt began to imagine that there was too much of the romantic Frenchman about him, and that his romances and poetry had spoiled his character.

During the absence of old Karl, the cousins met frequently, but every effort on the part of the youth was vain—Edith would have nothing to say to him. She answered him in monosyllables, and no oftener than was strictly necessary. The cousin was furious, though he tried to conceal his mortification; still he persevered, although he was oftener absent than usual, seeking amusement in more friendly society.

On the morning of the return of old Karl, the cousins were together, and the banker's nephew was striving to make himself agreeable to the young girl.

'It is not my fault, Edith, if you are lovely; it is not your fault if your charms have had so powerful an effect on me. It is so sweet to love one's cousin!'

'Is it?' replied Edith coldly, and with even something of a sneer on her lip.

'I can well understand that Leon, accomplished and elegant, besides long known, had advantages over me; but when you come to know more of me, you might'——

'I shall never forget Leon—never think of any man but him as my husband,' continued Edith.

The young man ground his teeth, and turned to go. At the door, he nearly stumbled over and upset his uncle.

'Whither away in such a hurry?' said the banker.

'To leave my cousin to herself. I try in vain to please her, and I wished to avoid offending her with my presence.'

'Tut! tut! you are a boy. Edith will be reasonable. Leon is gone—gone for ever: I have not been able to find a trace of him either at Bruges or on the way.'

'Poor Leon!' said Edith, bending over her work; 'murdered, perhaps, in the wood, the victim of my cousin's generosity!'

Young Karl started, and bit his lip. The tone was so bitter, that he felt himself hated, and a strange, almost a sinister smile passed over his face. The banker, however, motioned him to a seat, and opened the conversation.

'My dear Edith, and you, my nephew, listen to me. I am an old man. I have everything in this world smiling around me; Providence has been very good, and yet I am not happy. I ask for one blessing, and that is the union of my dearly cherished child with the child of my brother. Reflect, Edith. Leon has gone freely, of his own accord. He will not return. He has slipped away mysteriously; and the rendezvous at Bruges was evidently only contrived to draw our attention from the real route he has followed. Now, then, nothing stands in the way of my happiness but your will, my child. I am sure you will not refuse to please your old father's heart.'

'By doing what, father?'

'By consenting to a union with your cousin.'

'My father, you could not ask me to do anything more painfully disagreeable. It is not indifference, it is not want of affection—it is invincible repulsion and dislike I feel for him. Something stands between him and me, which, if plainly described, would be called hate. If, under these circumstances, you still wish our union, I will try and make up my mind to it, as I would make up my mind to death and ruin.'

'My cousin, what have I done to merit your hate?' said young Karl, who was very pale.

'I cannot explain to you, but I know my feelings. My father has compelled me to divulge them. I now leave myself in your hands, and trust to your generosity.'

The banker had not replied: he was in a passion. The working of his face shewed the agitation of his mind. At last he trusted himself to speak.

'Edith, I have been too good to you. I have weakly allowed this young Frenchman to steal away your heart. You no longer love me, or how could you speak of hating my brother's child!'

'I cannot help it, my father: it is a feeling I cannot resist. It came on me almost with the first sight of him; but it may pass. I will do my best to conquer it. You have been a kind, good father, and had you not shewn your feelings too much to Leon, I should have been a happy woman. But Leon has gone; and, though altogether unchanged, I will, if one month hence you wish to force me, take the hand of one whom I shall never either respect or love!'

With these words, Edith, who was ready to choke with emotion, hurried out of the room, leaving the uncle and the nephew together. They were silent for a few minutes; and then the banker, taking young Karl's hand, bade him be of good cheer, for that feelings so violent never lasted long.

'My uncle,' replied the youth, bending his eyes upon the ground, 'it is my firm belief that she will never change. I had better retire. I have already driven away a friend; I have made your daughter unhappy: I see no wise course before me but to depart. You will still remain my friend, and aid me with your purse and counsel.'

'No, my nephew, I will not have you depart. Wait the month. Edith is under the influence of a severe disappointment. She loved Leon; he has gone away. I should never have sent him; but he has gone, and this will end by changing her feelings. What he has done is certainly very generous; but as it appears to me irremediable, the girl will bring her mind to it in a few days, and then the darling hope of my whole life will be realised.'

'But she hates me.'

'She almost hates me just now. That is quite natural. We have sent away her affianced lover. But wait, I tell you; wounded vanity and pride will soon come to her aid, and she will marry the first who asks her the moment she feels the least anger towards Leon.'

'The first who asks her, my uncle!'

'There is no harm in that, as you will of course be the first.'

'But that is not very flattering to me, uncle.'

'Karl,' said the banker—whose confidence in his profound knowledge of the female character was very great—'if Edith once marries you, she will love you, and do her duty by you as your wife.'

'You certainly raise my hopes, uncle; but still I wish the month were passed.'

'Ah, my son, time moves quickly enough! When you reach my age, you will find it move too quickly.'

X.

The next day, young Karl offered, as far as it was in his power, to do the duty of Leon. The banker, much gratified, accepted, but would not allow Edith to give up her part in the work of his private cabinet. Young Karl was yet of little use. He could, it is true, calculate rapidly, and do all the arithmetical work of the house; but he was totally incapable of carrying on a correspondence. This share of the private business now fell to Edith, who acquitted herself of her task with admirable success. Karl the younger simply kept a note of all money paid out or received during the day, calculated the profit or loss on any transaction, and did, in fact, the mere mechanical work. The banker himself only kept a little private note-book, which he referred to when wishing to know the exact state of his affairs—trusting to Karl now, as he was wont to Leon, to keep his formal accounts.

Edith was by this means thrown forcibly nearly all day into the society of her cousin, whom, however, she never spoke to, except as one clerk is compelled to speak to the other—to ask for a piece of information, for the copy of some figures, &c. He, on the contrary, never lost an opportunity of addressing her. The banker sat with his back against the wall at a large table, close to which, in the wall, was an antique oak strong-box, containing his securities and cash: it was divided into two compartments—the upper one being that of the papers, the lower one that of the gold and silver. Young Karl sat nearly opposite to him at a small table; and Edith in another corner, also facing her father.

It was two days before the one the banker had fixed for the wedding, and he sat musing and smiling at his table—looking sometimes at one, and sometimes at the other. Young Karl was very serious, but there was a look of triumphant delight about him, which spoke clearly of the conquering hero; while Edith was very silent and very sad. Her feelings were various and conflicting. She would never have engaged herself to any man without her father's consent; but once having engaged herself, and received the sanction of her parent, she conceived her engagement to be sacred. The departure of Leon scarcely released her from her vow. When young persons under such circumstances are plighted and betrothed, it is not a thing to be lightly broken: the heart, the reason, the mind, are equally habituated to the idea; besides, there is a certain want of delicacy in a woman who for a long time has looked on one man as her affianced husband, turning round and taking another at once, without hesitation or delay.

'My cousin is sad to-day,' observed young Karl in a timid tone.

'You were asking me for the account of Groshein and Brothers,' answered Edith, handing him a paper.

'Thank you,' said Karl, biting his nether lip until the blood came.

'My dear Edith,' put in the father gently, 'poor Karl asked you a very polite question. You have not answered him.'

'My father, this is a place of business, and these are business hours,' replied the girl quietly, but scarcely concealing a curl of contempt on her lip.

'True, my child; but as in two days he will be your husband'——

'God will not allow such a terrible thing to happen!' exclaimed Edith almost wildly.

'Edith!'

'Cousin!'

'Father,' said the girl more calmly, 'I still wish to please you. I would be his wife, if I could. I intend not to refuse you when the day comes. But I feel that Providence is good; and that even to gratify a kind and good parent, it will not permit me to be sacrificed to a man I despise and hate, while one I love and respect lives to give me hope and life.'

'My child,' said the banker quickly, 'he must be forgotten. He has behaved towards you in a contemptuous manner, and is not'——

'Hush! dear father; your heart tells a different story. You feel that Leon has behaved nobly, generously, and well, if not wisely; and yet you are naturally glad, because you are enabled to carry out your darling plan. But if I marry my cousin, he must expect nothing from me save the coldest duty.'

The banker was silent, for she had read his heart. He was angry at Leon for walking off in the way he did; but his conscience told him that the young man had behaved with rare generosity, and that few men would have ever thought of imitating him. He loved, it is true, the memory of his brother dearly, and his brother's child as a natural consequence; but had he chosen a nephew, it would have been Leon, not Karl; but Karl was his nephew, and Leon was not. Duty and natural affection, therefore, bade him love the one better than the other, and he did so.

The nephew remained poring over some accounts, to hide his confusion and annoyance at the conversation; and the old man soon felt that his silence was adding to the discomfort of the scene. He therefore spoke.

'My dear Edith, you must end by loving my brother's child: he is your cousin, and my nephew: the joy your marriage will give your father is something'——

'It is everything, my father'——

A knock at this moment was heard at the door on the side of young Karl—a gentle knock, which the young man himself answered.

'What is it?' said he to a servant, who presented himself.

'A person wishes to speak with you,' replied the domestic.

'His name?' said young Karl impatiently.

At the same moment there was a knock at the door on the side of Edith. She also answered, and another domestic appeared.

'What want you, Marguerite?' said she, surprised at an unusual interruption.

'A girl wishes to speak with you,' replied the servant.

'Who is it?'

'A total stranger,' continued Marguerite.

'Did she give no name?'

'She said her name was unknown to you; but I was to say Poleska wished to speak with Edith Rosenfelt, from Leon Gondy.'

'I come instantly,' exclaimed Edith in a trembling tone. 'My father, excuse me for a time—I leave your presence on important business;' and then she added, in a low tone: 'I knew that Providence was good!'

'Peter Krubingen,' said the domestic to the nephew.

Young Karl started, turned very pale, and hurried out, leaving the old man alone with his reveries. He did not take much notice of the sudden absence of the cousins, but leaned his head upon his hand, and pondered. The words of Edith, her evident desire to please him at any sacrifice, her undoubted affection for Leon, her aversion for his nephew, were all clear to his mind's eye, and yet he did not wish to retreat. There was a fund of obstinacy in his character, which was accustomed to yield only before strong circumstances. The project he was about to carry out was one that had filled his mind for years, and he caressed it with all a parent's love for an only child; still he saw floating before his mental vision reproachfully, the vision of Leon Gondy.

At this instant, young Karl entered hurriedly; he was very, very pale. His emotion was so great, that he fell rather than seated himself on his chair, and taking up a pen, began to write convulsively. The absence of Edith seemed to surprise him, and every now and then he looked towards her door. In a few minutes the door opened, and in she came. She, too, was very pale; but there was in her eyes such a glance of triumph and joy, that young Karl nearly leaped off his chair. She seated herself quietly and gravely, and then prepared to speak.

Karl trembled like a leaf; he seemed to watch for the sound of her voice like a criminal for the verdict of his judge.

'My father,' said she solemnly, 'you have not been careful with your strong-box these last few days. You have been robbed of eighty thousand florins in gold, precious stones, and papers on Paris.'

'What!' cried old Rosenfelt, amazed; 'what mean you?'

'That when you make up your books, you will find yourself so much poorer than you think, as eighty thousand florins can make a rich banker.'

'But how discovered you it not before?'

'Because your books have been falsified, figures erased and altered, as seeming blunders; and because I never doubted the honesty of a Rosenfelt.'

'Speak, girl!—what mean you?' said the old man, wildly looking first at one and then at the other.

'Look at yon trembling culprit: he knew not that he was already discovered; although he suspected it was coming, and had provided against the blazoning forth of his villainy. Nay, seek not the door; it is too late!'

As Edith spoke, the young man rose, pale as a flake of snow, tottering, trembling, to make for the door.

'God of heaven! my nephew a thief!' said the old man.

'Your nephew!' cried Edith contemptuously. 'You have no nephew.'

At this instant, the door was opened violently: Peter Krubingen was pushed forward head foremost by a party of the city watch; behind came Leon Gondy, Poleska, and an old man, tall, thin, and wan from suffering. Leon ran forward, and kissed the hand of Edith; the old man caught old Karl in his arms; and one of the watch, collaring young Karl, cried: 'In the name of the law, I arrest you, Louis Rigardin, otherwise Louis Krubingen, falsely calling yourself Karl Rosenfelt.'

The young man made no resistance, but was placed by his father, the false Peter Krubingen, without a word.

'Am I dreaming? Where am I? What means this? Who is this stranger who embraces me—speak, say? Why do officers of justice invade the house of the chief-magistrate of Ghent?' exclaimed the banker, almost incoherently.

'I am thy brother Paul,' cried the stranger passionately, 'and I have done all this. When I say all I have suffered from these two monstrous impostors, you will then surely excuse the liberties I have taken. Thank this noble youth, Leon Gondy, that I am alive to tell my tale.'

A scene of confusion almost impossible to be described now took place. Karl sank insensible on a chair, supported by his brother; Edith and Leon rushed forward to aid him; the city watch removed the two prisoners, after the false young Karl had owned that the missing money was in his room up-stairs.

XI.

The following was the narrative told by Poleska, and already alluded to, and which from the first sentence deeply interested Leon Gondy:

'I am an orphan; I never knew my parents. Taken by the hand by worthy people, the owners of this inn originally, some thirteen years ago, I was educated by them, and looked forward to being their adopted child; they, however, died suddenly, and, as I now fear, under very peculiar circumstances. The inn was then taken by one who gave himself the name of Peter Krubingen; he was, however, a Frenchman, and, as I afterwards found, his name was Rigardin. He had a son about my own age. He condescended to accept me as a playmate for his child, and soon, as an assistant in the business. A man of a certain education, he gave me some more ideas than I had before while teaching his son; but he gave me no principles: his ideas were cynical and bad. I knew not what feeling it was that made his notions repulsive to me; so much so, that when I grew older, and found he was the chief of a nefarious band infesting the forest, using his inn as a trap, I would have fled; but it was too late. I was deeply attached to his son. The boy was weak, and gave into his father's plans but too readily: I endeavoured to resist his parent's teaching, and with some success. The result was, that he did evil with his eyes open, and was miserable. I often reproached his father, who, at first furious, soon bore my fault-finding far too gently; the man, it seems, liked my spirit, and determined to make me his wife. It appears that he had planned to abandon his comrades, and return to France, when he should have realised a certain sum; but a temptation came in his way. A banker, named Rosenfelt, wanted a confidential clerk'——

'Rosenfelt!' exclaimed Leon, astounded. 'Rigardin'——

'You know the name'——

'Yes, yes! go on.'

'If you know him, this is nothing: it is to come to another crime, now being performed, that I tell you all this.'

'Another crime!—continue, in the name of God.'

'By means of confederates in Paris, he got the place, and staid there twelve months. At the end of that time, having gained the confidence of his employer, he robbed him and fled. The banker, a generous and forgiving man, never pursued him; and he came back here again to resume his old courses. He was almost inclined to leave the country, when another nefarious idea came into his head.

'It was late one evening, when a traveller sought shelter here; he was an old man, who scarcely was sure of his way. He asked if he could reach Ghent that night, and was answered that he could not: the distance was exaggerated to thirty miles, and he, with a deep sigh, intimated his intention to stop. He ordered his horse to the stables, after removing the saddle-bags, and a small travelling sack, with pistols and sabre, and then asked for supper. He seemed a man who had seen much of the world, and who had served. Just as supper was ready, he asked us all to join him, ordering a large jar of wine.

"You have lived long in this place?" said he presently.

"Several years," replied Peter with a suspicious glance.

"I ask, because, having been abroad many years in America, you may perhaps tell me something of those I left behind."

"Maybe I can, my master."

"Were you ever in Ghent?"

"I know a little of it," replied Peter, again uneasy.

"Have you ever heard of one Karl Rosenfelt?" asked the other abruptly, and as if overcome with emotion.

'My master was in the act of raising a cup to his lips. He trembled so violently, that he nearly spilt all his wine; but recovering himself, he answered: "The richest banker in all Ghent; a man with an enormous fortune, a still greater reputation, and an only daughter."

"Thank God, my brother lives!" cried the old man.

"Your brother!" exclaimed Peter Krubingen with a strange look.

"Yes, my brother. I left him a wild youth, and I return to him laden with riches. But I am weary of a foreign land, and I return home to live the rest of my days in peace. I wonder whether he will remember me?"

"Surely he will," said Peter, after a moment's thought. "But I now may tell you, that I lived in his house for years, and I never knew a day pass without his speaking of his long-lost brother. It is to his bounty that I owe my present independence."

'The old man listened with a delighted glance, Louis and I astounded, and not yet aware of the deep cunning of this arch-impostor.

"And so you have seen my brother?" said Paul Rosenfelt with flashing eyes. "Good Karl, he was always steady. Would the night was past, that I might press him in my arms."

"A bed is ready for you at once, if you could sleep in the old mill," replied Peter, avoiding my eyes.

"Anywhere. I am an old soldier, and have roughed it in the Mexican hills too often not to consider a mill a luxury. Call me early, and I will reward the waiter handsomely."

'With these words, he took up his saddle-bags and sack, with his pistols, and walked away to the mill, Peter Krubingen shewing him the road. We remained behind, looking at each other in blank silence; we felt that another crime was to be added to those already so familiar to us, and we knew not what to say or do. Presently Peter returned, shut up the inn, and drew near the fire; he was musing, and we dared not interrupt him.

"Louis," said he at last, "do you wish to make your fortune at one stroke, to rise to riches and honours in this world, and become even the son of a rich banker?"

"What mean you?" exclaimed both in one breath.

"I know the whole history of the family Rosenfelt. Paul is thought to be dead; let them think so still."

"What!" I said, blanched with terror—"murder at last?"

"Hush, girl! I talk not of murder. But Paul Rosenfelt leaves not the old mill until my son be married to his brother's daughter."

"Never!" said I warmly.

'Louis said nothing.

'Peter then laid his plan bare before us. He knew intimately the character of his late employer. He intended to seize the papers of Paul, and counterfeit his handwriting. Well instructed and furnished with credentials, Louis would then start, and personate the son of the long-lost brother, obtain the good graces of Karl, and marry his daughter.'

'The villain! the monster!' cried Leon, radiant, however, with joy and hope.

'The lad accepted, for he never cared much for me; his character was too weak for any sentiment to last long. We sat up a portion of the night, they laying their plans, I devouring my rage and despair, for I loved Louis then, and even now would welcome him back if he came. At dead of night, they entered the mill, overpowered Paul in his sleep, and took away his sack and saddle-bags; but they found no single trace of the old man's wealth. They found letters and papers, and a journal of his life: these were invaluable; and during a whole month were the daily and hourly study of them both. Forced by my threats of exposure, they did give him proper food, and forbore from any thought of serious ill-usage. The lad never had any, but the father thought it would be wisest to get rid of a troublesome evidence against them: he, however, concealed his intentions carefully; and when at last the day came for the departure of his son, solemnly pledged himself, that once his plans were carried out, the old man should have his freedom.

'Louis started, and reached Ghent, where it appears he played his part with consummate skill, deceiving father, daughter, and accepted lover.'

'Yes, all!' exclaimed Leon.

'How know you?'

'How know I? Because I am that lover; because during a whole month this audacious impostor has made me wretched; because I have for him given up her I love. The old man thought him his nephew, and wished to unite the cousins. But the hand of Providence is upon him, and Edith is saved!'

'You Leon Gondy!' exclaimed Poleska, amazed: 'then I need say no more. Take this key, rescue Paul Rosenfelt, and then for all reward I ask you to spare Louis. He is a boy—weak and bad, it is true, but spare him.'

'So far as I am concerned, he shall be spared,' replied Leon; 'but the key, the key!'

XII.

When the young man found himself violently pushed inside the prison of Paul Rosenfelt, his first impulse was to look around him. On a bed lay the old man, his hands and feet so tied that to rise was impossible. The room was large, with iron-barred windows, almost in the roof; the walls were of hewn stone, the door of massive wood. It was a solid and secure prison, and the heart of the young man sank within him. He was so overcome, that he sat on a stool by the bedside before speaking.

'Well, what new villainy, good Master Krubingen?' said the old man in a faint but sneering tone.

'O sir, I am not Peter Krubingen, but one who, coming to save you, has fallen into a trap, and now shares your prison.'

'Thy voice is new to me, but you are of the gang; you seek to trick me out of some secret. Go; I can die here, but I will not speak.'

'In the name of God, listen to me; I come to save you, your brother, and Edith from infamy worse than death. Listen, and then judge who I am.'

And Leon Gondy spoke, after cutting the bonds of the other which bound him to his bed.

'I believe you, my noble young friend,' said the old man, sitting up after several vain efforts, 'and bless you from my soul. I thought that girl Poleska was a good girl. But how escape from hence?'

Both waited hours in the vain endeavour to imagine some means of escape. They spoke of Karl, of his virtues, of his goodness, of his many noble qualities, and then, irritated and furious, they tried to shake the heavy door; but it moved not. They spoke of Edith. Leon told again the story of his love, of his sorrows; he hinted at his generous sacrifice, and every minute the old man thanked Providence for sending him at least a comforter.

'My hope is in Poleska,' said Leon Gondy at last. 'The girl detests the crime that grows rank round her; she loves Louis, and would prevent his marriage with Edith. This feeling will keep her intelligence alive, and at the first moment when the watch is careless, she will act.'

'But in the meantime the evil may be done, boy,' said Paul with an expression of deep passion, terrible in his weak state. 'Hush! the hour is come when our jailers bring food. Speak not a word, but listen and mark.'

A little window in the very summit of the mill opened, a cord was let down with a basket attached, Leon unfastened it, and the basket was instantly taken up again by an unseen hand.

'Twice every day this has been done since I have been here,' said the old man: 'it has been the only relief to the dull monotony of my existence.'

'But it cannot be that we are to wear out our lives here!' exclaimed Leon. 'But what to do? We are helpless, powerless; we cannot move hands or feet. To think of the evil that is being done while we are confined here; it is enough to drive one mad!'

'Young man,' said Paul Rosenfelt solemnly, 'repine not thus; we are in the hands of a merciful God. During my long life, I have been in much trouble, but Providence has taken me out at last. Something will occur to relieve us, be sure.'

Leon shook his head, and replied not; his thoughts—thoughts of poignant anguish—were far away.

Thus passed several days, until at last they had come to look almost upon this as their regular existence. They talked incessantly of the absent, but this only served to make them more miserable. Leon had tried every hole and corner in the place; he had sounded the walls, he had tried the door, but all to no purpose.

One day, when their food, supplied always abundantly, had been let down, they noticed that when the basket was drawn up, the window remained open, and a bundle followed.

'Listen!' said the voice of Poleska, coming, as it were, from the clouds.

'Hark!' replied the old man solemnly.

Leon stood up, firm and hopeful.

'He has gone. There is danger to him, it seems. Young Louis has robbed the banker of eighty thousand florins, to be ready in case his marriage project fails. In the bundle you will find a saw, a chisel, a hammer, and a file; use them quickly, obtain your freedom, and remember.'

'Do you remain here alone?' said Leon.

'I do.'

'Will you act while we are working?—will you go and save the banker's child? I abjure you solemnly to do as I bid you.'

'I will.'

'Wait a moment. Go at once to Ghent; ask, in my name, at the house of Karl Rosenfelt for Edith; say you come on business of life and death from us. When you see her, tell the whole truth, and all that can be done for you and him shall be done. Lose no time: go.'

'I will go. There is a horse in the stable: I will reach Ghent as soon as Peter. God speed you. If you cannot get out of yourselves, you shall soon be released.'

The window closed, and the girl was heard descending the old ladder of the mill. The instant she reached the inn, she locked the door, and, mounting a horse, galloped along the road to Ghent; she looked not to the right nor the left, but went on. Her pace was wild and rapid; and so little did she take note of events, that within two or three miles of Ghent, she passed Peter Krubingen refreshing himself at a road-side inn. The man muttered an imprecation, leaped on his horse, and galloped after her; but she did not follow the main road, and he did not overtake her. He entered at one gate, she at the other, and their arrival at the banker's house was almost simultaneous; hence the terror and alarm of the young man after his interview with his father.

Meanwhile the two prisoners had made good use of their time; and about half an hour after the flight of Poleska, they were free. They bounded to the road, and found some carriers beating at the inn-door. A few words stopped them; and then Paul, whose money and papers of value were all on his person, readily obtained the use of two horses. Away they galloped on to Ghent; and in two hours entered the town by different gates, at both of which they gave a full description of Peter Krubingen. They met at the guard-house of the burghers, and thence the news flew to the other gates. Half-a-dozen men followed them to the banker's house, in a low tavern near which the inn-keeper was arrested. The rest is known already.

XIII.

It was a proud day in Rosenfelt House. The arrival of his brother in person was at first a great shock to the banker, while at the discovery of the cheat practised on him he felt humiliated. It took some time to explain to him the real state of affairs. The mixing up of the name of Rigardin with the matter made clear much that had happened. He scarcely knew on whom most to lavish his caresses; he gently chid Leon for leaving them, and thus risking results so terrible.

But his conduct to his brother brought tears to the eyes of all. He was never weary of gazing at him; he asked him incessant questions; he scolded him for being silent for so many years; he thanked God for preserving him, and for the opportune meeting with Leon Gondy.

'But what have you done for more than a score of years—since your flight after that stupid quarrel with your father?' he asked at last.

'My dear Karl, in the pride and anger of my heart, I had vowed that none of mine should ever know of me again. I embarked for Spain as a common sailor, suffered hardship, heat, and cold, and starvation, and then sailed for America, where I resolved to take up my residence for ever. I became at first a hunter, then a soldier; and rising more from my wild determination than any other merit, became an officer. Nearly sixteen years ago, I married the widow of my colonel, a woman of vast wealth; we lived very happily together, until two years ago, when she died. I had now nothing to attach me to Mexico, and age and reason had brought repentance. I could not hope to see my father again, but I might see my brother—my good brother Karl.'

'God bless you, Paul, for thinking of me!'

'Yes; once the thought of you entered my head, it remained there day and night; it haunted me incessantly. I began to realise my fortune; but this took some time, as it was necessary to be done by stealth. At last I had remitted the whole to a banker in Rotterdam, one Peter Kelps'——

'A good man—my correspondent: your money is safe,' put in the wealthy banker, smiling.

'I started then for Europe, and, eager to find you, came hither direct from Spain on horseback. The rest you have learned already. But now, what is to be done with the knaves to whom I owe a cord and gibbet?'

'Paul Rosenfelt,' said Leon quickly, 'our troubles are now over—let us not avenge. These wretches deserve condign punishment, and society will seek to punish them; but recollect my vow to Poleska: the boy must not be harmed.'

'Leon Gondy,' exclaimed Paul, 'I owe you too much not to acquiesce in anything you ask of me; but these knaves must not run loose on society, to trick and rob others.'

'Certainly not; but Poleska may save them: she loves the boy—let her marry him. Once her husband, she will master him completely. Then let them answer for the father. Send them back to the inn, knowing that our eye is upon them. Let your brother see that the place be watched, and there will be little fear of their doing harm.'

'I consent,' said Paul approvingly, 'though the father deserves a halter.'

'I think Leon's project wise,' put in Karl. 'I do not want exposure, though the events of the last month must be explained. First, however, let these knaves leave the town. No time is to be lost.—Leon, do you have them sent for, that they may be examined; do you, Edith, produce Poleska.'

The two lovers hurried away; and half an hour later, the prisoners and their old servant were in presence of the chief-magistrate of Ghent. The pretended Peter Krubingen looked defiant; his son hung his head, and wept; Poleska was very pale.

'You are aware, Rigardin, that your life is forfeited?' began Karl.

'Take it, then!' said the prisoner sullenly.

'Not only your own life, but that of your son.'

Louis trembled like a waving leaf; Rigardin gulped down a heavy sigh, and the expression of his countenance softened; while Poleska leaned against the wall for support, her hand pressed convulsively upon her heart.

'I know it, Karl Rosenfelt,' said the man half sullenly, half imploringly; 'but take my life only, for that boy is innocent, save of obedience to a bad father.' The three men looked at each other; Paul, Karl, and Leon whispered together.

'That word, Rigardin, has saved you,' said Karl, suddenly turning round: 'there is one green spot in your seared heart yet. But you are aware of the affection of Poleska for your son?'

'I am,' said the man almost savagely.

'Then consent to their marriage—swear to live with them, to treat them as your children, and you may have a conditional pardon. You will be bound down, under penalty of being transported to America, never to go one mile beyond your inn, until such time as we see fit, from your good conduct, to relax our severity.'

Peter Rigardin looked stupidly astonished; he could not understand such clemency on the part of the injured.

'You seem surprised. Learn that you owe this to the man most injured—to Leon Gondy. He would not have his marriage made sad by the sorrows even of the guilty. But speak! do you consent?'

'I do; and by every saint in heaven I swear'——

'Swear not. I will take your word, though using all just precaution.

—Now, Louis, do you consent to marry Poleska, and be unto her a husband?'

'I thank you all, my masters,' replied Louis in a timid tone; 'but Poleska'——

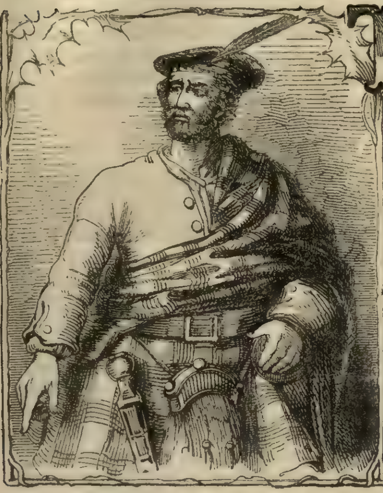
'Will be your wife so long as you keep from guilt. But the day you again look at crime, I leave you to your fate!' said Poleska firmly and resolutely.

'The strong woman will save the weak man,' whispered Paul to his brother.

Karl nodded, and then the prisoners were removed. Next day, Louis and Poleska were married, and they went back to the inn. It was reopened, and, with the aid of money given by Leon, repaired and replenished. The father accompanied them. His first act was one that shewed his desire to keep his word: he boldly told all his evil associates what had happened, and then added, that if they did anything to his knowledge, they would be denounced; while, in case of any harm happening to him, a list of their names was in the hands of the chief-magistrate of Ghent. Then he set to work, to aid his children. They had now a man-servant and a chamber-maid, both watches over Peter; and as the house became clean, the accommodation good, and the neighbourhood got cleared of the alarmed ex-confederates, the house was frequented, and prospered. The man was not cured in heart for a long time, but he had good watch kept over him; and in course of time, finding a life free from crime much easier and happier than one of guilt, he became at all events a respectable man. Poleska became a portly hostess. She ruled Louis kindly but firmly, and was thorough mistress of her house. Supported and protected by a woman of energy, loved by her, Louis got cured of the evil teaching of his youth; and at forty was a jolly, talkative, gossiping, but honest host, with half-a-dozen children, the delight of a strange and somewhat grave old man they called grandfather.

Leon and Edith continued to protect them. When it was seen that they all kept firmly on the right road, the vigilance of the magistrate relaxed, and they were not only pardoned, but treated kindly. As for the young lovers, they were very happy: they married, and lived still in Rosenfelt House for some years. At the death of Karl, which took place ten years later, and one year after that of Paul, the young man found himself so rich, that he sold his bank to two of his wealthiest correspondents, and retired to Paris, where the son of the jeweller became count and lord, taking the name of Leon de Gondy. Had the wealth of the banker fallen into the hands of the young impostor, it would have melted like water, for money is a good or an evil as we know its use and value. Gold—like the Indian plant which, eat in its raw state, is death, while prepared, it is the bread of life—is a balm, a talisman, or a deadly poison, as it is used ill or well.

ROB ROY AND THE CLAN MACGREGOR.



THE Highlands of Scotland, as is generally known, form a large mountainous territory in the north-western division of the kingdom, and have from time immemorial been inhabited by a Celtic people, differing in manners, dress, and language from their Lowland or Anglo-Saxon neighbours. A very remarkable peculiarity among the Highlanders was their system of clanship. The country was parcelled out into a number of little territories, each inhabited by a clan; that is, by a few hundreds, or a few thousands of persons, all bearing the same name, and all believed to be sprung from the same stock; and each territory was governed by the chief of the clan, under the guidance of certain established customs and traditional maxims. The government was one of pure affection. The meanest clansman, while he venerated his chief, believed at the same time that the blood which flowed in his chief's veins was the same as that which flowed in his own; and the chief, on the other hand, while his power was all but absolute, was expected to clasp the hand of the poorest man in the clan when he met him, and at all times to treat him with dignity and respect, as a scion of the same race as himself.

At the middle of the eighteenth century, there were about forty distinct clans in the Highlands, some of them numerous and powerful, others small and weak. In general, each clan occupied a defined tract of country: thus, the west of Sutherlandshire was the 'country' of the Mackays; the west of Ross and the island of Lewis, the 'country' of the Mackenzies; Argyleshire, the 'country' of the Campbells; and so on. In the districts adjoining the Lowlands, the territories of the respective clans appear to have latterly been less precisely marked, as if the various tribes, by their mutual collisions, had been partially broken up and intermingled with each other. Thus, beginning at the Firth of Clyde, and proceeding along the line dividing the Highlands from the Lowlands, we find Colquhouns, Buchanans, Macfarlanes, Macgregors, Maclarens, Maclachlans, Grahams, Stewarts, Drummonds, Murrays, Menzieses, Robertsons, Ogilvies, Farquharsons, either occupying small patches of territory, or so mixed together that they cannot be separated. Besides being split up by collisions, the clans in this quarter suffered unquestionably from the pressure of the Lowland settlers, and the grants made of their lands to favourite retainers of the Scottish monarchs. The Macgregors, whose settlement was the district north of Loch Lomond, were one of these maltreated frontier clans.

ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE MACGREGORS—THEIR SUFFERINGS AS A CLAN.

Chroniclers tell us that in the year 831, at the time when the Picts and Scots were contending for the mastery of the northern part of the island, there was a king of the latter people called Alpin. His son was Kenneth II., or Kenneth Macalpine, who, after conquering the Picts, reigned over the joint races of the Scots and Picts. He had a son Gregor or Gregory, who, in the Gaelic fashion, would be called Gregor Mackenneth Macalpine; and it is from this person that the Macgregors claim their descent. This claim of the Macgregors to an ancient and royal descent, forms the burden of two Gaelic rhymes referring to the clan; one of which runs thus: 'Hills, waters, and Macalpines are the three oldest things in Albion;' and the other asserts the hereditary claim of the Macgregors to the Scottish throne. Being of so illustrious a lineage, the Macgregors, although excluded by circumstances from the throne on which their progenitors had sat, were naturally in early times one of the most considerable families in the kingdom. They had originally very extensive estates in Argyleshire and Perthshire, measuring in one direction from Loch Rannoch to Loch Lomond, and in another from Loch Etive to Taymouth. The seat of the principal branch of the family was Glenurchy, in the district of Lorn.

One of the first authentic notices of the Macgregors of Glenurchy is during the period of the struggle for independence against Edward I. of England. In 1296, John Macgregor of Glenurchy was made prisoner by Edward at the battle of Dunbar, where the fortunes of Baliol and the Scottish nation were shattered; and in the list of the prisoners, this Macgregor is styled one of the Magnates of Scotland. His lands and his liberty were afterwards restored to him by the conqueror, on condition of his going over to France to assist in the war which the English were then carrying on with that kingdom. It is probable that he returned to Scotland towards the close of the stormy period 1297–1306, and lived on his property of

Glenurchy. In this last-mentioned year, 1306, Robert Bruce, after killing his rival, John Cumin, assumed the Scottish crown; but not being able to cope with the English forces then in Scotland, and disowned by a large faction of the Scottish nobles, he had to quit his kingdom, and seek refuge in Ireland. Passing through the Highlands, the fugitive king was attacked and pursued by the Lord of Lorn, who had married Cumin's sister; and as the king in his flight passed through the territory of the Macgregors, it is probable that they assisted Lorn on this occasion. When, therefore, King Robert had seated himself firmly on the throne, he remembered the injury he had suffered at the hands of the Macgregors, and inflicted a severe punishment for it, by depriving the clan of a great part of its ancient possessions.

The commencement of a long series of misfortunes and persecutions dates from the time of Robert Bruce. Rendered weak, and at the same time fierce and disaffected, by the loss of so large a portion of their possessions in this king's reign, they resented, but could not resist the encroachments which, in these lawless times, their neighbours tried to make on the portion which still remained. While other more loyal clans secured their possessions by written charters from the king, the Macgregors scorned to retain theirs by any other right than the right of the sword; and hence, year after year, they found their territory diminishing, eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the cupidity of their neighbours. The 'greedy' Campbells, as the enemies of this powerful and distinguished clan used spitefully to nickname it, were the neighbours from whose aggressions on their property the Macgregors suffered most; and early in the fifteenth century, Glenurchy passed finally out of the possession of the Macgregors into that of the Campbells. Accordingly, in a charter of the date 1442, we find the title of 'Glenurchy' applied to Sir Colin Campbell, a younger son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe.

The Macgregors were now a landless clan. But although deprived of all legal right to their ancient possessions, they were too numerous and powerful to be actually driven off the face of the lands in Perthshire and Argyleshire which they occupied. They accordingly continued to reside on them nominally in the capacity of tenants either of the crown or of some neighbouring clan chief, such as Campbell of Glenurchy, but really as independently as if they still were their own landlords. The legal title, however, having once been alienated from the Macgregors, they became a doomed race, subject to annoyances and persecutions at the hands of every one. Of so little consideration were they, along with other broken clans, that it was customary for the Scottish government, in the fifteenth century, to reward noblemen of tried loyalty by bestowing on them portions of the unreclaimed crown lands in the Highlands, with all the uncivilised natives upon them, whether Macdonalds, or Macnabs, or Macgregors. As the fortunate nobleman who obtained such a grant required to subdue or extirpate the natives before he could take possession of their lands, such a measure in these rude times was shrewd and politic; it was employing the griping spirit and fierce passions of the nobility to extend civilisation and preserve order in the kingdom. The task, however, of subduing or extirpating the native Highlanders was long, tedious, and occasionally impossible. The Macgregors especially seem to have been inextinguishable. Remaining doggedly and resolutely in their native glens, they cared little who was called their landlord, whether he were the king, or only a Campbell; and every attempt to exercise a landlord's rights met with a stern resistance. Sometimes acting on the defensive, and attacking any party which might enter into their territories for a hostile purpose—sometimes acting on the offensive, invading the territories of their foes in turn, burning their houses, and carrying off their cattle, the Macgregors soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most intractable and unruly clans in the Highlands. Hence it became a standing question with the Scottish government—How shall we clear the country of these Macgregors?

Probably, if the seat of the clan had been farther north, their wild and lawless conduct would have attracted less notice. But that such a clan should continue to exist, and to commit its outrages on the very borders of the Lowlands, within a few miles of royal residences and courts of justice, seemed to be a disgrace to any set of men intrusted with the government of a country. So at least thought the Scottish authorities of the fifteenth century; for in the rudest times the ideas of justice, order, and good government are always familiar to public functionaries. The whole resources of the police of that period were therefore employed against the Macgregors. We have already shewn in what these consisted—in stirring up clan against clan, in making the passions and the interests of one clan, pledged to the cause of order, clash with those of another reputedly disloyal.

The Campbells were the great enemies of the Macgregors during the fifteenth century. Favoured by grants from the kings, and by their own strong 'acquisitiveness,' they pushed themselves not only into Glenurchy, but farther east still—through Breadalbane as far as the banks of Loch Tay—ploughing their way, as it were, through the Macgregors, and casting the remnant of that doomed clan up on both sides, like the ridges of earth made by a plough. The Macgregors now, instead of being a whole and unbroken population, were divided into two separate tribes or masses, the one inhabiting the banks of Loch Rannoch and the north of Glenurchy, the other living in the immediate neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, in the districts of Glenfalloch and Balquhidder. Both these bands of Macgregors appear to have made it their great object and occupation to retaliate on the Campbells the injuries they had received, by making expeditions into the territories of which they had taken possession, carrying away the cattle, and doing all the mischief in their power. A Macgregor of the fifteenth century, whether born on the banks of Loch Rannoch or on the banks of Loch Lomond, was taught, as his first duty, to hate a Campbell. Nay, more, the Macgregors had no other means of subsistence than harassing and 'harrying' the Campbells. Hence, by the end of the fifteenth century, the Macgregors, formerly known as an unruly and intractable clan, had come to be notorious as robbers and cattle-stealers. In 1488, the first year of the reign of James IV., an act was passed by the parliament for the 'stanching of thift, reiff, and uther inormiteis, throw all the realme;' and, as was customary, the task of doing so was committed to the great landed proprietors, the proprietors of each district becoming bound to do their best to put down crime within their bounds. The Macgregors appear to have been specially aimed at by this act, for we find the following three proprietors, Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, Ewen Campbell of Strachur, and Neil Stewart of Fortingal, appointed as a commission of justice to inquire into and punish the depredations committed in the districts of Glenurchy, Glenlyon, Glenfalloch, &c.—the very districts inhabited by the impoverished and desperate Macgregors.

We have sketched the history of the Macgregors down to the year 1500, at which period we find them, not spread over Perthshire and Argyleshire, as they had been two or three centuries before, but accumulated in two masses, one on the banks of Loch Rannoch, the other on the banks of Loch Lomond. The principal agents in effecting this change had been the Campbells; but in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find the Macgregors of Rannoch involved in a new feud with the Menzieses. In 1502, Robert Menzies of that Ilk, already an extensive proprietor in the north of Perthshire, obtained a grant of the lands of Rannoch. In making this grant, the government did not trouble itself with the question: What was to become of the Macgregors who at present held the lands? It simply said to Menzies: 'Here is a desirable piece of property filled with Macgregors, and we make you a present of it on condition that you fill it with Menzieses.' Embracing the proposal, the Laird of Menzies made all preparations for expelling the poor Macgregors; who, on the other hand, having no means of emigrating, and not choosing to be driven into the sea, or to break up the clan and dissipate themselves through the kingdom, prepared as resolutely to remain where they were. They clung so desperately to their lands, and made such incursions into the territories of their oppressors, that the poor lairds of Menzies began to wish from their hearts they had never been made lords of Rannoch. The honour was very great, but the income was very small. By accepting the grant, they had incurred a sort of obligation to the government, which they found themselves unable to discharge. Thus, in 1523, we find Robert

Menzies putting in a petition to the Lords of the Council, begging to be exempted from all liability in the matter of keeping the Macgregors in order, 'seeing that the said Macgregor forcibly entered the said Robert's lands of Rannoch, and withholds the same frae him maisterfully, and is of far greater power than the said Robert, and will not be put out by him of the said lands;' and in 1530 we find the same laird, or his successor, 'asking instruments, that without some good rule be found for the clan Grigor, he may not have to answer for his lands, nor be bounden for good rule in the same.' This state of things continued through the whole of the sixteenth century, the Menzieses being the legal lords of Rannoch, and bound for good behaviour within the same; and yet the lands being held forcibly by the 'broken men of Macgregor,' who, though growing weaker and weaker every year, still refused to be rooted out.

Such, during the sixteenth century, was the condition of the Macgregors of Rannoch; nor was the condition of the other mass of the Macgregors, accumulated in Balquhidder and on the borders of the Lowlands, happier or more peaceful. Their enemies, however, were far more formidable than the Menzieses; they were the Campbells of the neighbourhood, backed by all the power of the great Earl of Argyll, and by all the authority of the government. It must, indeed, have been galling to the Scottish council, sitting at Perth or Stirling, where also the king sometimes resided, to hear every day of depredations committed by the Macgregors in Glengyle, Strathearn, or Balquhidder—almost, as it were, at their doors. Not only so, but the Macgregors began also to make incursions into the Lowlands, and to harass the most quiet and peaceable of the king's subjects. Now striking a blow at their old enemies, the Campbells of Glenurchy and Breadalbane, now making an expedition southward into the territories of the Colquhouns, the Buchanans, the Grahams, the Stewarts, and the Drummonds, sometimes even dashing in amongst the honest burghers working at their trades in the Lowland towns, the robber clan became a pest and a terror to all the neighbourhood. Accordingly, their name occurs frequently in the justiciary and other public records of the sixteenth century.

To such a pitch of violent and angry feeling was the privy-council raised by the continual depredations of the 'robber clan,' that in September 1563, in the reign of Queen Mary, it issued an edict of extermination by fire and sword against the whole of the Macgregors; appointing the Earls of Argyll, Moray, Athole, and Errol, Lords Ogilvy, Ruthven, and Drummond, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and John, Laird of Grant, as commissioners, with power to see the edict put in force, each in his own district. Supplementary to this terrible decree, a similar warrant was granted to proceed with fire and sword against all 'harbourers' of the clan; that is, against all who should shelter any of the doomed race, or receive them into their houses.

The decree for exterminating the Macgregors was zealously put in force by at least one of the commissioners, whose feeling against them was more personal and bitter than that of any of the others could be expected to be—Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy. The keen relish with which he fulfilled his share of the bloody business is commemorated in a passage, written in a manuscript history of the Campbells by the orders of his own son and successor, which tells us that 'he was ane great justiciar of all his time, through which he sustained that deadly feud of the clan Gregor ane lang space; and besides that, he caused execute to the death mony notable limmers [criminals]; he beheaded the Laird of Macgregor himself at Kenmore, in presence of the Earl of Athole, the lord-justice-clerk, and sundry other noblemen.' In executing the decree against the harbourers of the Macgregors, however, Sir Colin carried matters with so high a hand, and committed such atrocities against the lives and property of respectable families, that, after being remonstrated with to no purpose, he was deprived of his commission in the year 1565.

Although the severities employed against the Macgregors at this time fell far short of those which the language of the decree threatened, they appear to have produced some effect. A fraction of the clan had, in the course of this and previous persecutions, found it advisable to throw themselves upon the mercy of the government, and give security for peaceable conduct. The great majority of the clan, however, whether in Rannoch or Balquhidder, continued as wild, as lawless, and as outrageous as ever. In the year 1566, the tenants and feuars of Menteath were unable to pay their rents, stating as a reason that their lands and houses had been 'harried' by the Macgregors. In fact, desperate and reckless, brought up from their earliest youth with the idea of being a wronged and persecuted race, and with the expectation of a violent death as a matter of course, the 'broken men of Macgregor' were ready to engage in any scheme, quarrel, or conspiracy which held out a prospect of activity, and especially of revenge against the Campbells.

We now come to a crisis in the history of the Macgregors. For three hundred years they had been the victims of a cruel fortune; but now there was impending over them one calamity more, the fall of which was to shatter them to pieces.

STORY OF DRUMMOND-EIRNICH—MACGREGOR OF GLENSTRAE—PROSCRIPTION OF THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

In the reign of James IV. there was a deadly feud between the Drummonds and the Murrays, two powerful clans on the southern frontiers of Perthshire. The Drummonds chancing once to find a hundred and sixty Murrays in the church of Monivaird, set fire to it, and roasted or suffocated them all—all except a single Murray, whom one of the Drummonds took pity upon, and suffered to leap clear out of the flames. No sooner was the horrible deed made public, than vigorous measures were adopted against the Drummonds, a great many of whom were seized and executed. The Drummond to whose compassion the single Murray remaining out of the hundred and sixty owed his life, fled to Ireland; but being at length permitted to return, he and his family were known afterwards by the name of Drummond-Eirnich, or the Irish Drummonds. In the year 1589–90, Drummond-Eirnich, probably the grandson of this man, was one of the royal foresters in the forest of Glenartney, close upon the haunts occupied by a particular branch of the Macgregors, called MacEagh, or the Children of the Mist. Drummond-Eirnich having made himself obnoxious to the Children of the Mist by hanging several of the clan for some depredations—of which, as forester, he was officially required to take cognisance—a small party of them waylaid him in the forest, cut off his head, and, wrapping it in a plaid, carried it away with them as a trophy. 'In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvoirlich, and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered man (her husband being absent), was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house. The poor woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where for many weeks she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. The sequel of her story is, that some remaining instinctive feeling bringing her at length out of the woods to steal a glance, from a distance, at the maidens while they milked the cows, always darting away when she found herself perceived, her husband was at length able to convey her home, where, after giving birth to a child of which she had been pregnant, and whose subsequent history shewed the influence of the circumstances preceding his birth, she gradually recovered her mental faculties.'* To return to the Macgregors. Foreseeing the storm which would burst upon them in consequence of the bloody deed they had committed, they marched straight to the old church of Balquhidder, taking the head of Drummond-Eirnich along with them. There all the clan having been convened, the ghastly head of the murdered man was laid on the altar, and the Macgregors, going up to it one by one, beginning with the chief, placed their hands upon it, and swore in the most awful manner to make common cause with the clansmen who had done the deed.

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* Introduction to the *Legend of Montrose.*

The murder of Drummond-Eirnich was no sooner known than prompt measures of vengeance were taken. By an act of the privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 4th February 1589, a commission was given to the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Athole, Montrose, Patrick Lord Drummond, and seven other landed proprietors, to search for and apprehend Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, nearly two hundred others mentioned by name, 'and all others of the said clan Gregor, or their assisters, culpable of the said odious murder, or of theft, reset of theft, herships, and sornings, wherever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flee to strengths and houses, to pursue and assiege them with fire and sword; and this commission to endure for the space of three years.' The commission appears to have been executed with extreme severity.

Allaster Roy Macgregor of Glenstrae, the person named first in the commission, being the head of the clan, was a brave and active man, the chief of an important family of the Macgregors, which had for long held a small property as tenants of Argyll, but which, about the year 1554, when the property was made over to Campbell of Glenurchy, was involved in the miseries endured by the rest of the clan. His father having been put to death, and himself ejected from his property, Allaster was compelled to follow the same wild and lawless career as other chieftains of his unhappy race. At the same time he seems to have foreseen the ruin which would inevitably attend the conduct of him and his fellows, and to have wished, from the bottom of his heart, to avert the coming catastrophe by putting himself and his clan within the pale of civilised life before it was too late. Accordingly, in the year 1591, we find him entering into a compact with Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy and other Perthshire proprietors, under the auspices of government, binding himself and his followers to abstain from slaughters and depredations; and in consequence of this compact, it appears that the sentence of the commission against him was annulled. All his efforts, however, were insufficient to tame the turbulent spirit which had grown up under centuries of suffering; and the other proprietors who had signed the bond—or, as they are called, 'the Landlords of the clan Gregor'—finding it impossible to keep their promise so long as they had any Macgregors among their tenants, began ruthlessly to turn them out. Seeing his poor clansmen thus buffeted and tossed about, denied house-room, as it were, on the face of the earth, Allaster Macgregor went to Dunfermline in July 1596, and delivered himself up as a hostage to the king for the future good behaviour of his clan. Tired, however, of dancing attendance at the court of King James, whose conversation and habits were, we may suppose, not very congenial with those of a Highland chief, Allaster dashed away one day to his native hills.

Still he persisted in his efforts to maintain friendly relations with the king and his council; and when other clans, stirred up, it was said, by the crafty and dissimulating Earl of Argyll, invaded the lands occupied by the Macgregors, Allaster, instead of retaliating, took the extraordinary step—extraordinary for a Highland chief—of demanding damages in a court of law. 'The Laird of Macgregor and his kin,' are the words of his counsel in a paper of protest preserved in the Justiciary Records, 'were the first since King James the First's time that came and sought justice.' And in July 1599, when he was summoned to appear before the king and council to give farther security for the good order of his clan, there was presented an offer in his name of eighteen hostages, six out of each of the three principal houses of the clan, with a prayer that his majesty would be pleased to accept these in lieu of the pecuniary caution demanded: 'in respect,' says the document—and there is a tone of real melancholy in the words—'that neither is he responsible in the sums whereupon the caution is found, and that nae inland man will be caution for him in respect of the bypast enormities of his clan.' In other words, the poor chief confesses that his clan now had neither money nor credit.

Notwithstanding all Allaster's promises and endeavours, the clan could not all at once conform to the usages of civilised life. Ever and anon the irrepressible Macgregor spirit broke out: a provoking Campbell was occasionally stabbed by the dirk of a fiery clansman, or a stray herd of cattle was found missing from the hills. At length the king and his council relieved themselves of the whole charge of the Macgregors, by appointing the Earl of Argyll to the office of lord-lieutenant and chief-justice over all the lands inhabited by the clan. Under this new arrangement, it might have been possible for the Macgregors to recover their character, and become good subjects; and Allaster Macgregor seems to have flattered himself at first with the expectation of this desirable result. But Argyll was a crafty, double-dealing man; and while seeming zealously engaged in restoring order in the west Highlands, he in reality used the authority with which his office invested him to convert the Macgregors into instruments for accomplishing his own purposes of private revenge. Establishing Allaster and his clan as a sort of district police, he employed them to attack those families against which he entertained personal ill-will; and then being the first himself to point to the outrages which they had perpetrated, he threw the whole blame on his miserable agents. By Argyll's secret orders, Allaster and his men inflicted great damage on the property of the lairds of Luss, Buchanan, Ardkinglass, and Ardincaple, and other proprietors near Loch Lomond.

The most disastrous to the poor Macgregors of all the enterprises in which the Earl of Argyll engaged them was their feud with the Colquhouns of Luss—a clan inhabiting Dumbartonshire, on the west of Loch Lomond. Firing the blood of Allaster Macgregor and his men by calling to their recollection some old occasion of quarrel between them and the Colquhouns, Argyll prevailed on them to march along the banks of Loch Long towards Luss. The Macgregors amounted to upwards of three hundred; but, receiving timely notice of their approach, the Laird of Colquhoun was able to collect a force about twice as strong, composed, besides his own clan, of his neighbours, the Buchanans and the Grahams, together with a number of the citizens of Dumbarton, who took the field on the occasion under the command of Tobias Smollett, bailie of the town, and ancestor of no less a personage than the author of *Roderick Random*. The two little armies met in Glenfruin, a name which signifies the Glen of Sorrow. Daunted by the great superiority of the Colquhouns in numbers, the Macgregors hesitated to commence the fight. At this moment an old Macgregor, who was a seer, or had the gift of second-sight, cried out: 'Aha! I see the chiefs of the Colquhouns wrapped in their winding-sheets!' Encouraged by these words, the Macgregors met the foe; and after a desperate fight, completely routed them, killing more than two hundred in the pursuit. It is also said that a party of savage Macgregors massacred a number of defenceless students of divinity and grammar-school boys, who had come from Dumbarton to witness the fray; and a stone, bearing the name of *Leck-a-mhimsteir*, or Clergyman's Flagstone, is still pointed out in Glenfruin as being the spot where the youths were killed; but it is strenuously denied by some that any such atrocity was committed, and certainly there is no mention of it in the contemporary records of the courts of justice.

The battle of Glenfruin was fought in the spring of 1603. On being reported to the king and his council, it was looked upon as an addition to the black calendar of crimes committed by an incorrigible race; and whatever concern the Earl of Argyll had in it, was concealed by the crafty conduct of that nobleman. He was the first to turn against the men whom he had himself stirred up to commit the crime; at least contemporary historians say so, and contemporary documents bear them out. All the blame and all the punishment fell on the Macgregors. In order to impress the mind of the king with a vivid idea of the extent of the slaughter at Glenfruin, and excite a thirst for vengeance in those who were about him, two hundred and twenty widows of the slain Colquhouns and Buchanans appeared before the court at Stirling, clad in black, and riding on white palfreys, each carrying her husband's bloody shirt on a spear—a sight at which, according to tradition, no man would be so likely to turn pale as the son of her who had seen Rizzio murdered at her feet. Measures more severe than any that had ever been adopted against the Macgregors, than had ever been adopted against any clan, were now resolved upon. On the 3d of April 1603, the privy-council passed an act abolishing for ever the name and clan of Macgregor. All who bore this odious surname were commanded instantly to exchange it for some other, on pain of death; and all who belonged to the clan were prohibited, under the same penalty, from wearing 'ony kind of armour except ane pointless knife to cut their meat.' Measures were also taken for the apprehension and punishment of the principal Macgregors known to have been present at Glenfruin. After several months of wandering through the Highlands, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae and the chief men of the clan surrendered to the Earl of Argyll, on the understanding that they should be sent out of Scotland. The earl 'kept his promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense.' Sending the captive Macgregors, under a strong escort, across the Scottish border, and thus having literally fulfilled his bargain, he had them brought back to Edinburgh, where, after a hasty trial on the 20th of January 1604, Glenstrae and several of his associates were conveyed from the bar to the gibbet at the market-cross, and hanged, Glenstrae being suspended his own height higher than his companions. Others of the clan were brought to Edinburgh as they were taken, and shared the same fate as their chief; and, it appears from Calderwood's *History*, that in the case of seven of these, 'reputed honest for their own parts,' the formality of a trial was dispensed with. On the trial of Allaster Macgregor, he produced a declaration, the original of which is preserved in the Register-house of Edinburgh. Several passages in it are very affecting. It commences thus: 'I, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, confess here before God that I have been persuaded, moved, and enticed, as I am now presently accused and tried for; also, gif I had used counsel or command of the man that has enticed me, I would have done and committed sundry heich [high] murders mair; for truly since I was first his majesty's man, I could never be at any ease by my Lord of Argyll's falsehood and inventions, for he caused M'Lean and clan Cameron commit herschip and slaughter in my room [country] of Rannoch, the which caused my puir men to beg and steal.' After explaining the affair of Glenfruin, and enumerating the other instances in which Argyll had urged him on to the commission of crimes, with threats that, if he did not obey, he would be his 'unfriend,' Glenstrae concludes his declaration thus: 'At this hour I would be content to take banishment, with all my kin that was at the Laird of Luss's slaughter, and all others of them that any fault can be laid to their charge, if his majesty, of his mercy, would let puir innocent men and young bairns pass to liberty, and learn to live as innocent men.'

Without a chief now, and no longer allowed to call themselves a clan, the Macgregors were hunted down in their native glens. The Earls of Argyll and Athole were charged with the execution of the acts of the privy-council; and many a battle was fought between the agents of these two noblemen and the desperate men whom they came to disarm. To abjure the names of their forefathers—to forget their descent from the old Scottish Alpin—to call themselves

Macgregors no more—to walk through the hills which were once their own, downcast and dishonoured, a jeer and a scorn to every Campbell or Menzies who might choose to laugh at them—this was an indignity to which it required a crushing force to make them submit. But government was resolute; and for thirty years it continued to pass stringent acts against the Macgregors. By an act of 1613, they were forbidden, under the penalty of death, to assemble in greater force than four at a time; and in 1617 the act making the name of Gregor or Macgregor illegal was repeated, for the benefit of the new race of clansmen which had sprung up since its first publication. The women of the clan were also ordered to be branded with the mark of a key in the face; but there is no instance of this brutal regulation being actually carried into effect. The reason assigned for the stringency of these and other acts passed relative to the clan Macgregor between 1603 and 1617, is, that 'the bare and simple name of Macgregor made that hail clan to presume on their power, strength, and force.'

The Macgregors, now broken up and dispersed, and without any acknowledged chief, complied so far with the edicts issued against them as to lay aside their clan name in public, and assume others. Such of the clan as were settled among the Campbells called themselves Campbells; such as were settled among the Stewarts called themselves Stewarts; and so on; till there was scarcely a single clan in the central district of Scotland without some disguised Macgregors in it. Still, there were various bonds of connection which attached the scattered fragments of the royally descended clan; and it is, according to what we know of Highland human nature, natural to suppose that, in their low and downcast condition, the Macgregors would regale their memories more frequently than before with tales from the history of their race, and that each recollection of a deed of valour done by an ancestor would be accompanied, in a Macgregor's heart, by a hotter thrill. That there were occasional ebullitions of the Macgregor spirit, even after the disgrace and dispersion of the clan, appears from the preamble to a statute passed in 1633, eight years after the accession of Charles I., which states that the turbulent clan Gregor was again lifting its head in Perth, Stirling, Clackmannan, and the Mearns, and renews the persecuting edicts of the previous reign. The following striking little anecdote is told of a Macgregor chieftain of that period residing in Glenurchy. His son had gone out with a party of young men to shoot on the moors. Accidentally meeting with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont, who was on his way to Fort William, attended by a servant, they went all into an inn to have some refreshment together. A quarrel took place on some trifling circumstance between Lamont and young Macgregor; dirks were drawn; and Macgregor fell mortally wounded. In the confusion, Lamont escaped, and ran for his life, pursued by the Macgregors. The night favoured him; and at the dawn of morning he found himself near a habitation, to which he proceeded. It was the house of the Macgregor whose son he had killed; and the old man himself was standing at the door. 'Save my life!' cried Lamont as he came up; 'I am pursued.' 'Whoever you are,' said Macgregor, 'you are safe here;' and saying so, the old man took him in, and introduced him to his wife and daughters. Ere long the Macgregors who were in pursuit came up, and told the chief that his son had fallen in a scuffle, and that the assassin had passed that way. Macgregor's wife and daughters filled the house with their cries, as the pursuers recognised the stranger. 'Be quiet,' said the old chief; 'let no man touch the youth. He has Macgregor's word for his safety; and, as God lives, he shall be safe while he is in my house.' He kept his promise, and even accompanied Lamont, with twelve men in arms, to Inverary, where, having landed him on the other side of Loch Fyne, he left him with these words: 'Lamont, you are now safe; no longer can I, or will I, protect you. Keep out of the way of my clan; and God forgive you.' This occurred shortly before the repetition of the persecuting edicts in 1633; and it is gratifying to be able to add that the old chief, when afterwards hunted from his property, in consequence of these acts, found a refuge in the house of the man whose life he had so nobly saved.

During the Civil War, the fierce spirit of the clan found a lawful vent in fighting on the king's side, and against the Commonwealth; for, notwithstanding their sufferings at the hand both of James and Charles, the Macgregors, remembering their descent from Alpin, the ancestor of the Stuarts as well as their own, took part with royalty, and ranging themselves under other clan chiefs, fought in the armies of Montrose; and after Charles's death, assisted the Lowlanders against Cromwell. They evidently hoped to wipe out past transgressions by their loyal conduct; and there is extant a certificate under Montrose's hand, dated 7th June 1645, promising the Laird of Macgregor, in the king's name, the restoration of his ancestors' lands of Rannoch, Glenlyon, and Glenurchy, after the troubles of the kingdom were put an end to. As these lands were then held by the dependants of Argyll, Montrose, in granting the certificate, was meditating at once the rewarding of loyalty and the punishing of rebellion. But Montrose's gallant enterprise failed; Scotland likewise was too weak to resist the Commonwealth; and the Highlands, with all the rest of the kingdom, came within the iron gripe of Oliver Cromwell. On the restoration of Charles II., the discipline of the Highlands was slackened; and one of the acts of the first session of the Scottish parliament in his reign was to repeal the statutes against the Macgregors. This restoration to the rights and honours of clanship was, however, of short duration; for after the Revolution the edicts were again revived, in pursuance, probably, of the same line of policy as that which prompted the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. But though re-enacted, the regulations were very laxly put in force.

THE CLAN AT ITS LOWEST FORTUNES—LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF ROB ROY.

After the legal abolition of the clan in 1603, we have already informed our readers that there was no acknowledged chief of the Macgregors. There were, however, a number of chieftains, or heads of particular branches of the clan. One of these chieftain-families was the Macgregors, or, as they now called themselves, the Campbells of Glengyle, on the northern extremity of Loch Lomond, the descendants of one of the old Macgregor heroes, called Dugald Ciar Mohr, or the Great Mouse-coloured Man. In the short reign of James II., Donald Macgregor of Glengyle had a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the army. He married a daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, Campbell of Glenfalloch. The issue of this marriage was Rob Roy.

Rob Roy Macgregor, or, as he was obliged to call himself, Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, was born at Glengyle, probably about the close of Cromwell's government, the precise year being uncertain. His youth was spent in the calm intervening between two storms—the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688. Accordingly, the first active enterprise in which we find him engaged occurred after the Revolution, when he must have been nearly thirty years of age. It was a petty incursion into the parish of Kippen, one of those little outbreaks of Jacobite feeling which were common in remote districts in the early part of the reign of King William. At this time, or shortly after, he was known as Robert Campbell of Inversnaid; and before the year 1707, he appears also to have come into possession of Craigroystan, a small and romantic property on Loch Lomond, lying between his paternal Glengyle and his maternal Glenfalloch. His nephew, Gregor Macgregor, by some unexplained way came to inherit Glengyle on the death of Robert's father; but the uncle managed the nephew's estates, and was regarded by all the clansmen of the district as really the chief and governing Macgregor.

Little is known of Rob's manner of life till the period of the union between Scotland and England (1707), at which time he must have been about forty-eight years of age. For several years after this, we find him pursuing the occupation of a drover or cattle-dealer. This was not only an honest, but it was also, in Highland estimation, an honourable and gentlemanly profession. 'Previously to the Union, no cattle had been permitted to pass the English border. As a boon or encouragement, however, to conciliate the people to that measure, a free intercourse was allowed; and as cattle was at that period the principal marketable produce of the hills, the younger sons of gentlemen had scarcely any other means of procuring an independent subsistence than by engaging in this sort of traffic.'* Collecting his own, or purchasing his neighbours' cattle, the gentleman-drover, with a number of assistants, drove them into the Lowlands, and disposed of them there to Lowland dealers who supplied the English market; not unfrequently, however, the Highland drover made the journey into England himself. As the Lowland cattle-dealers were, for the most part, Borderers, as fierce and strong as the Highlanders, it often happened that the Lowland markets were the scenes of tough battles between the buyers and sellers. In such frays the Borderers, dipping their bonnets in the nearest brook, wrapped them round the end of their cudgels, so as to guard the hand, and then stepped boldly out to meet the Highlanders, who fought with their broadswords: giving remarkable fair-play, however, says Sir Walter Scott, and never using the point of the sword, far less their firearms. In the last generation, old men were alive who had been engaged in these fights, in which

'One armed with metal, t' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood;
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and cold iron rang.'

These recreations never interrupted the commerce between the parties, nor did the dealers, with all the heat of their blood, display less sagacity or less talent for money-making. Many of the Highland drovers were remarkably shrewd and intelligent men; and, by all accounts, Rob Roy, a man now of mature age and experience, obtained the character of being one of the most successful and respectable of the profession.

One of the first men in Scotland to take advantage of the privilege of free trade in cattle with England was James, Duke of Montrose, who had been a keen advocate of the Union. The duke, on whose property Glengyle and Inversnaid were situated, was well acquainted with Rob Roy and his family. Accordingly, Rob and the duke entered into a partnership, each advancing 10,000 merks: a large sum, says General Stewart, in those days, when the price of the best ox or cow was seldom twenty shillings. Rob was to buy the cattle, and drive them into England, and was to be allowed, in consequence, a percentage for his trouble, in addition to his share of the profit. The speculation, however, turned out a failure. So many others had embarked in the trade, that the English market was overstocked. Rob was obliged to sell the cattle at less than prime cost; and, to make matters worse, a person of the name of Macdonald, whom Rob had trusted, cheated him. Returning to

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* General Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders.*

Scotland almost totally insolvent, Rob went to reckon up accounts with his partner the Duke of Montrose.

There are various versions of this part of the transaction, the most creditable to Rob being that given by General Stewart of Garth, who derived his information from some of Rob's own intimate acquaintances, and which is, that the duke insisted on getting back his 10,000 merks entire, with the interest; that Rob refused to give him more than what should remain of the 10,000 merks, after deducting his share of the loss; and that they parted in anger without coming to any settlement. Be this as it may, it is certain that Rob disappeared with money belonging to the duke in his possession; and in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* for 21st June 1712, there appeared an advertisement, stating that 'Robert Campbell, commonly called Rob Roy Macgregor, being lately intrusted with considerable sums for buying cows for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of L.1000;' and offering a reward for his apprehension. As the advertisement is an *ex parte* statement, it is not inconsistent with the more creditable version of the story given above, or at least with the supposition that Rob's reason for decamping was his being insolvent.

Macgregor, now a ruined man, gave up his profession of drover, and began the life of a freebooter and an outlaw. Divided into so many clans at hereditary feud with each other, 'cattle-lifting' had been a common practice from time immemorial in the Highlands; and no idea of moral turpitude was attached to a *creach*, or cattle-stealing expedition into the Lowlands, or into the property of another clan. The *cearnachs* who engaged in these expeditions were the strongest and most select men of the clan; and it was the ambition of every young Highlander to distinguish himself as a successful cearnach. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, these cattle-stealing enterprises had indeed begun to go out of fashion, in consequence of the general advance of society. Still, recollections of creachs were fresh; still the cearnach spirit was not extinct; and there was nothing so strange as might at first be thought in a man like Rob Roy—now beginning to pass the prime of manhood, and who had hitherto pursued a respectable line of life—falling back, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, on his old Highland instincts. Rob Roy belonged to two states of society—the old Highland, and the modern Scotch: he had in him the qualities required by both. Altering a little the words which Sir Walter Scott has put into the mouth of Rob's own wife when speaking to her sons, Rob in his tartan and with the bonnet on his head, was a different man from Rob when he put on the Lowland broadcloth. Rob Roy was a respectable drover up to the age of fifty, and he might have died without ever having been anything else, but for the failure of his cattle speculation. The change is finely shaded off by the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. 'Rob and me were gude friens ance,' said the bailie, 'but we hae seen little o' ilk ither since he gae up the cattle line o' dealing. Puir fellow, he was hardly guided by them wha might hae used him better; and they haena made their plack a bawbee o't neither. There's mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae the cross of Glasgow; there's mony ane wad rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred kyloes than at the head o' thirty waur cattle.'

Rob, now a Highland chieftain, with all the Macgregors about Glengyle and Glenfalloch at his beck, withdrew from Inversnaid a few miles farther into the Highlands, finding a place of retreat at one time in the lands belonging to the Duke of Argyll, at another in those belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane. Both these noblemen were Campbells; and the Campbells, as our readers know, had always been the greatest enemies of the Macgregors; but now they had received many of the persecuted race into the number of their tenants; and as the Grahams and the Campbells were at mortal enmity ever since the great struggle of the Civil War, both Argyll and Breadalbane would be very willing to disoblige the Duke of Montrose by protecting his runaway debtor.

The duke, however, adopted legal measures for the recovery of his money, and seized on Rob's property of Craigroystan, selling his stock and furniture. In the execution of the distress, it is also said that the officers insulted his wife, Helen Macgregor, a woman of bold and masculine temper. These accumulated injuries at the hands of the Duke of Montrose made Rob vow eternal vengeance against him; and as long as he lived, he carried on a war of depredation against the duke's property. The duke, however, was not the only landed proprietor who suffered from Rob's predatory visits; all those noblemen or gentlemen, whether Highland or Lowland, who took the opposite side from Rob in politics, or who were unpopular in the neighbourhood, were included in his list.

The chief of a bold band of his own clansmen, inhabiting a labyrinth of valleys amid rocks and forests, Rob was no mean modern robber. He was a true Highland cearnach—a robber of the same school as the English Robin Hood. In person, according to the description given of him by the hand of a master, he was singularly adapted for his profession. 'His stature was not of the tallest, but his body was exceedingly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportionate length of his arms—so remarkable, indeed, that it is said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which were placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress shewed of course the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull—hirsute with red hair, and evincing enormous muscular strength. The qualities of his mind were equally well adapted to his circumstances. He inherited none of his ancestor Ciar Mohr, the Great Mouse-coloured Man's ferocity; on the contrary, he is said to have avoided every appearance of cruelty. He was a kind and gentle robber; and while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. All whom I have conversed with (and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally), gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."'*

One of Rob's sources of revenue was the levying of what was called *black-mail.* Black-mail was a sum of money paid statedly to a band of marauders, on condition that they should neither touch the property of the person paying it, nor permit any other to touch it. This kind of compact with freebooters was common in Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; the peaceable farmer in these disorderly times finding it more his interest to be on good terms with his lawless neighbours, than to run the risk of being ruined by their depredations. The lifters of the black-mail, however, were shrewd enough to see that the only way of keeping up the practice from which they derived such advantage, was to keep the farmers in constant alarm; consequently, it was usual for a captain of marauders to divide his band into two parties, employing one party to steal the cattle, the other to recover them when stolen, and restore them to the owner. Those who refused to pay black-mail were mercilessly plundered, and the stolen cattle sold. The Scottish government had, indeed, prohibited this strange mode of dealing, and even made it a capital crime either to pay or receive black-mail; but as it had no power to protect its subjects in a legal way, the statute against levying black-mail became a dead letter; and in 1713 and 1714, the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, and the first of the reign of George I., the practice was still in active operation.

There are few anecdotes of Rob during the first two years of his life as an outlaw; we merely know that he kept the district in alarm, and levied black-mail. On the outbreak of the rebellion of 1715, Rob, being a Jacobite, took the side of the Stuarts, notwithstanding that his protector, the Duke of Argyll, was the leader on the opposite side. Any hopes, however, which the Macgregors might entertain of being once more placed in their ancient position as an independent Highland clan, were connected with the restoration of the exiled royal family; and Rob therefore forsook for a while his vocations as a robber, and plunged into the rebellion as an officer in the rebel army, commanded by the Earl of Mar; hoping, no doubt, if his party should triumph, to emerge from the general confusion with his character washed and purified. While his nephew, Macgregor, or, as he called himself, Graham of Glengyle, acted as chief of the

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* Introduction to *Rob Roy.*

Macgregors on the banks of Loch Lomond, Rob himself was sent by the Earl of Mar on a mission to Aberdeen, for the purpose, it is said, of raising a fragment of the Macgregor clan which had settled itself in that neighbourhood in the year 1624. In the town of Aberdeen, strangely enough, Rob found a clansman and a kinsman in a man whose pursuits were very different from his own—no other than Dr James Gregory, Professor of Medicine in King's College, son of James Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and progenitor of a race of Gregories, all professors, and all distinguished for their scientific attainments. Civil war, says Sir Walter Scott, who received his account of Rob's visit from the grandson of the Professor Gregory in question, introduces men to strange bedfellows; and the professor thought it prudent to be on good terms with his cousin Rob, not knowing what course things might take. Accordingly, Rob was invited to the professor's house, and treated with extraordinary kindness by the whole family. Affected at such a hearty and kinsmanlike reception, Rob's heart warmed towards the good professor, and he did not know in what way sufficiently to shew his gratitude. The day of his departure, he took the professor aside, and said to him: 'Now, really, cousin, you have been so kind to me, that I don't know what to say. I have been thinking what return I can make to you, and I have fixed on a plan. There's your son Jamie; he is a stout spirited fellow to be only nine years of age, and you are ruining him by cramming all that book-learning into his head: I'll take him with me to the hills, and make a man of him.' The poor professor was horrified; but Rob was evidently in earnest, and it would not do to let him see what he really thought of the offer. He therefore brought out one excuse after another, as fast as they occurred to him. 'Very kind of you, indeed, Rob; but I am afraid it would be too much trouble. Jamie, you see, is'—— 'Trouble!' interrupted the grateful Rob; 'never mind that. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you.' 'Oh, but his mother'—— began the professor. 'But I can carry him away without her knowing anything about it,' replied his ready cousin. In fact, it seemed that Rob would carry his point, till the professor urged the plea of the boy's ill health as a reason for at least deferring for another year or two his apprenticeship to a life on the hills. Rob reluctantly yielded; and bidding good-bye to his cousin, with a promise to come back some time or other for Jamie, took his departure, much to the professor's relief. The boy who thus escaped becoming Rob Roy's henchman was afterwards his father's successor in the chair of medicine; and being of a somewhat hasty and irritable temper, his friends used to say, on any occasion when he displayed it: 'Ah, Rob Roy would have taken that out of him if he had got him to educate!'

Rob, with all his strength and boldness, was a cool, cautious man, not fond of exposing himself to needless danger. Old men who knew him used to say that he seemed to like a scuffle within doors better than an actual battle. He appears also to have been able to bridle his temper and bear with insults when there was no means of avenging them; and on one occasion, when a gentleman threatened to break his neck, Rob shrugged his shoulders, and seemed quite pleased. His conduct throughout the rebellion of 1715 was marked by this caution. Upon the whole, his own interests and those of his clan inclined him to the side of the exiled family. Still, was it not the Stuarts who had broken and disgraced his clan? and at this moment was it not to the Duke of Argyll, the leader of King George's army, that he and his men were indebted for house-room and protection? As he afterwards said himself, it was only the fear of being imprisoned for his debt to the Duke of Montrose that prevented him from being a loyal subject of King George. Rob was therefore slow in committing himself, especially as it was not very clear which side would win. He acted as guide, however, to the insurgent army in its march from Perth to Dunblane; and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where the Earl of Mar met the Duke of Argyll. His conduct at this battle was at least characteristic; we leave our readers to judge whether it was creditable. Rob was stationed on a hill, having the Macgregors, and also a party of the Macphersons, whose own chief was too old to take the field, under his command. At the very crisis of the battle, he received an order from Mar to attack the enemy. 'No, no,' said Rob: 'if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me;' and he kept his post. One of the Macphersons, however, a strong active man, who, having formerly been a drover, was an acquaintance of Macgregor, became furious at the delay, and throwing off his plaid, called to his clansmen to follow him. 'No, no, Sandie,' said the cool commander: 'if it was Highland stots or kyloes that we were speaking about driving, I would yield to you at once; but as it respects the leading of men, you must allow me to be a better judge.' 'Ay,' retorted Sandie sarcastically; 'but if it were Highland stots or kyloes, you would be quick enough, Rob.' Even Macgregor fired at this; and there was every probability that a duel would be fought, when the general concerns of the battle called off the attention of the disputants. Owing, it is said, to Rob's holding back, the victory was undecided, although all the fruits of the battle were reaped by Argyll. From the following verse in the old ballad commemorating the battle of Sheriffmuir, it will be seen that Rob's conduct on this important occasion has not escaped poetical censure:

'Rob Roy he stood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty, for aught that I saw, man;
For he never advanced
From the place where he stanced,
Till nae mair was to do there at a', man.'

When the rebellion was suppressed, Rob was included with the rest in the act of attainder, and had his house in Breadalbane burned by the king's troops sent to patrol the Highlands; but having made a mock surrender of himself to Colonel Campbell of Finnah, who of course could not deal hardly with a client of his own chief, the Duke of Argyll, he was allowed to resume his old mode of life on the banks of Loch Lomond. Undistracted now by any political duties, he devoted himself with fresh zeal to the task of tormenting the Duke of Montrose. Followed by a band of fifty or sixty men, he made incursions into the estates of such of the local gentry as he chose to select as his victims, until he had compelled them to compound with him by the payment of black-mail; so that by the year 1716 or 1717, he was in receipt of a handsome revenue. We have no information as to the precise rate of Rob's charges; but in 1741, his nephew, Macgregor of Glengyle—who, however, does not appear to have prosecuted his uncle's occupation of cattle-stealing—made a contract with the gentry of the same neighbourhood, insuring the safety of their cattle from depredators, or the payment of their full value if stolen and not recovered, in consideration of the receipt of five per cent. insurance-money; and as Rob united in himself the two characters of cattle-lifter and insurer against cattle-lifting, it is not probable that his charges were less. The transactions between Rob and his customers were conducted openly in the face of government, and in the most grave and business-like manner; the latter coming statedly to some appointed place of meeting, like tenants on a term-day, bringing the required amount of black-mail with them, and receiving in return regular discharges signed by Rob; and the goods and cattle of defaulters being instantly seized, and sold by public roup. Rob, in fact, acted as a supreme magistrate in the district; and the revenue which he derived in the manner above stated, he employed partly to pay the necessary expenses of his government—that is, to support himself and his men—and partly also to distribute the comforts of life more equally over his district. He kept a strict eye on all the proceedings of the various ranks and orders over which he had established himself superintendent; and wherever wrong or injustice was going on, wherever an act of oppression was perpetrated, for which the imperfect legal arrangements of the time afforded no remedy, there Rob was sure to interfere. Nor was Rob a niggard of his money when the case demanded a little outlay on his own part. Many cases are recorded in which he made a draft on his private purse. Thus the Rev. Mr Robison, minister of the parish of Balquhidder, threatening to pursue his parish for an increase of stipend, Rob, who considered this a clear case of clerical extortion, gave the reverend gentleman to understand that he had better be content with what he had. Mr Robison, accordingly, desisted from his demand; and Rob, to shew his sense of this prompt obedience, sent him every year afterwards a present of an excellent milch cow and a fine fat sheep. It will be evident that Rob's peculiar position gave him a power of rectifying a thousand similar local grievances, both great and small, which the limited power of an ordinary magistrate would not enable him to reach or meddle with. English readers will no doubt be surprised that such a state of things as that we have been describing could have existed under the same government as that which protected the literary leisure of Pope and Addison; but it should be remembered that it was long after the period we are now speaking of before the law extended its powerful energies over the northern extremity of the kingdom. Twenty years later, there was a riot in the metropolis of Scotland itself, in which the mob broke into the jail, dragged out a prisoner whom the government had respited, and hanged him with their own hands. Nay, Sir Walter Scott tells that in his own youth, when he was a writer's apprentice or attorney's clerk, going to execute a summons for debt on a Highland family residing in the Braes of Balquhidder, he was accompanied by a party of six soldiers and a sergeant, for fear of resistance being offered. It is told of a Highlander of Dornoch, about the end of last century, that, returning from a short journey southward, he met his acquaintances with a rueful countenance; and being asked what was the matter, replied: 'Oh, the *law* is quite close upon us; it has come as far north as Tain!'—speaking of the law as if it had been the cholera morbus.

Rob's personal enemy, we have said, was the Duke of Montrose; and with him he made no terms, but waged an incessant warfare. The duke, goaded beyond endurance by the impudent attacks on his property, and the property of all his clansmen, applied to the military authorities of the neighbourhood for their protection, and thus involved Rob and his men in a feud with the neighbouring garrisons of Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Stirling. On one occasion parties of men marched simultaneously from the three garrisons, hoping to surprise the outlaw at Craigroystan; but missing him, they contented themselves with setting fire to his house. This was in 1716; and Rob, whose original grudge at the duke, on account of the sale of his effects, was far from being mollified by this second outrage, determined on a signal revenge. In the middle of the month of November, John Graham of Killearn, the duke's factor, was at a place called Chapellairoch collecting the duke's rents. The factor had collected rents to the amount of £300, when Macgregor opened the door, and walking in at the head of his men, took the money and the account-book; and after receiving the rents which were not yet paid, and compelling the factor to grant receipts to the tenants in the duke's name, pocketed the whole, saying that the duke and he would reckon with each other afterwards, the duke being considerably in his debt for the burning of his house. He then walked off, taking the factor along with him; carried him, without any ill usage, to an island in Loch Katrine; detained him a prisoner there, and caused him to write a letter to the duke. In this letter the factor, after stating that he is 'so unfortunate as to be Robert Roy's prisoner,' informs his Grace that Rob demands, as his ransom, a discharge in the duke's hand from his former debts, the sum of 3400 merks by way of damages for the burning of his house, and the duke's further promise never afterwards to prosecute or molest him. On receiving this epistle from his incarcerated factor, the duke wrote to the Lord Advocate, giving him an account of this 'very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue, Rob Roy;' inveighing against the clan Macgregor as a 'race in all ages distinguished beyond any other by robberies, depredations, and murders;' stating his anxiety about his factor, but that, as of course he could not degrade himself so far as to make a treaty with Rob, he must 'leave his release to chance and his own management;' and hinting the propriety of establishing forts and barracks in the district infested by the outlaws. But Rob, finding that he had made nothing by his audacious scheme, dismissed the factor quietly, after detaining him seven days.

This was not the only occasion on which Rob had dealings with the duke's factor. On another term-day, at the same place, Rob entered the room where Mr Graham was collecting the duke's rents, and took the money-bags away with him, after seeing that all the tenants had got their receipts; 'because,' said he, 'it is not from them I take the money, but from the duke, who is in my debt.' Nor was it only by carrying away the rent-bag that Rob made the duke suffer. By carrying away the cattle of such of the duke's tenant-clansmen as refused to pay him black-mail, he prevented them from being able to pay their rents; and 'as the rents of the lower farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which was generally lodged in a storehouse or granary, called a *girnel*, near the Loch of Monteith, it was customary for Macgregor to pay the girnel a visit after it had been replenished, and carry away a great many horse-loads of meal, leaving with the store-keeper his receipt for the quantity taken.'* In whatever way his depredations were committed, Rob contrived to make the duke the ultimate sufferer.

The duke's suggestion of establishing military forts in the district which Rob infested, was partly carried into effect; and a small fort, with a garrison, was established on Rob's old estate at Inversnaid. Rob and his men, however, attacked and dispersed the garrison; and it was not re-established till shortly before the Rebellion of 1745.† The duke also tried to obtain an advantage over his troublesome adversary by distributing firearms among his tenants; but in the course of a few weeks Rob had possessed himself of every musket sent into the neighbourhood. Except, therefore, for the chance of an occasional rencontre with marching parties of the king's troops, or after some specially daring exploit, Rob led a life of tolerable security. Not only was he free to wander at will through the extensive possessions of his patron, the Duke of Argyll, but he could also—confident in his own coolness and sagacity, the popularity of his character, and the power of his noble protector, the duke—be absent for days on distant excursions into various parts of the Lowlands.

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* General Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*—Appendix.

† The tourist passes the ruins of this fort in travelling along the wild Highland road between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; the surrounding district being still called Rob Roy's country.

Rob had many hairbreadth escapes from being taken. About the year 1719, when the duke seems to have been particularly zealous in the pursuit of his tormentor, but without success, Rob, by way of joke, composed a challenge to the duke, copies of which he circulated among his friends, in order, he says, that they might 'divert themselves and comrades with it when taking their bottle.' The challenge is addressed to the 'Hie and Mighty Prince, James, Duke of Montrose;' it is written in a good hand, and the spelling and grammar are such as would have been highly creditable to any Scotch laird of the early part of the eighteenth century.

Rob, however, was actually once a prisoner in the duke's hands, and in great danger of a speedy conclusion to his career. The story of his capture and escape is told by Sir Walter Scott both in the introduction to *Rob Roy* and in the novel itself; and as Sir Walter heard it from the grandson of the person who assisted Rob to escape, his version is likely to be the true one. Marching through Balquhidder with a party of his tenants, the duke surprised Rob by himself, and making him prisoner, committed him to the charge of one of his followers, a large and powerful man, called in the novel Ewan of Brigglands.* Rob was mounted behind this man, and fastened to him by a horse-girth, and the party marched away with their prize. They had to cross the Forth at a place where the descent to the river was precipitous, and where only one could enter the river at a time. 'While huddled together on the bank, Rob whispered to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback: "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles like a calf for a' the dukes in Christendom." Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged his shoulders, as one who meant that what he was doing was none of his own choice. "And when the Macgregors come down the glen," continued Rob, "and ye see empty folds, and a bloody hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob alive, you would hae had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose." Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent. "It's a sair thing," continued Rob, "that Ewan o' Brigglands, whom Roy Macgregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, should mind a gloomy look from a great man mair than a friend's life." Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The duke's voice was now heard from the opposite bank: "Bring over the prisoner." Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Rob said: "Never weigh a Macgregor's blood against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to give for it baith here and hereafter," they dashed into the water. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash shewed that Macgregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him a chance of escape. The duke heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. "Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and before Ewan could falter out an apology, he drew a steel pistol, and struck him down with a blow on the head. "Disperse and pursue!" he then cried: "a hundred guineas for Rob Roy!"'* But Rob had escaped.

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* The real name of the man who had the charge of Rob was James Stewart.

This was not the only time when Rob and death shook hands. Once his band, dispersed by a party of dragoons, were baffling their pursuers by running off in different directions. A well-mounted dragoon dashed after Rob, and struck him a blow on the head with his broadsword, which, but for the plate of iron which he had in his bonnet, would have killed him. As it was, Rob was stunned, and fell. At this moment Rob's lieutenant or sergeant appeared with a gun in his hand. 'Oh, Macanaleister,' cried Rob from the ground, 'is there naething in her?' (in the gun). 'Your mother never wrought that nightcap,' cried the dragoon, and was coming down with a second stroke, when a ball whistled from Macanaleister's gun, and he fell, shot through the heart.

At the very time when Rob was thus defying the law, the Duke of Montrose, and the military, he seems to have entertained a hankering after a more quiet and respectable mode of life. The spirit of the Highland cearnach never appears to have been so strong in him as to make him prefer the bonnet and the kilt to the Lowland broadcloth, if only he had been free to choose between them. Gladly, now that he was getting an old man, would he have resumed his old profession of cattle-dealing. Accordingly, in the year 1720, we find old Rob addressing a letter to Field-marshal Wade, who was then marching through the Highlands, receiving the submission of such clans as had been concerned in the Rebellion of 1715, offering to become once more a good subject of King George. The letter is very humble and submissive, and by no means ill written; alluding, however, more to his conduct as a rebel in the year 1715, than to the lawless exploits for which subsequently to that time he had become notorious. No notice seems to have been taken of this letter; and Rob appears to have come to the conclusion that he must die as he had lived—an outlaw.

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* *Rob Roy.*

From this time our information about his movements becomes more scanty: and the probability is, that he began to feel a rough and violent occupation less fitted to his strength and years. His fame had already extended far enough. He was known in England as well as in Scotland. In London he had been made the subject of a catch-penny tract, entitled *The Highland Rogue*, full of the most extravagant stories of his strength and sagacity. But Rob's days of activity and enterprise were over; and for the last ten or twelve years of his life, he refrained as much as possible from his former habits. During the first period of his long life, and down to the time of his absconding, he had been a Protestant, and, it is said, a regular attendant at the parish church. After turning cearnach, his visits to church, though they were not altogether given up, became fewer; but now, in his old age, beginning to think of serious subjects, he saw fit to give up attendance on the Presbyterian worship, and became a Roman Catholic. Rob, however, never appears to have clung with any remarkable tenacity to the faith which he professed.*

This remarkable, and, as we must call him, unfortunate personage, died a very old man about the year 1738. When he was on his death-bed, one of his enemies, a Maclaren, came to see him. Before admitting him, the old man insisted on being lifted up, with his plaid put round him, and his broadsword, pistols, and dirk placed beside him; 'for,' said he, 'no Maclaren shall ever see Rob Macgregor unarmed.' He received his foeman's inquiries coldly and civilly. As they were together, the priest came in. Taking the opportunity afforded him by the meeting of the two hostile clansmen on so solemn an occasion, the priest exhorted Rob to forgive his enemies, and quoted the appropriate passage in the Lord's Prayer. 'Ay,' says Rob, 'ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel.' Then turning to his son Robert, who was standing near: 'My sword and dirk lie there, Rob: I forgive my enemies; but see you to them, or may'—— The priest checked the rest, and Rob grew calm. When Maclaren had left the house, the dying man—the Highland spirit burning brighter in him at this the last moment than it had ever done before—said, after a little pause: 'Now it is all over; tell the piper to play *Ha til mi tulidh!*—(We return no more!)' The piper obeyed. With the music of this Gaelic dirge in his ears, Rob Roy breathed his last. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhidder. His grave is covered with a simple tombstone, without an inscription, but with a broadsword rudely carved on it.

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* A somewhat significant circumstance has recently been brought to light bearing on Rob's literary tastes, and on the state of respectability in which he lived in his latter years: In the list of subscribers to Keith's *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, published in 1734, there occurs the name of 'Robert Macgregor, *alias* Rob Roy.'

ROB ROY'S SONS, JAMES AND ROBERT.

Rob had five sons—Coll, Ronald, James, Duncan, and Robert. Of these, James and Robert had the most singular history. It does not appear that they followed their father's lawless mode of life after his death. All the five were engaged, with the rest of their clan, in the Rebellion of 1745. James, who was a tall and very handsome man, held a major's or captain's commission in the Pretender's army, and particularly distinguished himself by his bravery and ability. At the battle of Prestonpans, when advancing to the charge at the head of his company, not a few of whom had belonged to his father's band, he fell to the ground with his thigh-bone broken. Immediately lifting himself up, by resting his head on his elbow, he cried out: 'I am not dead, my lads, and I shall see who among you does not do his duty!' After the suppression of the rebellion, James and his brothers contrived to elude the penalties inflicted by the government, although James was at first included in the list of the attainted. At this time James was a married man, and had fourteen children. Robert, who had married a daughter of Graham of Drunkie, was now a widower.

Robert, of all the brothers, seems to have been the most wild and reckless. He was described by one who knew him as 'mad and quarrelsome, and given to pranks.' Shortly after his father's death, he killed one of the Maclarens, was outlawed for it, and had gone abroad; and now that, in consequence of the inefficient administration of justice at that period, he was allowed to resume his place in society, he resolved on another Macgregor-like outrage on its laws. Instigated partly by passion, partly by a desire of retrieving his fallen fortunes, he determined to carry off Jean Key or Wright, a young woman nineteen years of age, whose husband was just dead, leaving her a property of 16,000 merks. The practice of carrying off women and marrying them, which we know to have been not uncommon among the ancient nations, and of which we have instances of not very late date in Ireland, was quite consistent with old Highland manners, and is celebrated in many ballads. In fact, when a Highlander was smitten by the charms of a Lowland lass, carrying her away by force was in many cases the only way of obtaining her; and the abduction of a girl seems to have been regarded not as a crime, but as a bold and manly action. In many cases, too, the parties had agreed beforehand; and the violence used by the bridegroom was only a make-believe, to increase the piquancy and éclat of the marriage; or, at most, a means of overcoming the maiden's scruples about disobeying her parents when they disliked the match. Nor even where the abduction was entirely without the knowledge and against the will of the bride, was the transaction regarded as very blameworthy. Sir Walter Scott was once severely taken to task by an old lady for expressing his disapprobation of the practice in a particular instance. 'I assure you,' said the venerable lady, 'they made the happiest marriages these carryings awa o' lasses—far happier than folk mak now-a-days. My mither never saw my father till the nicht that he carried her awa wi' ten head o' black-cattle ; and there wasna a happier couple in a' the Highlands.'

In Robert Oig's case, however, there seems to have been none of those redeeming circumstances alluded to by the worthy lady. On the night of the 8th of December 1750, he went, accompanied by his brothers James and Duncan, to the house of Edinbelly, in Balfron, Stirlingshire, where Jean Key was residing with her mother. Rushing in with pistols and dirks, the brothers terrified the males of the family into submission ; and dragging the poor girl out, placed her on horseback, and rode away, stopping at several houses on the road. Next day, the marriage between Robert Oig and his victim was performed at Rowardennan by a priest named Smith, who had been brought from Glasgow for the purpose, the bride being forced by threats to give her assent. The brothers seem to have expected that the unfortunate woman would soon become reconciled to her condition, and that in this way they would escape the punishment annexed by law to the crime of which they had been guilty ; but the continued manifestation of repugnance and aversion on her part, and the assiduity of her relations, began to alarm them. Their cousin, Macgregor of Glengyle, too, would give them no countenance ; and the property of their victim had been sequestrated by a warrant of the supreme civil court. Extracting a solemn promise that she would never appear in a court of law to prosecute them, James Macgregor conveyed her to Edinburgh, where he remained for some time, both to prevent her from adopting the legal steps which he knew her relations would advise, and also to see whether it were possible to get the sequestration of her effects removed. But at length the Court of Session interfered, and took her in charge, and Macgregor left town. Free now from the restraint which the presence of the Macgregors had put upon her, Jean Key reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and made an affidavit or written declaration of her wrongs, which could be used in a court of law. She did not live, however, to take any part in the subsequent proceedings which her relations set on foot ; for her health and spirits had been completely broken, and having been removed to Glasgow, she died there on the 4th of October 1751. Her husband, Robert Oig, made several attempts to see her, but was not admitted.

It is probable that, if she had lived, the matter would have been allowed to drop ; but after her death, her relations redoubled their efforts to bring the culprits to justice. James Macgregor was apprehended at Stirling on the 19th of May 1752, and brought up before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on the 13th of July. The indictment was drawn up against James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond, *alias* James More, and charged him with the crimes of *hamesucken* and *forcible abduction.* The case went to trial on the 4th of August, and witnesses were examined on both sides. The fact of forcible abduction was clearly proved by the testimony of a great many persons; but, in opposition to this, the prisoner set up the plea that Jean Key was herself privy and consenting to the outrage. Several witnesses, principally of the Macgregor clan, swore that, having seen her after she had been carried away from Edinbelly, she seemed to be 'very content;' 'in very good-humour, no way displeased, and very merry;' so that they understood, from her conduct, that violence had been used merely for form's sake, her relations being averse to the match, and her former husband being but six weeks dead.

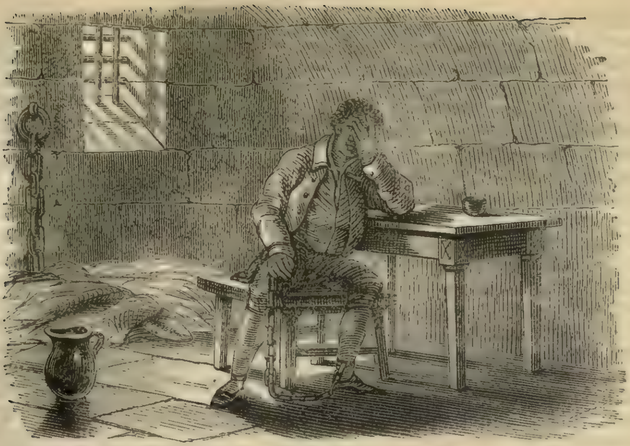
The verdict returned by the jury was one finding the forcible abduction of Jean Key from her own house proved, but the charge of subsequent violence and compulsory marriage not proved; and this verdict was accompanied by an expression of the anxiety of the jury that the case should be taken out of the class of capital offences. This occasioned a great deal of arguing and consultation among the judges and lawyers of Edinburgh; and in the meantime the prisoner was sent back to his place of confinement in the castle. About two months and a half had elapsed, and the lawyers were still employed in clearing up this difficult case, when one morning, before breakfast, the news ran through the town that James Macgregor had made his escape. The affair is detailed in the *Scots Magazine* for November 1752. 'James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond,' runs the paragraph, 'under trial for carrying off Jean Key of Edinbelly, made his escape from Edinburgh Castle on the 16th. That evening he dressed himself in an old tattered big-coat, put over his own clothes, an old night-cap, an old leathern apron, and old dirty shoes and stockings, so as to personate a cobbler. When he was thus equipped, his daughter, a servant-maid who assisted, and who was the only person with him in the room, except two of his young children, scolded the cobbler for having done his work carelessly, and this with such an audible voice as to be heard by the sentinels without the room-door. About seven o'clock, while she was scolding, the pretended cobbler opened the room-door, and went out with a pair of old shoes in his hand, muttering his discontent for the harsh usage he had received. He passed the guards unsuspected; but was soon missed, and a strict search made in the castle, and also in the city, the gates of which were shut; but all in vain.' In the number of the same magazine for the following month we are informed that, in consequence of an order from London, 'the two lieutenants who commanded the guard the night Drummond escaped are broke; the sergeant who had the charge of locking up the prisoner is reduced to a private man; the porter has been whipped; and all the rest are released.' On escaping from Edinburgh, James Macgregor had made direct for England; thence he made his way to the Isle of Man; and from that he escaped to France.

The affair, however, was not yet at an end. On the 15th of January 1753, Duncan Macgregor was brought to trial for his share in the crime of carrying away Jean Key. As Duncan was not so deeply implicated as his brothers, he was acquitted, and dismissed. Robert Macgregor, *alias* Campbell, *alias* Drummond, *alias* Robert Oig, was apprehended shortly after, and brought to trial on the 24th of December 1753; and his fate was not so happy as that of his brothers. The evidence adduced was pretty much the same as on the trial of James; but a distinct verdict of guilty having been returned, 'the court decerned and adjudged the prisoner to be carried from the bar back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, there to remain till Wednesday the 16th day of February next to come, and upon the said day, to be taken from the said Tolbooth to the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and there, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock of the said day, to be hanged by the neck by the common hangman, upon a gibbet, until he be dead.' This sentence was duly carried into effect. The prisoner, on the day of execution, says a contemporary Edinburgh newspaper, 'was very genteelly dressed, and read a volume of Gother's works from the prison to the execution, and for a considerable time on the scaffold.' He died professing the Roman Catholic faith, and expressing a hope that his fate would satisfy justice, and stay further proceedings against his brother James. His body was given to his friends, put into a coffin, and conveyed away to the Highlands. The justice of the punishment inflicted on him was generally acknowledged; but there were some who persisted in believing, that if the culprit had been anybody else than a Macgregor, he would have been less severely dealt with.

The remainder of James Macgregor's story is very melancholy; for, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'it is melancholy to look on the dying struggles even of a wolf or tiger.' He lived in Paris in a state of extreme misery and destitution. A letter has been published which he wrote on the 25th of September 1754 to his chief, Macgregor of Bohaldie. 'All that I have carried here,' he says, 'is about thirteen livres; and I have taken a room at my old quarters in Hôtel St Pierre, Rue de Cordier. All I want,' he adds, 'is, if it was possible, you could contrive how I could be employed without going to entire beggary. This, probably, is a difficult point, yet you might think nothing of it, as your long head can bring about matters of much more difficulty and consequence than this. If you'd disclose this matter to your friend Mr Butler, it's possible he might have some employ wherein I could be of use, as I pretend to know as much of breeding and riding of horses as any in France. You may judge my reduction, as I propose the meanest things to lend a turn till better cast up.' The postscript to the letter is extremely affecting: 'If you'd send your pipes by the bearer,' says the poor exile, 'and all the other little trinkims belonging to it, I would put them in order, and play some melancholy tunes, which I may now do with safety and real truth.' He died about a week after writing this letter.

CONCLUSION.

We now draw to a conclusion the history of this remarkable clan. For five hundred years the Macgregors had been exposed to a succession of dire misfortunes, deprived of their lands, threatened with extirpation, constantly at war with their neighbours, often on the verge of starvation, accustomed to see more of their number die annually by violent means than by disease or old age, and denied even the use of their name; and yet they survived, and, like the goaded beast of the chase, made themselves objects of terror to their persecutors. Lamenting their errors, it is equally impossible to restrain our pity for their misfortunes, or admiration for their courage and power of endurance. This power was at length rewarded with a cessation of persecution; and yet, to the discredit of the British legislature, how tardy was this act of justice and mercy! It cannot but appear a curious revelation of a bygone state of things to mention, that not until 1774 were the laws proscribing the Macgregors repealed. When in that year their disabilities were legally removed, hundreds of persons cast off their assumed names of Gregory, Graham, Campbell, Murray, Buchanan, Drummond, &c., and gloried once more in the name of their royally descended ancestors. To complete the reorganisation of the clan, eight hundred and twenty-six persons of the name of Macgregor signed a deed calling upon John Murray of Lanrick, afterwards Sir John Macgregor, the descendant of the principal chieftain-family then remaining, to assume the title and honours of the chief of the clan. In the present day, and in an entirely altered state of society, who could be named as more loyal or peaceful subjects than the descendants of the once persecuted race of Macgregor!



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

AT the middle of the chain of islands composing the West Indies, lies one of large size discovered by Columbus on the 6th of December 1492, and called by him, in honour of his adopted country, Hispaniola, or Little Spain. This name, however, was afterwards abandoned, and the island was called St Domingo, from the name of its principal town. Latterly this second appellation has likewise dropped out of use, and the island now bears the name of Hayti, a word signifying *mountainous*, by which name it was called by its original inhabitants before the visit of Columbus.

Hispaniola, St Domingo, or Hayti is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most beautiful and productive islands in the West Indies. Extending a length of 390 miles by a breadth of from 60 to 150, it presents great diversity of scenery—lofty mountains, deep valleys, and extensive plains or savannas, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The sea sweeps boldly here and there into the land, forming commodious harbours and charming bays ; the air on the plains is warm, and laden with the perfume of flowers ; and the sudden changes from drought to rain, though trying to a European constitution, are favourable to the growth of the rich products of the soil.

Columbus and his successors having founded a settlement in the island, it became one of the Spanish colonial possessions, to the great misfortune of the unhappy natives, who were almost annihilated by the labour which the colonists imposed upon them. As Spain, however, extended her conquests on the American mainland, the importance of Hispaniola as a colony began to decline; and at the beginning of the seventeenth century the island had become nearly a desert, the natives having been all but extirpated, and the Spanish residents being few, and congregated in several widely-separated stations round the coast. At this time the West Indian seas swarmed with *buccaneers*, adventurers without homes, families, or country, the refuse of all nations and climes. These men, the majority of whom were French, English, and Dutch, being prevented by the Spaniards from holding any permanent settlement in the New World, banded together in self-defence, and roved the seas in quest of subsistence, seizing vessels, and occasionally landing on the coast of one of the Spanish possessions, and committing terrible ravages. A party of these buccaneers had, about the year 1629, occupied the small island of Tortuga on the north-west coast of St Domingo. From this island they used to make frequent incursions into St Domingo, for the purpose of hunting; the forests of that island abounding with wild cattle, horses, and swine, the progeny of the tame animals which the Spaniards had introduced into the island. At length, after various struggles with the Spanish occupants, these adventurers made good their footing in the island of St Domingo, drove the Spaniards to its eastern extremity, and became masters of its western parts. As most of them were of French origin, they were desirous of placing themselves under the protection of France; and Louis XIV. and his government being flattered with the prospect of thus acquiring a rich possession in the New World, a friendly intercourse between France and St Domingo began, and the western part of the island assumed the character of a flourishing French colony, while the Spanish colony in the other end of the island correspondingly declined.

From 1776 to 1789, the French colony was at the height of its prosperity. To use the words of a French historian, everything had received a prodigious improvement. The torrents had been arrested in their course, the marshes drained, the forests cleared; the soil had been enriched with foreign plants; roads had been opened across the asperities of the mountains; safe pathways had been constructed over chasms; bridges had been built over rivers which had formerly been passed with danger by means of ox-skin boats; the winds, the tides, the currents had been studied, so as to secure to ships safe-sailing and convenient harbourage. Villas of pretty but simple architecture had risen along the borders of the sea, while mansions of greater magnificence embellished the interior. Public buildings, hospitals, aqueducts, fountains, and baths rendered life agreeable and healthy; all the comforts of the Old World had been transported into the New. In 1789 the population of the colony was 665,000; and of its staple products, it exported in that year 68,000,000 pounds of coffee and 163,000,000 pounds of sugar. The French had some reason to be proud of St Domingo; it was their best colony, and it promised, as they thought, to remain for ages in their possession. Many French families of note had emigrated to the island, and settled in it as planters; and both by means of commerce, and the passing to and fro of families, a constant intercourse was maintained between the colony and the mother-country.

Circumstances eventually proved that the expectation of keeping permanent possession of St Domingo was likely to be fallacious. The constitution of society in the island was unsound. In this, as in all the European colonies in the New World, negro slavery prevailed. To supply the demand for labour, an importation of slaves from Africa had been going on for some time at the rate of about 20,000 a year; and thus at the time at which we are now arrived there was a black population of between 500,000 and 600,000. These negroes constituted an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the colony, for the whites did not amount to more than 40,000. But besides the whites and the negroes, there was a third class in the population, arising from the intermixture of the white and negro races. These were the *people of colour*, including persons of all varieties of hue, from the perfect sable of the freed negro, to the most delicate tinge marking remote negro ancestry in a white man. Of these various classes of mulattoes, at the time of which we are now speaking, there were about 30,000 in the colony.

Although perhaps less cruelly treated than others in a state of hopeless servitude, the negroes of St Domingo were not exempt from the miseries which usually accompany slavery; yet they were not so ignorant as not to know their rights as members of the human family. Receiving occasional instruction in the doctrines of Christianity, and allowed by their masters to enjoy the holidays of the church, they were accustomed to ponder on the principles thus presented to their notice, and these they perceived were at variance with their condition. This dawning of intelligence among the negroes caused no alarm to the planters generally. The French have always been noted for making the kindest slave-owners. Imitating the conduct of many of the old nobility of France in their intercourse with the peasantry, a number of the planters of St Domingo were attentive to the wants and feelings of their negro dependents—encouraging their sports, taking care of them in sickness, and cherishing them in old age. In the year 1685, likewise, Louis XIV. had published a *code noir*, or black code, containing a number of regulations for the humane treatment of the negroes in the colonies. Still, there were miseries inseparable from the system, and which could not be mitigated; and in St Domingo, as in all the other colonies of the New World, slavery was maintained by the cruelties of the whip and the branding-iron. It was only, we may easily suppose, by a judicious blending of kindness and severity, that a population of upwards of 500,000 negroes could be kept in subjection by 40,000 whites.

The condition of the mulatto population deserves particular attention. Although nominally free, and belonging to no individual master, these mulattoes occupied a very degraded social position. Regarded as public property, they were obliged to serve in the colonial militia without any pay. They could hold no public trust or employment, nor fill any of the liberal professions—law, medicine, divinity, &c. They were not allowed to sit at table with a white, to occupy the same place at church, to bear the same name, or to be buried in the same spot. Offences which in a white man were visited with scarcely any punishment, were punished with great severity when committed by a mulatto. There was one circumstance, however, in the condition of the mulattoes, which operated as a balance to all those indignities, and enabled them to become formidable in the colony—they were allowed to acquire and to hold property to any amount. Able, energetic, and rendered doubly intent upon the acquisition of wealth by the power which it gave them, many of these mulattoes or people of colour became rich, purchased estates, and equalled the whites as planters. Not only so, but, possessing the tastes of Europeans and gentlemen, they used to quit St Domingo and pay occasional visits to what they as well as the whites regarded as their mother-country. It was customary for wealthy mulattoes to send their children to Paris for their education. It ought to be remarked also respecting the mulatto part of the population of St Domingo, that they kept aloof both from the pure whites and the pure negroes. The consciousness of his relationship to the whites, as well as his position as a free man, and frequently also as the owner of negro slaves, gave the mulatto a contempt and dislike for the negro; while, on the other hand, he had suffered too much from the whites to entertain any affection for them. The most inveterate enemies of the mulattoes among the whites were the lower classes, or, as the mulattoes called them, *les petits blancs*—'the little whites.' These *petits blancs* regarded the mulattoes not only with the prejudice of race, but with feelings of envy on account of their wealth. Among the whites themselves there were feuds and party differences, arising from difference of social position. The *petits blancs* grumbled at the unequal distribution of the good things of the island, while the superior men among the whites, proud of their descent from old French families, were not content with merely being rich, but wished also to have titles, to make the distinction between them and the other colonists greater. Such was the state of society in the colony of St Domingo in the year 1789-90, when the French Revolution broke out.

FRENCH REVOLUTION—INSURRECTION IN THE ISLAND.

Although situated at the distance of 3500 miles from the mother-country, St Domingo was not long in responding to the political agitations which broke out in Paris in 1789. When the news reached the colony that the king had summoned the States-general, all the French part of the island was in a ferment. Considering themselves entitled to share in the national commotion, the colonists held meetings, passed resolutions, and elected eighteen deputies to be sent home to sit in the States-general as representatives. The eighteen deputies reached Versailles a considerable time after the States-general had commenced their sittings and constituted themselves the National Assembly; and their arrival not a little surprised that body, who probably never expected deputies from St Domingo, or who at all events thought eighteen deputies too many for one colony. Accordingly, it was with some difficulty that six of them were allowed to take their seats. At that time colonial gentlemen were not held in great favour at Paris. Among the many feelings which then simultaneously stirred and agitated that great metropolis, there had sprung up a strong feeling against negro slavery. Whether the enthusiasm was kindled by the recent proceedings of Clarkson and Wilberforce in London, or whether it was derived by the French themselves from the political maxims then afloat, the writers and speakers of the Revolution made the iniquity of negro slavery one of their most frequent and favourite topics; and there had just been founded in Paris a society called *Amis des Noirs*, or Friends of the Blacks, of which the leading revolutionists were members. These *Amis des Noirs* seem partly to have been influenced by a real benevolent zeal in behalf of the negroes, and partly to have employed the movement for the emancipation of the slaves in the colonies merely as an instrument to assist them in their home-politics. To them negro slavery was a splendid instance of despotism; and in rousing the public mind by their orations and writings respecting the blacks, they were creating that vehement force of opinion which was to sweep away French monarchy and French feudalism. They succeeded in raising a prejudice against the colonists and their interests. When a planter from the sugar islands made his appearance in the streets of Paris, he was looked at as a walking specimen of a despot who had grown rich at the expense of the blood and the agonies of his fellow-men. The mulattoes, on the other hand, then resident in Paris, the young men who had been sent over for their education, as well as those who chanced to have come on a visit, were diligently sought out by the *Amis des Noirs*, and became public pets. Amiable, well educated, and interesting in their appearance, it gave great point and effect to the eloquence of a revolutionist orator to have one of these young mulattoes by his side when he was speaking; and when, at the conclusion of a passage in praise of liberty, the orator would turn and indicate with his finger his coloured friend, or when, yielding to French impulse, he would throw his arms round him and embrace him with sobs, how could the meeting be unmoved, or the cheering fail to be loud and long?

The intelligence of what was occurring at Paris gave great alarm in St Domingo. When the celebrated declaration of rights, asserting all men to be 'free and equal,' reached the island along with the news of the proceedings of the *Amis des Noirs*, the whites, almost all of whom were interested in the preservation of slavery, looked upon their ruin as predetermined. They had no objection to freedom in the abstract—freedom which should apply only to themselves—but they considered it a violation of all decency to speak of black men, mere *property*, having political rights. What disheartened the whites gave encouragement to the mulattoes. Rejoicing in the idea that the French people were their friends, they became turbulent, and rose in arms in several places, but were without much difficulty put down. Two or three whites, who were enthusiastic revolutionists, sided with the insurgents; and one of them, M. de Beaudierre, fell a victim to the fury of the colonists. The negro population of the island remained quiet; the contagion of revolutionary sentiments had not yet reached them.

When the National Assembly heard of the alarm which the new constitution had excited in the colonies, they saw the necessity for adopting some measures to allay the storm; and accordingly, on the 8th of March 1790, they passed a resolution disclaiming all intention to legislate sweepingly for the internal affairs of the colonies, and authorising each colony to mature a plan for itself in its own legislative assembly (the Revolution having superseded the old system of colonial government by royal officials, and given to each colony a legislative assembly, consisting of representatives elected by the colonists), and submit the same to the National Assembly. This resolution, which gave great dissatisfaction to the *Amis des Noirs* in Paris, produced a temporary calm in St Domingo. For some time nothing was to be heard but the bustle of elections throughout the colony; and at length, on the 16th of April 1790, the general assembly met, consisting of 213 representatives. With great solemnity, and at the same time with great enthusiasm, they began their work—a work which was to be nothing less than a complete reformation of all that was wrong in St Domingo, and the preparation of a new constitution for the future government of the island. The colonists were scarcely less excited about this miniature revolution of their own, than the French nation had been about the great revolution of the mother-country. All eyes were upon the proceedings of the assembly; and at length, on the 28th of May, it published the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution, consisting of ten articles. The provisions of this new constitution, and the language in which they were expressed, were astounding: they amounted, in fact, to the throwing off of all allegiance to the mother-country. This very unforeseen result created great commotion in the island. The cry rose everywhere that the assembly was rebelling against the mother-country; some districts recalled their deputies, declaring they would have no concern with such presumptuous proceedings; the governor-general, M. Peynier, was bent on dissolving the assembly altogether; riots were breaking out in various parts of the island, and a civil war seemed impending, when in one of its sittings the assembly, utterly bewildered and terrified, adopted the extraordinary resolution of going on board a ship-of-war then in the harbour, and sailing bodily to France, to consult with the National Assembly. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, eighty-five members, being nearly all then left sitting, embarked on board the *Leopard*, and, amid the prayers and tears of the colonists, whose admiration of such an instance of heroism and self-denial exceeded all bounds, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail for Europe.

In the meantime, the news of the proceedings of the colonial assembly had reached France, and all parties, royalists as well as revolutionists, were indignant at what they called the impudence of these colonial legislators. The *Amis des Noirs* of course took an extreme interest in what was going on; and under their auspices, an attempt was made to take advantage of the disturbances prevailing in the island for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the coloured population. A young mulatto named James Ogé was then residing in Paris, whither he had been sent by his mother, a woman of colour, the proprietrix of a plantation in St Domingo. Ogé had formed the acquaintance of the Abbé Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, Lafayette, and other leading revolutionists connected with the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, and fired by the ideas which he derived from them, as well as directly instigated by their advice, he resolved to return to St Domingo, and, rousing the spirit of insurrection, become the deliverer of his enslaved race. Accordingly, paying a visit to America first, he landed in his native island on the 12th of October 1790, and announced himself as the redresser of all wrongs. Matters, however, were not yet ripe for an insurrection; and after committing some outrages with a force of 200 mulattoes, which was all he was able to raise, Ogé was defeated, and obliged, with one or two associates, to take refuge in the Spanish part of the island. M. Blanchelande succeeding M. Peynier as governor-general of the colony, demanded Ogé from the Spaniards; and in March 1791 the wretched young man, after betraying the existence of a wide-laid conspiracy among the mulattoes and negroes of the island, was broken alive upon the wheel.

All this occurred while the eighty-five members of the assembly were absent in France. They had reached that country in September 1790, and been well received at first, owing to the novelty and picturesqueness of their conduct; but when they appeared before the National Assembly, that body treated them with marked insult and contempt. On the 11th of October, Barnave proposed and carried a decree annulling all the acts of the colonial assembly, dissolving it, declaring its members ineligible again for the same office, and detaining the eighty-five unfortunate gentlemen prisoners in France. Barnave, however, was averse to any attempt on the part of the National Assembly to force a constitution upon the colony against its will; and especially he was averse to any direct interference between the whites and the people of colour. These matters of internal regulation, he said, should be left to the colonists themselves; all that the National Assembly should require of the colonists was, that they should act in the general spirit of the Revolution. Others, however, among whom were Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, and Lafayette, were for the home government dictating the leading articles of a new constitution for the colony; and especially they were for some sweeping assertion by the National Assembly of the equal citizenship of the coloured inhabitants of the colony. For some time the debate was carried on between these two parties; but the latter gradually gained strength, and the storm of public indignation which was excited by the news of the cruel death of Ogé gave them the complete victory. Tragedies and dramas founded on the story of Ogé were acted in the theatres of Paris, and the popular feeling against the planters and in favour of the negroes grew vehement and ungovernable. 'Perish the colonies,' said Robespierre, 'rather than depart, in the case of our coloured brethren, from those universal principles of liberty and equality which it is our glory to have laid down.' Hurried on by a tide of enthusiasm, the National Assembly, on the 15th of May, passed a decree declaring all the people of colour in the French colonies, born of free parents, entitled to vote for members of the colonial judicatures, as well as to be elected to seats themselves. This decree of admission to citizenship concerned, it will be observed, the mulattoes and free blacks only; it did not affect the condition of the slave population.

In little more than a month this decree, along with the intelligence of all that had been said and done when it was passed, reached St Domingo. The colony was thrown into convulsions. The white colonists stormed and raged, and there was no extremity to which, in the first outburst of their anger, they were not ready to go. The national cockade was trampled under foot. It was proposed to forswear allegiance to the mother-country, seize the French ships in the harbours, and the goods of French merchants, and hoist the British flag instead of the French. The governor-general, M. Blanchelande, trembled for the results. But at length the fury of the colonists somewhat subsided: a new colonial assembly was convened: hopes began to be entertained that something might be effected by its labours, when lo! the news ran through the island like the tremor of an earthquake: 'The blacks have risen!' The appalling news was too true. The conspiracy, the existence of which had been divulged by Ogé before his execution, had burst into explosion. The outbreak had been fixed for the 25th of August; but the negroes, impatient as the time drew near, had commenced it on the night of the 22d. The insurrection broke out first on a plantation near the town of Cape François; but it extended itself immediately far and wide; and the negroes rising on every plantation, first murdered their masters and their families, and set fire to their houses, and then poured in to swell the insurgent army. The greater part of the mulattoes joined them, and took a leading share in the insurrection. The horrors which were perpetrated by the negroes cannot, dare not be related. On one plantation the standard of the insurgents was the body of a white infant impaled on a stake; on another, the insurgents, dragging a white, a carpenter, from his hiding-place, declared that he should die in the way of his occupation, and accordingly they bound him between two boards and sawed him through. But these are among the least savage of the enormities which were committed during the insurrection. 'It was computed,' says Mr Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, 'that, within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons of all conditions and ages had been massacred, that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed, and one thousand two hundred families reduced from opulence to absolute beggary.' But after the first shock was over, the whites of the cities had armed themselves, and marched out to attack the negroes, and their retaliation was severe. They outdid the negroes in the cruelty of their tortures. 'Of the insurgents,' continues the same authority, 'it was reckoned that upwards of ten thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner—many of them, I am sorry to say, under the torture of the wheel.'

The insurrection was successful. Although the numerical loss of the insurgents had been greater than that of the whites, yet the latter saw that it was in vain to hold out longer against such a large body of foes. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, a truce was concluded between the whites and the mulattoes in the western province; and following this good example, the general assembly of the colony came to a resolution to admit the obnoxious decree of the 15th of May, which recognised the equal citizenship of all persons of colour born of free parents. As the refusal to admit this decree had been the pretext for the insurrection, this concession, along with some others, had the effect of restoring order; although, as may be readily conceived, the blacks, who gained nothing by the concession, were far from being conciliated or satisfied. The mulattoes, however, were now gained over to the side of the whites, and the two together hoped to be able to keep the negroes in greater awe.

Meanwhile strange proceedings relative to the colonies were occurring in the mother-country. The news of the insurrection of the blacks had not had time to reach Paris; but the intelligence of the manner in which the decree of the 15th of May had been received by the whites in St Domingo had created great alarm. 'We are afraid we have been too hasty with that decree of ours about the rights of the mulattoes: it is likely, by all accounts, to occasion a civil war between them and the whites; and if so, we run the risk of losing the colony altogether.' This was the common talk of the politicians of Paris. Accordingly, they hastened to undo what they had done four months before, and on the 24th of September the National Assembly actually repealed the decree of the 15th of May by a large majority. Thus the mother-country and the colony were at cross purposes; for at the very moment that the colony was admitting the decree, the mother-country was repealing it.

The flames of war were immediately rekindled in the colony. 'The decree is repealed,' said the whites; 'we need not have been in such a hurry in making concessions to the mulattoes.' 'The decree is repealed,' said the mulattoes; 'the people in Paris are playing false with us; we must depend on ourselves in future. There is no possibility of coming to terms with the whites; either they must exterminate us, or we must exterminate them.' Such was the effect of the wavering conduct of the home government. All the horrors of August were re-enacted, and the year 1791 was concluded amid scenes of war, pestilence and bloodshed. The whites, collected in forts and cities, bade defiance to the insurgents. The mulattoes and blacks fought on the same side, sometimes under one standard, sometimes in separate bands. A large colony of blacks, consisting of slaves broken loose from the plantations they had lived upon, settled in the mountains under two leaders named Jean François and Biassou, planted provisions for their subsistence, and watching for opportunities, made irruptions into the plains.

CIVIL WAR IN ST DOMINGO—LANDING OF THE BRITISH.

Perplexed with the insurrectionary condition of St Domingo, the home government deputed three commissioners to visit the island, and attempt the rectification of its affairs. This was a fruitless effort. The commissioners, on their arrival, made several tours through the island, were greatly astonished and shocked at what they saw, and, despairing of effecting any beneficial measure, returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Revolution in the mother-country was proceeding; the republican party and the *Amis des Noirs* were rising into power; and on the 4th of April 1792, a new decree was passed, declaring more emphatically than before the rights of the people of colour, and appointing three new commissioners, who were to proceed to St Domingo and exercise sovereign power in the colony. These commissioners arrived on the 13th of September, dissolved the colonial assembly, and sent the governor, M. Blanchelande home to be guillotined. With great appearance of activity, the commissioners commenced their duties; and as the mother-country was too busy about its own affairs to attend to their proceedings, they acted as they pleased, and contrived, out of the general wreck, to amass large sums of money for their own use; till at length, in the beginning of 1793, the revolutionary government at home, having a little more leisure to attend to colonial affairs, revoked the powers of the commissioners, and appointed a new governor, M. Galbaud. When M. Galbaud arrived in the island, there ensued a struggle between him and the commissioners, he being empowered to supersede them, and they refusing to submit. At length the commissioners, calling in the assistance of the revolted negroes, M. Galbaud was expelled from the island, and forced to take refuge in the United States. While this strange struggle for the governorship of the colony lasted, the condition of the colony itself was growing worse and worse. The plantations remained uncultivated; the whites and the mulattoes were still at war; masses of savage negroes were quartered in the hills, in fastnesses from which they could not be dislodged, and from which they could rush down unexpectedly to commit outrages in the plains. In one of these irruptions of a host of negroes, the beautiful city of Cape François, the capital of St Domingo, was seized and burnt.

In daily jeopardy of their lives, and seeing no prospect of a return of prosperity, immense numbers of the white colonists were quitting the island. Many families had emigrated to the neighbouring island of Jamaica, many to the United States, and some even had sought refuge, like the royalists of the mother-country, in Great Britain. Through these persons, as well as through the refugees from the mother-country, overtures had been made to the British government, for the purpose of inducing it to take possession of the island of St Domingo, and convert it into a British colony; and in 1793, the British government, against which the French republic had now declared war, began to listen favourably to these proposals. General Williamson, the lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, was instructed to send troops from that island to St Domingo, and attempt to wrest it out of the hands of the French. Accordingly, on the 20th of September 1793, about 870 British soldiers, under Colonel Whitelocke, landed in St Domingo—a force miserably defective for such an enterprise. The number of troops was afterwards increased, and the British were able to effect the capture of Port-au-Prince, and also some ships which were in the harbour. Alarmed by this success, the French Commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, issued a decree abolishing negro slavery, at the same time inviting the blacks to join them against the British invaders. Several thousands did so; but the great majority fled to the hills, swelling the army of the negro chiefs, François and Biassou, and luxuriating in the liberty which they had so suddenly acquired.

It was at this moment of utter confusion and disorganisation, when British, French, mulattoes, and blacks were all acting their respective parts in the turmoil, and all inextricably intermingled in a bewildering war, which was neither a foreign war, nor a civil war, nor a war of races, but a composition of all three—it was at this moment that Toussaint l'Ouverture appeared, the spirit and the ruler of the storm.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint l'Ouverture, one of the most extraordinary men of a period when extraordinary men were numerous, and beyond all question the highest specimen of negro genius the world has yet seen, was born in St Domingo, on the plantation of the Count de Noé, a few miles distant from Cape François, in the year 1743. His father and mother were African slaves on the count's estate. His father, it is said, was the second son of Gaou-Guinou, king of a powerful African tribe; but being taken prisoner by a hostile people, he was, according to the custom of the African nations, sold as a slave to some white merchants, who carried him to St Domingo, where he was purchased by the Count de Noé. Kindly treated by his master, the king's son scarcely regretted that he had been made a slave. He married a fellow-slave, a girl of his own country, and by her he had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Toussaint was the eldest. The negro boy grew up on the plantation on which his father and mother were slaves, performing such little services as he could; and altogether, his life was as cheerful, and his work as easy, as that of any slave-boy in St Domingo. On Count Noé's plantation there was a black of the name of Pierre-Baptiste, a shrewd, intelligent man, who had acquired much information, besides having been taught the elements of what would be termed a plain European education by some benevolent missionaries. Between Pierre and young Toussaint an intimacy sprung up, and all that Pierre had learned from the missionaries, Toussaint learned from him. His acquisitions, says our French authority, amounted to reading, writing, arithmetic, a little Latin, and an idea of geometry. It was a fortunate circumstance that the greatest natural genius among the negroes of St Domingo was thus singled out to receive the unusual gift of a little instruction. Toussaint's qualifications gained him promotion; he was made the coachman of M. Bayou, the overseer of the Count de Noé—a situation as high as a negro could hope to fill. In this, and in other still higher situations to which he was subsequently advanced, his conduct was irreproachable, so that while he gained the confidence of his master, every negro in the plantation held him in respect. Three particulars are authentically known respecting his character at this period of his life, and it is somewhat remarkable that all are points more peculiarly of moral than of intellectual superiority. He was noted, it is said, for an exceedingly patient temper, for great affection for brute animals, and for a strong unswerving attachment to one female whom he had chosen for his wife. It is also said that he manifested singular strength of religious sentiment. In person he was above the middle size, with a striking countenance, and a robust constitution, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and requiring little sleep.

Toussaint was about forty-eight years of age when the insurrection of the blacks took place in August 1791. Great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a negro of his respectability and reputation to join them in their first outbreak, but he steadily refused. It is also known that it was owing to Toussaint's care and ingenuity that his master, M. Bayou, and his family escaped being massacred. He hid them in the woods for several days, visited them at the risk of his own life, secured the means of their escape from the island, and, after they were settled in the United States, sent them such remittances as he could manage to snatch from the wreck of their property. Such conduct, in the midst of such barbarities as were then enacting, indicates great originality and moral independence of character. After his master's escape, Toussaint, who had no tie to retain him longer in servitude, and who, besides, saw reason and justice in the struggle which his race was making for liberty, attached himself to the bands of negroes then occupying the hills, commanded by François and Biassou. In the negro army Toussaint at once assumed a leading rank; and a certain amount of medical knowledge, which he had picked up in the course of his reading, enabled him to unite the functions of army physician with those of military officer. Such was Toussaint's position in the end of the year 1793, when the British landed in the island.

It is necessary here to describe, as exactly as the confusion will permit, the true state of parties in the island. The British, as we already know, were attempting to take the colony out of the hands of the French republic, and annex it to the crown of Great Britain; and in this design they were favoured by the few French royalists still resident in the island. The French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, on the other hand, men of the republican school, were attempting, with a motley army of French, mulattoes, and blacks, to beat back the British. The greater part of the mulattoes of the island, grateful for the exertions which the republicans and the *Amis des Noirs* had made on their behalf, attached themselves to the side of the commissioners, and the republic which they represented. It may naturally be supposed that the blacks would attach themselves to the same party—to the party of those whose watchwords were liberty and equality, and, consequently, were the sworn enemies of slavery; but such was not the case. Considerable numbers of the negroes, it is true, were gained over to the cause of the French republic by the manifesto the commissioners had published abolishing slavery; but the bulk of them kept aloof, and constituted a separate negro army. Strangely enough, this army declared itself anti-republican. Before the death of Louis XVI., the blacks had come to entertain a strong sympathy with the king, and a violent dislike to the republicans. This may have been owing either to the policy of their leaders, François and Biassou, or to the simple fact that the blacks had suffered much at the hands of republican whites. At all events the negro armies called themselves the armies of the king while he was alive; and after he was dead, they refused to consider themselves subjects of the republic. In these circumstances, one would at first be apt to fancy they would side with the British when they landed on the island. But it must be remembered that, along with the blind and unintelligent royalism of the negroes, they were animated by a far stronger and far more real feeling, namely, the desire of freedom and the horror of again being subjected to slavery; and this would very effectually prevent their assisting the British. If they did so, they would be only changing their masters; St Domingo would become a British colony, and they, like the negroes of Jamaica, would become slaves of British planters. No; it was liberty they wanted, and the British would not give them that. They hung aloof, therefore, not acting consistently with the French, much less with the British, but watching the course of events, and ready, at any given moment, to precipitate themselves into the contest and strike a blow for negro independence.

The negroes, however, in the meantime had the fancy to call themselves royalists, François having assumed the title of grand admiral of France, and Biassou that of generalissimo of the conquered districts. Toussaint held a military command under them, and acted also as army physician. Every day his influence over the negroes was extending; and as jealousy is a negro vice as well as a European, François became so envious of Toussaint's growing reputation as to cast him into prison, apparently with the further purpose of destroying him. Toussaint, however, was released by Biassou, who, although described as a monster of cruelty, appears to have had some sparks of generous feeling. Shortly after this, Biassou's drunken ferocity rendered it necessary to deprive him of all command, and François and Toussaint became joint-leaders, Toussaint acting in the capacity of lieutenant-general, and François in that of general-in-chief. The negro army at this time judged it expedient to enter the service of Spain, acting in co-operation with the governor of the Spanish colony in the other end of the island, who had been directed by his government at home to carry on war against the French commissioners. The commissioners, it appears, following up the proclamation of liberty to the blacks, which they had published with the hope of increasing their forces sufficiently to resist the British invasion, made an attempt to gain over François and Toussaint. Toussaint, who thought himself bound to assign his reasons for refusing to join them, sent an answer which has been preserved. 'We cannot,' he says, 'conform to the will of the nation, because, since the world began, we have never yielded to the will of any but a king. We have lost our French one; so we adopt the king of Spain, who is exceedingly kind to us; and therefore, gentlemen commissioners, we can have nothing to say to you till you put a king on the throne.' This royalist enthusiasm was evidently a mere fancy, which had been put into the heads of the negroes by those who supplied them with words, and which Toussaint allowed himself to be carried away with; and the probability is, that the letter we have quoted was the composition of a Spanish priest. At all events, Toussaint was for some time an officer in the Spanish service, acting under the directions of Joachim Garcia, the president of the Spanish colonial council. In this capacity he distinguished himself greatly. With 600 men, he beat a body of 1500 French out of a strong post which they had occupied near the Spanish town of St Raphael; and afterwards he took in succession the villages of Marmelade, Henneri, Plaisance, and Gonaives. To assist him in these military operations, we are told in some curious notes written by his son, 'that, imitating the example of the captains of antiquity, Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar, and others, he constructed a topographical chart of that part of the island, marking accurately the positions of the hills, the course of the streams,' &c. So much did he harass the commissioners, that one of them, Polverel, in speaking of him after the capture of Marmelade, used the expression: '*Cet homme fait ouverture partout*' (That man makes an opening everywhere). This expression getting abroad, was the cause of Toussaint being ever afterwards called by the name of *Toussaint l'Ouverture;* which may be translated, Toussaint the Opener; and Toussaint himself knew the value of a good name too well to disclaim the flattering addition. Besides this testimony from an enemy, the negro chief received many marks of favour from the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Hermona. He was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and presented at the same time with a sword and a badge of honour in the name of his Catholic majesty. But the Marquis d'Hermona having been succeeded in the command by another, Toussaint began to find his services less appreciated. His old rival, François, did his best to undermine his influence among the Spaniards; nay, it is said, laid a plot for his assassination, which Toussaint narrowly escaped. He had to complain also of the bad treatment which certain French officers, who had surrendered to him, and whom he had persuaded to accept a command under him, had received at the hands of the Spaniards. All these circumstances operated on the mind of Toussaint, and shook the principles on which he had hitherto acted. While hesitating with respect to his next movements, intelligence of the decree of the French Convention of the 4th February 1794, by which the abolition of negro slavery was confirmed, reached St Domingo; and this immediately decided the step he should take. Quitting the Spanish service, he joined the French general, Laveaux, who—the commissioners Santhonax and Polverel having been recalled—was now invested with the sole governorship of the colony; took the oath of fidelity to the French republic; and being elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, assisted Laveaux in his efforts to drive the English troops out of the island.

In his new capacity, Toussaint was no less successful than he had been while fighting under the Spanish colours. In many engagements, both with the British and the Spaniards, he rendered signal services to the cause of the French. At first, however, the French commander, Laveaux, shewed little disposition to place confidence in him; and we can easily conceive that it must have been by slow degrees that a man in the position of Laveaux came to appreciate the character of his negro officer. Laveaux had a difficult task to fulfil; nothing less, in fact, than the task of being the first European to do justice in practice to the negro character, and to treat a negro chief exactly as he would treat a European gentleman. Philosophers, such as the Abbé Gregoire and the Abbé Raynal, had indeed written books to prove that ability and worth were to be found among the negroes, and had laid it down as a maxim that a negro was to be treated like any other man whose circumstances were the same; but probably Laveaux was the first European who felt himself called upon to put the maxim in practice, at least in affairs of any importance. It is highly creditable, therefore, to this French officer, that when he came to have more experience of Toussaint l'Ouverture, he discerned his extraordinary abilities, and esteemed him as much as if he had been a French gentleman educated in the schools of Paris. The immediate occasion of the change of the sentiments of Laveaux towards Toussaint was as follows: In the month of March 1795, an insurrection of mulattoes occurred at the town of the Cape, and Laveaux was seized and placed in confinement. On hearing this, Toussaint marched at the head of 10,000 blacks to the town, obliged the inhabitants to open the gates by the threat of a siege, entered in triumph, released the French commander, and reinstated him in his office. In gratitude for this act of loyalty, Laveaux appointed Toussaint lieutenant-governor of the colony, declaring his resolution at the same time to act by his advice in all matters, whether military or civil—a resolution the wisdom of which will appear when we reflect that Toussaint was the only man in the island who could govern the blacks. A saying of Laveaux is also recorded, which shews what a decided opinion he had formed of Toussaint's abilities: 'It is this black,' said he, 'this Spartacus predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the wrongs done to his race.'

A wonderful improvement soon followed the appointment of l'Ouverture as lieutenant-governor of the colony. The blacks, obedient to their champion, were reduced under strict military discipline, and submitted to all the regulations of orderly civil government. 'It must be allowed,' says General de Lacroix, in his memoirs of the revolution in St Domingo, an account by no means favourable to the blacks—'it must be allowed that if St Domingo still carried the colours of France, it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from Heaven to unite its dilacerated members.' It tended also to promote the cause of good order in the island, that about this time a treaty was concluded between the French Convention and the Spanish government, in consequence of which the war between the French colonists in one end of the island, and the Spanish colonists in the other, was at an end, and the only enemy with whom the French commander had still to contend was the British, posted here and there along the coast. On the conclusion of this treaty, Jean François, the former rival of Toussaint, left the island, and Toussaint was therefore without a rival to dispute his authority among the blacks. He employed himself now in attacking the English positions on the west coast, and with such vigour and success, that in a short time he forced them to evacuate all the country on both sides of the river Artibonite, although they still lingered in other parts of the island, from which they could not be dislodged.

Since the departure of the commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, the whole authority of the colony, both civil and military, had been in the hands of Laveaux; but in the end of the year 1795, a new commission arrived from the mother-country. At the head of this commission was Santhonax, and his colleagues were Giraud, Raymond, and Leblanc. The new commissioners, according to their instructions, overwhelmed Toussaint with thanks and compliments; told him he had made the French republic his everlasting debtor, and encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to rid the island of the British. Shortly afterwards, Laveaux, being nominated a member of the legislature, was obliged to return to France; and in the month of April 1796, Toussaint l'Ouverture was appointed his successor, as commander-in-chief of the French forces in St Domingo. Thus, by a remarkable succession of circumstances, was this negro, at the age of fifty-three years, fifty of which had been passed in a state of slavery, placed in the most important position in the island.

Toussaint now began to see his way more clearly, and to become conscious of the duty which Providence had assigned him. Taking all things into consideration, he resolved on being no longer a tool of foreign governments, but to strike a grand blow for the permanent independence of his race. To accomplish this object, he felt that it was necessary to assume and retain, at least for a time, the supreme civil as well as military command. Immediately, therefore, on becoming commander-in-chief in St Domingo, he adopted measures for removing all obstructions to the exercise of his own authority. General Rochambeau had been sent from France with a military command similar to that which Laveaux had held ; but finding himself a mere cipher, he became unruly, and Toussaint instantly sent him home. Santhonax the commissioner, too, was an obstacle in the way ; and Toussaint, after taking the precaution of ascertaining that he would be able to enforce obedience, got rid of him by the delicate pretext of making him the bearer of dispatches to the Directory. Along with Santhonax, several other officious personages were sent to France ; the only person of any official consequence who was retained being the commissioner Raymond, who was a mulatto, and might be useful. As these measures, however, might draw down the vengeance of the Directory, if not accompanied by some proofs of good-will to France, Toussaint sent two of his sons to Paris to be educated, assuring the Directory at the same time that, in removing Santhonax and his coadjutors, he had been acting for the best interests of the colony. 'I guarantee,' he wrote to the Directory, 'on my own personal responsibility, the orderly behaviour and the good-will to France of my brethren the blacks. You may depend, citizen directors, on happy results ; and you shall soon see whether I engage in vain my credit and your hopes.'

The people of Paris received with a generous astonishment the intelligence of the doings of the negro prodigy, and the interest they took in the novelty of the case prevented them from being angry. The Directory, however, judged it prudent to send out General Hedouville, an able and moderate man, to superintend Toussaint's proceedings, and restrain his boldness. When Hedouville arrived at St Domingo, Toussaint went on board the ship to bid him welcome. Conversing with him in the presence of the ship's officers, Toussaint said something about the fatigues of government, upon which the captain of the vessel, meaning to pay him a compliment, said that he wished no greater honour than that of carrying him to France. 'Your ship,' replied Toussaint, too hastily to consider whether what he said was in the best taste—'your ship is not large enough.' He improved the saying, however, when one of Hedouville's staff made an observation some time afterwards to the same effect, hinting that he should now give up the cares of government and retire to France, to spend his declining years in peace. 'That is what I intend,' said he ; 'but I am waiting till this shrub (pointing to a little plant in the ground) grow big enough to make a ship.' Hedouville found himself a mere shadow. Toussaint, though strictly polite to him, paid no attention to his wishes or representations, except when they agreed with his own intentions.

In the meantime, Toussaint was fulfilling his pledge to the Directory, by managing the affairs of the colony with the utmost skill and prudence. One thing, however, still remained to be done, and that was to clear the island of the British troops. Toussaint's exertions had for some time been directed to this end, and with such success, that Saint Mark, Port-au-Prince, Jeremie, and Molé were the only places of which the British still retained possession. He was preparing to attack them in these their last holds, when General Maitland, seeing the hopelessness of continuing an enterprise which had already cost so many British lives, opened a negotiation with him, which ended in a treaty for the evacuation of the island. While General Maitland was making his preparations for quitting the island, Toussaint and he were mutual in their expressions of regard. Toussaint visited the English general, was received with all the pomp of military ceremonial, and, after a splendid entertainment, was presented, in the name of the king of Great Britain, with a costly service of plate and two brass cannons. General Maitland, previous to the embarkation of his troops, visited Toussaint's camp in return, travelling with only three attendants through a tract of country filled with armed blacks. While on his way, he was informed that Roume, the French commissioner, had written to Toussaint, advising him to give a proof of his zeal in the French cause by seizing General Maitland, and detaining him as a prisoner; but confiding in the negro's honour, he did not hesitate to proceed. Arrived at Toussaint's quarters, he had to wait some time before seeing him. At length he made his appearance, holding in his hands two letters. 'Here, general,' he said on entering, 'before we say a word about anything else, read these; the one is a letter I have received from the French commissary, the other is the answer I am just going to despatch.' It is said by French historians that about this time offers were made to Toussaint, on the part of Great Britain, to recognise him as king of Hayti, on condition of his signing a treaty of exclusive commerce with British subjects. It is certain, at least, that if this offer was made, the negro chief did not accept it.

The evacuation of St Domingo by the English in 1798 did not remove all Toussaint's difficulties. The mulattoes, influenced partly by a rumour that the French Directory meditated the re-establishment of the exploded distinction of colour, partly by a jealous dislike to the ascendency which a pure negro had gained in the colony, rose in insurrection under the leadership of Rigaud and Petion, two able and educated mulattoes. The insurrection was formidable; but, by a judicious mingling of severity with caution, Toussaint quelled it, reducing Rigaud and Petion to extremities; and the arrival of a deputation from France in the year 1799, bringing a confirmation of his authority as commander-in-chief in St Domingo by the man who, under the title of First Consul, had superseded the Directory, and now swayed the destinies of France, rendered his triumph complete. Petion and Rigaud, deserted by their adherents, and despairing of any further attempt to shake Toussaint's power, embarked for France.

Confirmed by Bonaparte in the powers which he had for some time been wielding in the colony with such good effect, Toussaint now paid exclusive attention to the internal affairs of the island. In the words of a French biographer, 'he laid the foundation of a new state with the foresight of a mind that could discern what would decay and what would endure. St Domingo rose from its ashes; the reign of law and justice was established; those who had been slaves were now citizens. Religion again reared her altars; and on the sites of ruins were built new edifices.' Certain interesting particulars are also recorded, which give us a better idea of his habits and the nature of his government than these general descriptions. To establish discipline among his black troops, he gave all his superior officers the power of life and death over the subalterns: every superior officer 'commanded with a pistol in his hand.' In all cases where the original possessors of estates which had fallen vacant in the course of the troubles of the past nine years could be traced, they were invited to return and resume their property. Toussaint's great aim was to accustom the negroes to industrious habits. It was only by diligent agriculture, he said, that the blacks could ever raise themselves. Accordingly, while every trace of personal slavery was abolished, he took means to compel the negroes to work as diligently as ever they had done under the whip of their overseers. All those plantations the proprietors of which did not reappear were lotted out among the negroes, who, as a remuneration for their labour, received one-third of the produce, the rest going to the public revenue. There were as yet no civil or police courts which could punish idleness or vagrancy, but the same purpose was served by courts-martial. The ports of the island were opened to foreign vessels, and every encouragement held out to traffic. In consequence of these arrangements, a most surprising change took place: the plantations were again covered with crops; the sugar-houses and distilleries were rebuilt; the export trade began to revive; and the population, orderly and well behaved, began to increase. In addition to these external evidences of good government, the island exhibited those finer evidences which consist in mental culture and the civilisation of manners. Schools were established, and books became common articles in the cottages of the negro labourers. Music and the theatre were encouraged; and public worship was conducted with all the usual pomp of the Romish church. The whites, the mulattoes, and the blacks mingled in the same society, and exchanged with each other all the courtesies of civilised intercourse. The commander-in-chief himself set the example by holding public levees, at which, surrounded by his officers, he received the visits of the principal colonists; and his private parties, it is said, 'might have vied with the best regulated societies of Paris.' Himself frugal and abstemious in his habits, he studied magnificence in all matters of court arrangement, the dress of his officers, his furniture, his entertainments, &c. His attention to decorum might be thought excessive, unless we knew the state of manners which had prevailed in St Domingo while it was a French colony. He would never allow the white ladies to appear at his court with their necks uncovered: women, he said, should always look as if they were going to church. Like every man in high office, Toussaint was frequently annoyed by ambitious persons applying to him for situations for which they had no capacity. He had the art, it is said, of sending such persons away without offending them. A negro, for instance, who thought he had some claim to his acquaintanceship, would come and ask to be appointed a judge or a magistrate.

'Oh yes,' Toussaint would reply, as if complying with the request; and then he would add: 'Of course you understand Latin?'

'Latin!' the suitor would say; 'no, general, I never learnt it.'

'What!' Toussaint would exclaim, 'not know Latin, and yet want to be a magistrate!' And then he would pour out a quantity of gibberish, intermingled with as many sounding Latin words as he could remember; and the candidate, astonished at such a display of learning, would go away disappointed, of course, at not getting the office, but laying all the blame upon his ignorance of Latin.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—FRENCH INVASION OF ST DOMINGO.

Successful in all his schemes of improvement, Toussaint had only one serious cause for dread. While he admired, and, it may be, imitated Napoleon Bonaparte, he entertained a secret fear of the projects of that great general. Although Bonaparte, as first consul, had confirmed him in his command, several circumstances had occurred to excite alarm. He had sent two letters to Bonaparte, both headed: 'The First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites,' one of which announced the complete pacification of the island, and requested the ratification of certain appointments which he had made, and the other explained his reasons for cashiering a French official; but to these letters Bonaparte had not deigned to return an answer. Moreover, the representatives from St Domingo had been excluded from the French senate; and rumours had reached the island that the first consul meditated the re-establishment of slavery. Toussaint thought it advisable, in this state of matters, to be beforehand with the French consul in forming a constitution for the island, to supersede the military government with which it had hitherto been content. A draft of a constitution was accordingly drawn up by his directions, and with the assistance of the ablest Frenchmen in the island; and after being submitted to an assembly of representatives from all parts of St Domingo, it was formally published on the 1st July 1801. By this constitution the whole executive of the island, with the command of the forces, was to be intrusted to a governor-general. Toussaint was appointed governor-general for life; his successors were to hold office for five years each; and he was to have the power of nominating the first of them. Various other provisions were contained in the constitution, and its general effect was to give St Domingo a virtual independence, under the guardianship of France.

Not disheartened by the taciturnity of Bonaparte, Toussaint again addressed him in respectful terms, and entreated his ratification of the new constitution. The first consul, however, had already formed the resolution of extinguishing Toussaint and taking possession of St Domingo; and the conclusion of a treaty of peace with England (1st October 1801) increased his haste to effect the execution of his deceitful purpose. In vain did persons acquainted with the state of the island endeavour to dissuade him from this movement, by representing the evils which would arise. 'I want,' he said to the minister Forfait, who was one of those who reasoned with him on the subject—'I want, I tell you, to get rid of 60,000 men.' This was probably the secret of his determination to invade St Domingo. Now that the treaty with England was concluded, he felt the presence of so many of his old companions in arms to be an encumbrance. There were men among them very likely to criticise his government and thwart his designs, and these it would be very convenient to send on a distant expedition. Nay more, it would not be misrepresenting Napoleon's character, if we were to suppose that some jealousy of his negro admirer mingled with his other views. Be this as it may, the expedition was equipped. It consisted of twenty-six ships-of-war and a number of transports, carrying an army of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops, who embarked reluctantly. The command of the army was given to General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, the consul's sister. Bonaparte had never forgiven his sister this marriage with a man of low birth; and it is said that a frequent cause of annoyance to him, in the first years of his consulship, was the arrival in Paris of all sorts of odd people from the country, who, being relations of Leclerc, claimed to be the kinsmen of the first consul. Bonaparte accordingly took this opportunity of sending his brother-in-law abroad. Leclerc was accompanied by his wife Pauline, a woman who, to a strength of mind worthy of Napoleon's sister, added a large share of personal beauty. Many of Toussaint's enemies accompanied Leclerc in this expedition, among whom we may mention Rochambeau, who was second in command, and the mulattoes Rigaud and Petion.

The French squadron reached St Domingo on the 29th of January 1802. 'We are lost,' said Toussaint, when he saw the ships approach; 'all France is coming to St Domingo.' The invading army was divided into four bodies. General Kervesau, with one, was to take possession of the Spanish town of St Domingo; General Rochambeau, with another, was to march on Fort Dauphin; General Boudet, with a third, on Port-au-Prince; and Leclerc himself, with the remainder, on Cape François. In all quarters the French were successful in effecting a landing. Rochambeau, in landing with his division, came to an engagement with the blacks who had gathered on the beach, and slaughtered a great number of them. At Cape François, Leclerc sent an intimidating message to Christophe, the negro whom Toussaint had stationed there as commander; but the negro replied that he was responsible only to Toussaint, his commander-in-chief. Perceiving, however, that his post was untenable, owing to the inclination of the white inhabitants of the town to admit Leclerc, Christophe set fire to the houses at night, and retreated to the hills by the light of the conflagration, carrying 2000 whites with him as hostages.

Although the French had effected a landing, the object of the invasion was yet far from being attained. Toussaint and the blacks had retired to the interior, and, in fastnesses where no military force could reach them, they were preparing for future attacks. That the force of language might not be wanting to co-operate with the force of arms, the first consul had sent out a proclamation to be distributed among the inhabitants of St Domingo, assuring them that, 'whatever was their origin or their colour, they were all equal, all free, all French in the eyes of God and the republic; that France herself, long desolated by civil wars, but now at peace with the universe, had sent her ships to guarantee civil liberty in St Domingo: but that if the anger of the republic were provoked, it would devour her enemies as the fire devours the dried sugar-canes.' The proclamation did not produce the intended effect; the blacks still refused to submit. Another stroke of policy was in reserve, the intention of which was to incline Toussaint himself to forbear his opposition to the occupation of the island by the French. Our readers already know that two of Toussaint's sons, whose names were Isaac and Placide, had been sent to Paris to be educated. At Paris, they were placed under the tuition of one M. Coasnon. The first consul resolved that Toussaint's two sons, along with their preceptor, should accompany the expedition under Leclerc to St Domingo, to try the effect which the sight of them might have on the mind of the negro chief. He had sent for them at the Tuileries, and received them very graciously, inquiring of M. Coasnon which was Isaac and which Placide. 'Your father,' he said to them, 'is a great man, and has rendered many services to France. Tell him I said so; and tell him not to believe that I have any hostile intentions against St Domingo. The troops I send are not destined to fight against the native troops, but to increase their strength. The man I have appointed commander is my own brother-in-law.' He then asked them some questions in mathematics; and the young men withdrew, delighted with the first consul's kindness. After landing at Cape François, Leclerc despatched Coasnon with Toussaint's two sons to the village of Henneri, where he heard that Toussaint then was. One of the sons, Isaac, has written an account of this interview with his father, and of the transactions which followed it. Travelling to Henneri, he tells us, with M. Coasnon, the negroes everywhere on the road received them with raptures. When they reached Henneri, Toussaint was absent, and they spent the first evening with their mother and the rest of the family. Next day Toussaint joined them, and meeting him at the door, they threw themselves into his arms. M. Coasnon then presented him with a letter from the first consul, which he read on the spot. The letter was a skilful mixture of flattery and menace. 'If the French flag,' it said, 'float over St Domingo, it is owing to you and your brave blacks. Called by your abilities and the force of circumstances to the first command in the island, you have put an end to civil war, and brought back into repute religion and the worship of God, from whom everything proceeds. The constitution which you have made contains a number of excellent things; but'—— and then follow a few threatening passages. After reading the letter, Toussaint turned to M. Coasnon and said: 'Which am I to believe?—the first consul's words, or General Leclerc's actions? The first consul offers me peace; and yet General Leclerc no sooner arrives than he rushes into a war with us. However, I shall write to General Leclerc. An attempt was then made to influence him through his paternal feelings; but at length Toussaint put an end to the interview by saying: 'Take back my sons,' and immediately rode off.

The correspondence which Toussaint entered into with Leclerc produced no good result, and the war began in earnest. Toussaint and Christophe were declared outlaws, and battle after battle was fought with varying success. The mountainous nature of the interior greatly impeded the progress of the French. The Alps themselves, Leclerc said, were not nearly so troublesome to a military man as the hills of St Domingo. On the whole, however, the advantage was decidedly on the side of the French; and the blacks were driven by degrees out of all their principal positions. The success of the French was not entirely the consequence of their military skill and valour; it was partly owing also to the effect which the proclamations of Leclerc had on the minds of the negroes and their commanders. If they were to enjoy the perfect liberty which these proclamations promised them, if they were to continue free men as they were now, what mattered it whether the French were in possession of the island or not? Such was the general feeling; and accordingly many of Toussaint's most eminent officers, among whom were Laplume and Maurepas, went over to the French. Deserted thus by many of his officers and by the great mass of the negro population, Toussaint, supported by his two bravest and ablest generals, Dessalines and Christophe, still held out, and protracted the war. Dessalines, besieged in the fort of Crete à Pierrot by Leclerc and nearly the whole of the French army, did not give up the defence until he had caused the loss to his besiegers of about 3000 men, including several distinguished officers; and even then, rushing out, he fought his way through the enemy, and made good his retreat.

The reduction of the fortress of Crete à Pierrot was considered decisive of the fate of the war; and Leclerc, deeming dissimulation no longer necessary, permitted many negroes to be massacred, and issued an order virtually re-establishing the power of the old French colonists over their slaves. This rash step opened the eyes of the negroes who had joined the French: they deserted in masses; Toussaint was again at the head of an army; and Leclerc was in danger of losing all the fruits of his past labours, and being obliged to begin his enterprise over again. This was a very disagreeable prospect; for although strong reinforcements were arriving from France, the disorders incident to military life in a new climate were making large incisions into his army. He resolved, therefore, to fall back on his former policy; and on the 25th of April 1802, he issued a proclamation directly opposite in its spirit to his former order, asserting the equality of the various races, and holding out the prospect of full citizenship to the blacks. The negroes were again deceived, and again deserted Toussaint. Christophe, too, despairing of any farther success against the French, entered into negotiation with Leclerc, securing as honourable terms as could be desired. The example of Christophe was imitated by Dessalines, and by Paul l'Ouverture, Toussaint's brother. Toussaint, thus left alone was obliged to submit; and Christophe, in securing good terms for himself, had not neglected the opportunity of obtaining similar advantages for his commander-in-chief. On the 1st of May 1802, a treaty was concluded between Leclerc and Toussaint l'Ouverture, the conditions of which were, that Toussaint should continue to govern St Domingo as hitherto, Leclerc acting only in the capacity of French deputy, and that all the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to retain their respective ranks. 'I swear,' added Leclerc, 'before the Supreme Being, to respect the liberty of the people of St Domingo.' Thus the war appeared to have reached a happy close; the whites and blacks mingled with each other once more as friends; and Toussaint retired to one of his estates near Gonaives, to lead a life of quiet domestic enjoyment.

The instructions of the first consul, however, had been precise, that the negro chief should be sent as a prisoner to France. Many reasons recommended such a step as more likely than any other to break the spirit of independence among the blacks, and rivet the French power in the island. The expedition had been one of the most disastrous that France had ever undertaken. A pestilence resembling the yellow fever, but more fatal and terrible than even that dreadful distemper, had swept many thousands of the French to their graves. What with the ravages of the plague, and the losses in war, it was calculated that 30,000 men, 1500 officers of various ranks—among whom were fourteen generals—and 700 physicians and surgeons, perished in the expedition.

It is our melancholy duty now to record one of the blackest acts committed by Napoleon. Agreeably to his orders, the person of Toussaint was treacherously arrested, while residing peacefully in his house near Gonaives. Two negro chiefs who endeavoured to rescue him were killed on the spot, and a large number of his friends were at the same time made prisoners. The fate of many of these was never known; but Toussaint himself, his wife, and all his family, were carried at midnight on board the *Hero* man-of-war, then in the harbour, which immediately set sail for France. After a short passage of twenty-five days, the vessel arrived at Brest (June 1802); and here Toussaint took his last leave of his wife and family. They were sent to Bayonne; but by the orders of the first consul, he was carried to the château of Joux, in the east of France, among the Jura mountains. Placed in this bleak and dismal region, so different from the tropical climate to which he had been accustomed, his sufferings may easily be imagined. Not satisfied, however, with confining his unhappy prisoner to the fortress generally, Bonaparte enjoined that he should be secluded in a dungeon, and denied anything beyond the plainest necessaries of existence. For the first few months of his captivity, Toussaint was allowed to be attended by a faithful negro servant; but at length this single attendant was removed, and he was left alone in his misery and despair. It appears a rumour had gone abroad that Toussaint, during the war in St Domingo, had buried a large amount of treasure in the earth; and during his captivity at Joux, an officer was sent by the first consul to interrogate him respecting the place where he had concealed it. 'The treasures I have lost,' said Toussaint, 'are not those which you seek.' After an imprisonment of ten months, the negro was found dead in his dungeon on the 27th of April 1803. He was sitting at the side of the fireplace, with his hands resting on his legs, and his head drooping. The account given at the time was, that he had died of apoplexy; but some authors have not hesitated to ascribe it to less natural circumstances. 'The governor of the fort,' observes one French writer, 'made two excursions to Neufchâtel, in Switzerland. The first time, he left the keys of the dungeons with a captain whom he chose to act for him during his absence. The captain accordingly had occasion to visit Toussaint, who conversed with him about his past life, and expressed his indignation at the design imputed to him by the first consul, of having wished to betray St Domingo to the English. As Toussaint, reduced to a scanty farinaceous diet, suffered greatly from the want of coffee, to which he had been accustomed, the captain generously procured it for him. This first absence of the governor of the fort, however, was only an experiment. It was not long before he left the fort again, and this time he said, with a mysterious, unquiet air, to the captain: 'I leave you in charge of the fort, but I do not give you the keys of the dungeons; the prisoners do not require anything.' Four days after, he returned, and Toussaint was dead—starved.' According to another account, this miserable victim of despotism, and against whom there was no formal or reasonable charge, was poisoned; but this rests on no credible testimony, and there is reason to believe that Toussaint died a victim only to the severities of confinement in this inhospitable prison. This melancholy termination to his sufferings took place when he was sixty years of age.

Toussaint's family continued to reside in France. They were removed from Bayonne to Agen, and here one of the younger sons of Toussaint died soon after his father. Toussaint's wife died in May 1816, in the arms of her sons Isaac and Placide. In 1825, Isaac l'Ouverture wrote a brief memoir of his father, to which we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted.

We have thus sketched the life of the greatest man yet known to have appeared among the negroes. Toussaint l'Ouverture was altogether an original genius, tinctured no doubt with much that was French, but really and truly self-developed. His intellectual qualities so much resembled those of Europeans, as to make him more than a match for many of the ablest of them. But perhaps, if we seek to discover the true negro element of his genius, it will be found in his strong affections. The phrenological casts given of Toussaint's head are useful, as representing this in the way most likely to be impressive. They represent Toussaint as having a skull more European in its general shape than that of almost any other negro. That Toussaint l'Ouverture was not a mere exceptional negro, cast up as it were once for all, but that he was only the first of a possible series of able negroes, and that his greatness may fairly be taken as a proof of certain capabilities in the negro character, will appear from the following brief sketch of the history of St Domingo subsequently to his imprisonment and death.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF ST DOMINGO, OR HAYTI.

The forcible suppression of Toussaint's government, and his treacherous removal from the island, did not prove a happy stroke of policy; and it would have been preferable for France to have at once established the independence of St Domingo, than to have entered on the project of resuming it as a dependency on the old terms. Leclerc, with all the force committed to his care by Bonaparte, signally failed in his designs. The contemptuous and cruel manner in which the blacks were generally treated, and the attempts made to restore them as a class to slavery, provoked a wide-spread insurrection. Toussaint's old friends and generals, Dessalines, Christophe, Clerveaux, and others, rose in arms. Battle after battle was fought, and all the resources of European military skill were opposed to the furious onsets of the negro masses. All was in vain: before October, the negroes, under the command of Dessalines and Christophe, had driven the French out of Fort Dauphin, Port de Paix, and other important positions. In the midst of these calamities, that is, on the 1st of November 1802, Leclerc died, and Pauline Bonaparte returned to France with his body. Leclerc was succeeded in the command by Rochambeau, a determined enemy of the blacks. Cruelties such as Leclerc shrunk from were now employed to assist the French arms; unoffending negroes were slaughtered; and bloodhounds were imported from Cuba to chase the negro fugitives through the forests. Rochambeau, however, had a person to deal with capable of repaying cruelty with cruelty. Dessalines, who had assumed the chief command of the insurgents, was a man who, to great military talents and great personal courage, added a ferocious and sanguinary disposition. Hearing that Rochambeau had ordered 500 blacks to be shot at the Cape, he selected 500 French officers and soldiers from among his prisoners, and had them shot by way of reprisal. To complete the miseries of the French, the mulattoes of the south now joined the insurrection, and the war between France and England having recommenced, the island was blockaded by English ships, and provisions began to fail. In this desperate condition, after demanding assistance from the mother-country, which could not be granted, Rochambeau negotiated with the negroes and the English for the evacuation of the island; and towards the end of November 1803, all the French troops left St Domingo.

On the departure of the French, Dessalines, Christophe, and the other generals proclaimed the independence of the island 'in the name of the blacks and the people of colour.' At the same time they invited the return of all whites who had taken no part in the war; but, added they, 'if any of those who imagined they would restore slavery return hither, they shall meet with nothing but chains and deportation.' On the 1st of January 1804, at an assembly of the generals and chiefs of the army, the independence of the island was again solemnly declared, and all present bound themselves by an oath to defend it. At the same time, to mark their formal renunciation of all connection with France, it was resolved that the name of the island should be changed from St Domingo to Hayti, the name given to it by its original Indian inhabitants. Jean Jacques

Dessalines was appointed governor-general of the island for life, with the privilege of nominating his successor.

The rule of Dessalines was a sanguinary, but, on the whole, a salutary one. He began his government by a treacherous massacre of nearly all the French who remained in the island trusting to his false promises of protection. All other Europeans, however, except the French, were treated with respect. Dessalines encouraged the importation of Africans into Hayti, saying that since they were torn from their country, it was certainly better that they should be employed to recruit the strength of a rising nation of blacks, than to serve the whites of all countries as slaves. On the 8th of October 1804, Dessalines exchanged his plain title of governor-general for the more pompous one of emperor. He was solemnly inaugurated under the name of James I., emperor of Hayti; and the ceremony of his coronation was accompanied by the proclamation of a new constitution, the main provisions of which were exceedingly judicious. All Haytian subjects, of whatever colour, were to be called *blacks*, entire religious toleration was decreed, schools were established, public worship encouraged, and measures adopted similar to those which Toussaint had employed for creating and fostering an industrial spirit among the negroes. As a preparation for any future war, the interior of the island was extensively planted with yams, bananas, and other articles of food, and many forts built in advantageous situations. Under these regulations the island again began to shew symptoms of prosperity. Dessalines was a man in many respects fitted to be the first sovereign of a people rising out of barbarism. The slave of a negro mechanic, he was quite illiterate, but had great natural abilities, united to a very ferocious temper. His wife was one of the most beautiful and best educated negro women in Hayti. A pleasant trait of his character is his seeking out his old master after he became emperor, and making him his butler. It was, he said, exactly the situation the old man wished to fill, as it afforded him the means of being always drunk. Dessalines himself drank nothing but water. For two years this negro continued to govern the island; but at length his ferocity provoked his mulatto subjects to form a conspiracy against him, and on the 17th of October 1806 he was assassinated by the soldiers of Petion, who was his third in command.

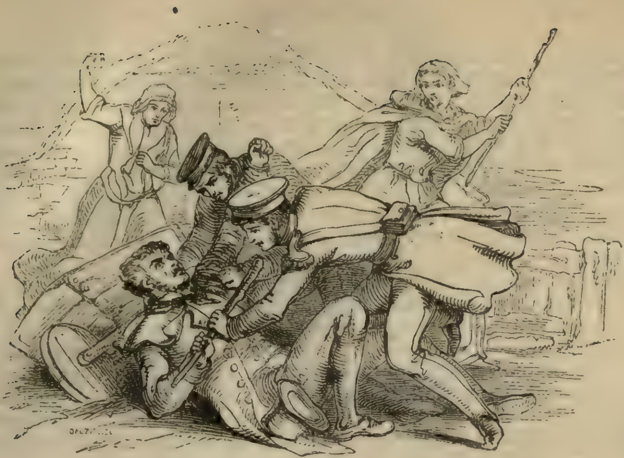
On the death of Dessalines, a schism took place in the island. Christophe, who had been second in command, assumed the government of the northern division of the island, the capital of which was Cape François; and Petion, the mulatto general, assumed the government of the southern division, the capital of which was Port-au-Prince. For several years a war was carried on between the two rivals, each endeavouring to depose the other, and become chief of the whole of Hayti; but at length hostilities ceased, and by a tacit agreement, Petion came to be regarded as legitimate governor in the south and west, where the mulattoes were most numerous; and Christophe as legitimate governor in the north, where the population consisted chiefly of blacks. Christophe, trained, like Dessalines, in the school of Toussaint l'Ouverture, was a slave born, and an able as well as a benevolent man; but, like most of the negroes who had arrived at his period of life, he had not had the benefit of any systematic education. Petion, on the other hand, had been educated in the Military Academy of Paris, and was accordingly as accomplished and well instructed as any European officer. The title with which Petion was invested, was that of President of the Republic of Hayti—in other words, president of the republican part of Hayti; the southern and western districts preferring the republican form of government. For some time Christophe bore the simple title of chief magistrate, and was in all respects the president of a republic like Petion: but the blacks have always shewn a liking for the monarchical form of government; and accordingly, on the 2d of June 1812, Christophe, by the desire of his subjects, assumed the regal title of Henry I., king of Hayti. The coronation was celebrated in the most gorgeous manner; and at the same time the creation of an aristocracy took place, the first act of the new sovereign being to name four princes, seven dukes, twenty-two counts, thirty barons, and ten knights.

Both parts of the island were well governed, and rapidly advanced in prosperity and civilisation. On the restoration of the Bourbons to the French throne, some hope seems to have been entertained in France that it might be possible yet to obtain a footing in the island, and commissioners were sent out to collect information respecting its condition; but the conduct both of Christophe and Petion was so firm, that the impossibility of subverting the independence of Hayti became manifest. The island was therefore left in the undisturbed possession of the blacks and mulattoes. In 1818 Petion died, and was succeeded by General Boyer, a mulatto who had been in France, and had accompanied Leclerc in his expedition. In 1820, Christophe having become involved in differences with his subjects, shot himself; and the two parts of the island were then reunited under the general name of the Republic of Hayti, General Boyer being the first president. In the following year, the Spanish portion of the island, which for a long time had been in a languishing condition, voluntarily placed itself under the government of Boyer, who thus became the head of a republic including the entire island of St Domingo. In 1825, a treaty was concluded between President Boyer and Charles X. of France, by which France acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of 150 millions of francs (£6,000,000 sterling), to be paid by the island in five annual instalments, as a compensation for the losses sustained by the French colonists during the revolution. The first instalment was paid in 1836; but as it was found impossible to pay the remainder, the terms of the agreement were changed in 1838, and France consented to accept 60 millions of francs (£2,400,000), to be liquidated in six instalments before the year 1867.

About the year 1843, the inhabitants of the eastern or Spanish portion of Hayti, rising against their Haytian oppressors, formed themselves into a republic called the Dominican Republic, with a territory of 17,010 square miles, and a population of 200,000. In May 1861, the Dominican Republic proclaimed its re-union with Spain, but in 1863 it renounced the connection, and is again an independent republic. The western portion of the island had been republican in its form of government previous to 1849, when its former president, General Soulouque, ascended the throne, proclaimed an empire, and assumed the title of Emperor Faustin I. In 1859, however, he was compelled to abdicate, and a republic was again proclaimed, with General Fabre Geffrard as president. On March 13, 1867, Geffrard in his turn was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by General Salnave.

The area of the Haytian republic is 10,204 square miles, and the population estimated at about 572,000. The Roman Catholic religion prevails over the whole island, but all other sects are tolerated. The clergy are said to be ignorant and corrupt; and their influence over the opinions or the morals of the community is small. In the principal towns there are government schools, some of them on the Lancasterian plan; in the capital there is a military school; and there are also a number of private academies in the island.

With respect to the social condition of the island, there are, unfortunately, few trustworthy particulars; although the general fact is indisputable, that it is in a condition of advancement. There are undoubtedly many imperfections in the republic, many traces of barbarism, much absurdity perhaps, and much extravagance; but still the fact remains, that here is a population of blacks which, in the short space of about seventy years, has raised itself from the depths and the degradation of slavery to the condition of a flourishing and respectable state. All that we are accustomed to regard as included in the term *civilisation*, Hayti possesses—an established system of government, an established system of education, a literature, commerce, manufactures, a rich and cultivated class in society. About fifty years since, the Baron de Vastey, one of the councillors of Christophe, and himself a pure negro, published some reflections on the state of Hayti, in which the following passage occurs: 'Five-and-twenty years ago,' says he, 'we were plunged in the most complete ignorance; we had no notion of human society, no idea of happiness, no powerful feeling. Our faculties, both physical and moral, were so overwhelmed under the load of slavery, that I myself who am writing this, I thought that the world finished at the line which bounded my sight; my ideas were so limited, that things the most simple were to me incomprehensible; and all my countrymen were as ignorant as myself, and even more so, if that were possible. I have known many of us,' he continues, 'who have learned to read and write of themselves, without the help of a master; I have known them walking with their books in their hands inquiring of the passengers, and praying them to explain to them the signification of such a character or word; and in this manner many, already advanced in years, became able to read and write without the benefit of instruction. Such men,' he adds, 'have become notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, administrators, and have astonished the world by the sagacity of their judgment; others have become painters and sculptors by their own exertions, and have astonished strangers by their works; others, again, have succeeded as architects, mechanics, manufacturers; others have worked mines of sulphur, fabricated saltpetre, and made excellent gunpowder, with no other guides than books of chemistry and mineralogy. And yet the Haytians do not pretend to be a manufacturing and commercial people; agriculture and arms are their professions; like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms.'



JIM CRONIN.

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS HOARE.

I.

ABOUT fifty-five years ago there lived, in a wild district of the south of Ireland, a widow named Cronin and her family, consisting of two sons and a daughter. She was what is called 'well to do in the world,' being in possession of a small farm, stocked with three cows and some sheep, and for which she paid merely a nominal rent. At the time our tale commences, her eldest son James was ten years old, his brother Daniel nine, and little Ellen six.

One fine morning in the month of May, Mrs Cronin and her children had finished their breakfast of milk and potatoes, and the pig was enjoying his, consisting of the skins, politely given to him on the floor, when the mother addressed her eldest boy: 'Come, Jemmy, 'tis time for you to be off to yer school.'

'I won't mind going to-day, mother; 'tis Inchigeelah fair, and I want to see the fun.'

'Oh, thin, the never a step you'll go to the fair to-day. Is it to be kilt entirely you want in the fight they'll have wid the Kilmichael boys?'

'That's the very reason I want to go;' and the undutiful boy prepared to move in the forbidden direction.

His mother did not exert her authority to restrain him, but turning to her youngest son, who was leaning against the door, lazily biting a straw, 'Dan,' said she, 'you 'll be a good boy, I know, and go to school to-day; and next day I go to Macroom, I 'll bring you a fine new cloth cap to wear to chapel on Sunday; and Jim will have to go in his dirty ould caubeen, because he won't do my bidding.'

James turned round, his face flushed with anger. 'Mother,' said he, 'that 's always yer way: you care more about Dan than you do about me.'

'To be sure I do. Isn't his little finger worth your whole body?'

'Thin keep him, and make much of him, for it 's little of me you 'll see this day;' and off he set, leaving his mother in a most unenviable state of mind. She was far from meaning what she said when she spoke of preferring Dan to James; on the contrary, her eldest son was her favourite, and having spoiled him in infancy by foolish indulgence, she now tried to govern his wayward temper by exciting the fiendish passion of jealousy. The result of this most pernicious plan will be seen in the sequel.

II.

At that time the hedge-schools were the only means of education which the country afforded; and wild and uncouth as were both masters and scholars, and primitive as was their place of assembly—for, as the poet says,

> 'Its roof was the heaven, its wall was the hill'—

yet a considerable share of learning was often acquired by the pupils, more, perhaps, than in some polished seminaries. To one of these schools Mrs Cronin sent her children as regularly as she could induce them to go, and thither Daniel and his little sister proceeded this morning.

Mister Dogherty's rustic establishment was rather a favourable specimen of its class. Some of the head boys were well versed in the higher branches of arithmetic, could write 'copper-plate,' and the broad Doric intonation of their reading was abundantly compensated, at least in the opinion of most of their auditors, by the gallant speed and reckless rapidity with which the most jaw-breaking polysyllables were cleared in a flying gallop. True, this sporting pace constantly left both reader and hearers perfectly innocent of the meaning of the text. But this was a trifle, and Irishmen never stick at trifles.

'Why, thin, Dan, it 's time for you,' said Mister Dogherty, as the boy entered the school; 'and where 's James this fine morning?'

'He 's gone to Inchigeelah fair, though my mother tould him not to go.'

'Oh, it's like him, the young scamp! Never fear, when I catch him to-morrow I'll wattle him well, to tache him obedience in future.'

The scholars were now examined on the subject of their lessons, and having acquitted themselves very much to Mister Dogherty's satisfaction, he proceeded, as was not unusual with him, to tell them one of his drollest stories.

The happy frame of mind in which the recital never failed to put the worthy master, was quickly disturbed by sounds of clamour and crying among the more juvenile of his pupils. Seizing his formidable *wattle* (Anglicè, cane), he loudly demanded what was the matter.

'It's little Ellen Cronin, sir, that's roaring because Dan is pinching her, and saying his mother doesn't care about her, and that he's the white-headed boy at home.'

'Come up here, Dan.' The summons was slowly and sulkily obeyed. 'Take that, sir,' said the master, giving him a few smart blows, 'and I hope 'twill tache you to have more *nature* for yer sister. 'Twas one mother bore you both, and in place of tormenting, you ought to love one another.' He then dismissed the school; and little Ellen, glancing fearfully at Dan, went up to a pleasant-looking boy of twelve years old, named John M'Carthy, who, taking her hand, said kindly: 'Never fear, aileen; Dan shan't touch you: I'll walk home with you to yer mother's door.'

The children then dispersed in different directions, Dan walking gloomily apart, and John talking cheerfully to Ellen till they reached her home.

They found Mrs Cronin in a state of fretful anxiety about James, who had not yet made his appearance. Several of the neighbours were passing on their return from the fair, driving a few lambs, or a cow, or a pig before them. One man, who was trying to quicken the pace of a peculiarly refractory specimen of the last-named animal, was accosted by the widow.

'God save you, Jerry!'

'God save you kindly, ma'am!'

'Was there a good fair to-day?'

'There was, ma'am, a power and all of people in it, but there wasn't to say much in the way of buying and selling.'

'Would you see that gorsoon of mine anywhere there?'

'I did thin, ma'am, see him in the thick of all the fun; for there was a dickens of a scrimmage between the Walshes and Cotters; and never fear, Jemmy was wheeling his bit of a stick, and shouting for the bare life as well as the best.'

'O yea, wisha! I wouldn't doubt him: he's an active boy anyway.' And, strange to say, a kind of pleased pride at her son's courage and daring spirit mingled with anger at his disobedience and fears for his safety. 'Was he hurt at all, Jerry?'

'Myself didn't see; for as I had this *slip* bought, I thought 'twas better to make the best of my way home without waiting to see how 'twould end.' Then giving the pig a significant cut of his whip, he moved on, wishing Mrs Cronin good-evening, and saying: 'Oh, thin, won't I airn this one before I have her home to-night!'

Evening began to close in, and still no sign of James. At length a man appeared, driving a donkey-car, at the bottom of which the truant boy lay stretched on some straw. His mother ran out to receive him, and albeit the nerves of Irishwomen in her rank of life are pretty well steeled against fears connected with broken heads and bruised limbs, yet when she saw her son's pale face, and his fair curls matted with blood, escaping from beneath a bandage which was bound tightly round his head, she burst into a passionate cry of grief and terror, not unmixed with rage. The neighbour who had kindly brought him home raised him in his arms, and assisted her to lay him in bed, at the same time saying: 'Don't fret yerself, Mrs Cronin; you'll find the boy will be none the worse to-morrow. To be sure 'twas well I found him whin I did, for he was down on the ground, and a boy of the Walshes lickin' him at no rate; but still Jimmy shewed the thrue blood, for he kept bating the cowardly spalpeen, that was twice his size, as long as ever he could stand.'

'O the murtherin' villain, to dar touch my child! Never fear, he'll sup sorrow for it yet.'

So saying, she went to prepare some whey for James, who just then opened his eyes, and asked feebly for a drink. Her neighbour wished her good-night, and went home; and she, having settled the sick boy as comfortably as she could, retired to rest with her other children. James passed a sleepless night, and next morning was in a high fever. His mother, in great alarm, sent Daniel with all haste to summon Dr Handley to see him.

III.

Let not our English readers imagine for a moment that the gentleman whom we have mentioned had ever in his life attended a school of medicine or taken out a diploma. He belonged to a class of men who are every day becoming more rare in Ireland, and will probably soon be nearly extinct, owing to the now universal establishment of dispensaries, and the consequent residence in the country of regularly qualified practitioners; but at the time of which we write, the rural population might be said to be totally destitute of licensed medical assistance; for the expense attendant on bringing a physician fifteen or twenty miles into the country was of itself an insurmountable obstacle; besides, that the people in general entertained a strong prejudice against the regular practice, and much preferred their own unlicensed pretenders. Medical advice, such as it was, was offered by three classes of practitioners. The first were the 'fairy-men,' who undertook to charm away the diseases both of men and cattle; and although the effect of their prescriptions was of course purely imaginary, yet they were regarded throughout the country with much respect, not unmixed with awe; and if any one got a 'blast' (the name for every kind of illness whose origin was unknown), these men and their charms were always had recourse to. The second, and most numerous division, were the 'old women,' who, besides their prescriptive right to usher all the thumping young Paddies into a land of fighting and potatoes, were also called on for advice in various cases of disease. Here, it must be confessed, their practice was often most destructive, being characterised by a bold disregard of the plainest rules in medicine. Turning the head of a patient in typhus fever towards a blazing turf-fire, heaping blankets on his bed, and administering copious libations of whisky punch, 'to drive the cold from his heart,' and which, for fear of any mistake, usually first paid toll at the lips of the good lady herself—these formed part of their standing rules. Still, somehow, the patients often recovered, thanks to the ever-open door, the wide chimney, and creviced roof, which served to admit plenty of fresh air, and also to the hardy constitution with which the rural Irish are happily endowed.

The 'old women,' long life to them! still flourish. I very lately, when visiting the district where the scene of our story is laid, met with some amusing specimens of the tribe. They look on the encroachments of the dispensary physicians pretty much as the aboriginal dogs of New Holland regard those of their European brethren, condescending to emulate them to a certain extent, but jealously excluding them, as far as may be, from their lovely sylvan haunts.

The practitioner who was sent for on the present occasion belonged to the third class, who were a degree more learned; men who had picked up a smattering of medical knowledge, and assumed the grave title of 'doctor.' The doctor was regarded with much respect, and his advice sought on various matters—agricultural, political, domestic, and matrimonial; in fact, in each parish he was usually esteemed second in wisdom only to the priest.

Dr Handley, who held this proud position in the parish of Inchigeela, had formerly been gardener to a gentleman's family. While living in service, he was in the habit of uniting surgical with horticultural employments; and the younger members of his master's family found much amusement in conversing with him. For their edification, he would invent the wildest and most ludicrous adventures, of which he would gravely assure them he had been the hero.

With all this extravagance, he possessed much shrewdness of character, of which I will give an instance. Just before he retired from service, the law forbidding to inoculate with the natural smallpox was passed, and emissaries were sent through the country to detect and prosecute any who did so. An apothecary from the neighbouring city of C—— came into this district, and as he was known to Handley's master, he was hospitably received, and entertained at his house. Having strong suspicions that the old gardener was a transgressor, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact by searching inquiries among the country people; but in vain—not a man, woman, or child would inform or give him the slightest clue; and many a time that day did the town Galen find himself humbugged after the most approved fashion.

The next morning, accompanied by one of his host's sons, he went into the garden to try what he could do with the delinquent himself. The old man was busily engaged in digging a border; and, giving one knowing glance of the eye as he returned the apothecary's civil salutation, he quietly continued his employment. 'This is a fine morning, doctor.'

'It is indeed, sir; glory be to God!'

'And 'tis fine healthy weather for the country; I suppose there are but few sick persons in the neighbourhood just now?'

'I know whosomever 'tis healthy for: it agrees wonderful with the caterpillars; bad luck to 'em, if they aren't ating up my early cabbages, just as the Moths and Sandals ate up Julius Cæsar.'

Mr ——, nothing daunted, returned to the charge. He wanted to establish the fact of the doctor's practising medicine in any way, hoping afterwards to detect the inoculation business; but Handley was thoroughly *up* to him, and turned his flank in masterly style. After an immensity of what our old friend, had he lived in the days of Sam Slick, would have termed 'soft sawder,' had been lavished in vain, the apothecary continued: 'Now, Dr Handley, I have heard a great deal of your medical skill; in fact you are better known and more esteemed in town than you think, and I should like to have your opinion on a difficult case. Suppose a man came to consult you, affected in such and such a manner' (detailing a variety of imaginary symptoms), 'what would you do for him?'

The old gardener stuck his spade in the ground, and leaning his arms on the handle, looked keenly at his questioner. 'I'll tell you, sir. If he was a *good* fellow, I'd do the best I could for him; but if he was a *bad* fellow, that would talk friendly to your face, and turn agin you afterwards—*maybe I wouldn't give him a pill!*'

Not another word from the crestfallen apothecary. He turned on his heel and walked off; while his young host, with a loud laugh, exclaimed: 'I think, Mr ——, the next time you're ill, you may as well not mind consulting Dr Handley.'

The old doctor had now retired, with the savings of his years of labour, to a neat cottage and small farm about a mile distant from Mrs Cronin's dwelling. Here, as his practice was extensive, he picked up many small sums among the farmers, together with various fees in kind, consisting chiefly of eggs, butter, meal, and chickens;

but he was always ready to prescribe gratuitously for the very poor, by whom he was much beloved. He united a thorough contempt for town-bred physicians to a most comfortable assurance of his own superior skill.

From this digression on an almost extinct class in Ireland, we return to the subject of our story.

IV.

Dr Handley, summoned by Mrs Cronin, soon appeared at her son's bedside. Having bled the boy pretty copiously, he ordered a fomentation of simples to be applied to his temples; and whether his prescriptions were *secundum artem* or not, certain it is that after a few days his patient became convalescent. The mother, who had been terrified at her son's danger, now lavished on him the most foolish caresses, indulging every wayward fancy, and straitening herself to gratify his whims. Instead of calmly reproving his sin and disobedience, she spoke only of vengeance to be taken on Tom Walsh, the boy who had beaten James; and she even promised Dan a new jacket as a reward for having thrashed Mickey Walsh, a younger brother of the offender, but who was himself quite guiltless of the affray. Daniel returned one day from school with a black eye and bloody nose, which would have excited his mother's displeasure, had they not been satisfactorily accounted for in the manner above mentioned. While James's illness lasted, his brother and sister were made subservient to him in everything. If he pettishly complained of them, the mother cuffed them without mercy, telling them that Jim was of more consequence than ten brats like them.

The old doctor often remonstrated with her on the subject. 'Mrs Cronin,' he would say, 'I seen a dale of childher rared in my time, and I never yet saw good come of setting up one above another. 'Tisn't in the nature of things but that they'll always be fighting and vieing with each other; and sure 'twould give you a sore heart-scald in your latter days to see them that you rocked in one cradle, and fed at your bosom, taring and desthroying one another like them hathen Romans, Romulus and Ramus.' These well-meant admonitions were in vain: blindly did the infatuated mother continue to minister to the worst passions of her children, reckless of the rapid growth of evil in their hearts.

Little Ellen was a child of a naturally sweet and yielding disposition; she had true womanly feeling, and, under different training, would have grown up all that was amiable and lovely. Even as it was, she received much less injury from her mother's misrule than did her jealous, turbulent brothers.

She had a beautiful white hen with a top-knot, which her aunt had given her, and which she dearly loved. Every day the fresh egg which Snowy laid was brought in for James's breakfast; but not satisfied with this, the selfish boy declared he must have the hen for his own.

'Ah, Jemmy,' said his little sister, 'don't take Snowy from me: sure you know how fond the crathur is of me, and I of her. She flies up on my shoulder, and picks the bit of praty out of my mouth; and she's quite strange to you and Dan. Sure you won't take her, Jemmy!'

The boy was that day more than usually ill-tempered, and, without replying, he tried to snatch the bird from Ellen, who held it closely in her arms. Enraged at meeting resistance, he seized the hen furiously, and wrung its neck. Its poor little mistress threw herself on the ground, sobbing in an agony of grief. Just at that moment their mother came in; and when she understood the cause of the uproar, what course did she pursue? She blamed Ellen for trying to retain her bird, telling her she deserved to lose it for going to vex Jim; and merely told the latter he was a fool for having killed such a nice laying hen; never adverting to the cruelty and injustice he had shewn towards his sister.

Scenes of this kind were of daily occurrence, and tended to foster every bad and jealous feeling in the children's minds. Their mother really loved them, and fancied she had their interests at heart; but truly it was a false kindness, a cruel love. What availed her care for their bodies, while, by a perverse system of fondling one at the expense of the others, she filled their young souls with envious discontent! Jealousy of a brother stained with blood the hand of the first murderer. Six thousand years have rolled on since then, and of all the sanguine torrents which, during their course, man has drawn from the veins of his fellow-men, who can say how many may have flowed from the same fratricidal source! Parents, if you would have your sons and daughters grow up a blessing and a praise, a crown of rejoicing to your old age, teach them, while they are yet 'little children,' to 'love one another.'

V.

Twelve years rolled on, and brought with them many changes. Mrs Cronin's bright dark eye began to wax dim, and her raven hair was streaked with gray; but time, which robs youth of its beauty, clothes childhood with matured grace and vigour. James and Daniel had grown up to be stout handsome young men, while their sister Ellen was, beyond dispute, the fairest maiden in the country. Time did its work in developing their persons: their mother did hers in perverting their minds. But let us say, once for all, it was done in ignorance. She was a weak-minded woman, possessing undisciplined passions and affections; wishing to rule her sons, and finding herself without either physical or moral power to effect it. She therefore, as wiser politicians have done before her, tried to establish a balance of power, shifting the scale as the hasty fancy or irritated feeling of the moment might chance to dictate. But a plan which may answer indifferently well in the government of a nation, is often destructive when applied to the regulation of a family; and so it proved in this instance. Did Daniel offend his mother by betting at a horse-race, and losing his money, she would threaten to make his brother's share of the farm, at her death, treble his; did James spend the night at a wake or pattern, and return towards morning intoxicated, she would promise to make a settlement on Daniel, whenever he chose to marry, and leave her eldest son unprovided for.

In the commencement of our narrative we mentioned a boy named John M'Carthy who good-naturedly protected Ellen from Dan's unkindness. This lad, now become a fine stout young farmer, possessing some acres of good land, did not lose sight of his former little playfellow. It is not my object to write a love-story; indeed, as the man said when asked if he could play the organ: 'I don't know whether I could do it, for I never tried.' It will therefore suffice to mention that a strong attachment had sprung up between them; and as soon as Ellen attained the age of eighteen years (an uncommonly advanced period of life for a pretty Irish peasant-girl to remain unmarried), John, with his parents' entire approbation, sought her for his wife. Mrs Cronin at first demurred. It would be necessary to give her daughter a portion, and she did not like to diminish her stock, now consisting of six cows. She told her proposed son-in-law that she would take a night to consider, and give him an answer in the morning.

That evening, when James and Dan came in from work, they found the house neatly swept up, a bright turf-fire blazing on the open hearth, and their supper of potatoes and salt fish ready and smoking hot. As soon as they entered, Ellen went out to milk the cows; and their mother drawing her seat near the fire, began: 'Why, thin, boys, you wouldn't guess who was here to-day?'

'Maybe 'twas the tithe-proctor, bad luck to him?'

'No, Jim, it wasn't the tithe-proctor, but a dacenter boy than ever he was. What do you think of young John M'Carthy?'

'I 'll engage, thin, he wanted to buy them three sheep I got last Candlemas, but the never a one of 'em will he get till I see what price they 'll bring at the fair.'

''Tisn't them sheep he wants at all, but the nicest and purtiest lamb in the flock: he came to ax me would I give him your sister to be his wife.'

'She might get a worse husband than Shawnage, there 's no doubt of that,' said James; 'and I suppose the boy won't be looking for fortune, he 's so well to do in the world?'

'As to that,' said the mother, 'I think I ought to give her three cows, half-a-dozen sheep, and a couple of feather-beds.'

'Are you mad, mother?' was her son's energetic rejoinder. 'That would be the purty bargain in airnest! To lave us all depinding on the other three cows to make our butter, while Miss Ellen is sitting like a lady in John M'Carthy's parlour; for no less would do him in the new house he built.'

'Foolishness, boy! Ellen was ever and always the good daughter to me, and I'll give her what I plase, and as much as I plase. Maybe you and Dan will be sorry yet that you didn't thry to contint me better than you do.'

James returned a violent answer, and the dispute waxed very warm. It ended in the sons' going sulkily to bed, while their mother persisted in her intention, and threatened to give an additional gratuity of twenty pounds. Mrs Cronin was really piqued into acting thus, for her disposition was far removed from liberality; but she enriched her daughter in order to vex her rebellious sons.

VI.

After a reasonable delay, John and Ellen were married, and removed to a comfortable farm, which he had lately taken in conjunction with his brother, who was to live with them. Here, in the society of a husband whose sunny temper and cheerful countenance knew no sullen cloud, Ellen enjoyed such happiness as she had never yet known. Her young heart and mind seemed to expand and brighten beneath the influence of domestic kindness; and there was not a prouder or happier wife than herself in the whole parish of Inchigeela, when she put on her lace-cap with pink ribbons, and her fine dark-blue cloth cloak on Sunday, and accompanied her husband to chapel.

Mrs Cronin was a provident woman, and from her savings she soon contrived to replace the three cows which she had given to Ellen. Among her stock there was one red cow, a very fine animal, which yielded an immense quantity of milk, and was quite an object of admiration in the country. James had long wished to possess it for his own, and frequently importuned his mother to give it to him. This, however, she constantly refused. She had been left by her husband sole possessor of his farm, having power to divide it among her children during her life, or to will it to them after her death, in whatever shares or proportions she pleased. She was most tenacious of her property, and, generally speaking, could with difficulty be induced to part with any of her stock. This cow, however, was employed as a powerful assistant in controlling the domestic economy. If the mother was pleased with James, she held out vague and uncertain promises that the animal should be his; did he displease her, he was told that Tiney should be forthwith presented to Daniel; or, were both brothers defaulters, she was to be driven to the next fair, and sold for whatever she would bring; till at length the poor innocent cow had become the cause of more envy and heart-burnings than the sacrifice of a hecatomb of oxen could in ancient days have appeased.

At length James contrived to extract from his mother a definite promise that from the first of the approaching month of June the coveted animal should be his; and all the profits derived from her were thenceforth to be appropriated to his sole use and benefit.

About the middle of May a great horse-race was to come off in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Cronin, knowing that much gambling and cheating would be likely to go on, peremptorily forbade her sons going there. They both, however, disobeyed; and going to the race-course, not only betted and played away all the little money they could collect, but James staked the precious promised cow, and lost her.

When their mother found they had gone in defiance of her positive injunctions, her rage knew no bounds; she stormed and raved aloud against her rebellious children. In the midst of her invectives, her son-in-law, who was coming to pay her a visit, walked into the house.

'Good-morning, ma'am,' he said; 'I thought I heard you talking to some one as I was lifting the latch, but I see you're all alone.'

'Oh, thin! thrue for you, John; I am all alone, and cold and lonely is my heart this day afther the tratement of them ungrateful boys that I tuk such care of, and such pride out of. The villains of the world! to go off agin my orders; but I'll pay them for it yet.'

John, who was a most amiable, good-natured young man, and a great favourite with his mother-in-law, tried to soothe her and calm her anger; and to all appearance he succeeded. She talked quietly of Ellen, and asked many questions concerning the welfare of their household; but the bitter feeling still rankled in her bosom, and her thoughts were brooding over the undutiful conduct of her sons. After some time John rose to depart, and Mrs Cronin followed him a few steps from the door. 'And so you tell me,' said she, 'that Ellen is well in health, and happy, and content with everything about her. God keep her so; she was ever and always a good daughter to me; and now, Sham, darling, I'll send her a purty little present, that maybe you won't see the likes of agin in a hurry.' So saying, she led him into the field where Tiney was feeding, and desired him to drive her home at once, and give her to Ellen with her mother's love and blessing.

John was as much pleased as surprised at his mother-in-law's unwonted generosity; and knowing nothing of the cow having been promised to James, felt, of course, no scruple in taking her. He accordingly drove her home, thinking, as he went along, what a pleasant surprise it would be to his dear Ellen. Tiney was indeed greatly admired by her new mistress, who had often fed her when a calf; and John's brother pronounced her to be 'a rale beauty, worth almost any money!'

My readers may perhaps imagine the miserable state of James's mind when he returned that evening to his mother's house. His conscience told him that he had been guilty of a great sin in disobeying his parent, and his selfish feelings reproached him with having thrown away every farthing he possessed; and last, and worst of all, he knew that, on the 1st of June, he would have to part with his cow, or ransom her with a sum which he had no means of raising. He walked into the cottage, and sat down by the fire without uttering a word. His mother, who, now that her passion had in some measure cooled, felt rather apprehensive of the storm so soon to be awakened in his breast, was equally taciturn. Daniel had remained outside, to attend to the horse which they had ridden in turn, and there was no one else within doors.

Presently the girl entered with a pail of milk. 'Arrah, misthress,' said she, 'I felt as quare and as lonely to-night without having poor Tiney to milk; and see yerself, the milk looks nothing since hers is taken out of it.'

'Tiney!' said James; 'what's the matter with her?'

'Ah, you may go whistle for Tiney!' said his mother; 'I gave her to-day to a boy that's worth ten of you, and that I heartily wish was my son in your stead.'

'Mother!' said James, clenching his fist furiously, 'you wouldn't *dare* do it!'

It would be needless and painful to dwell on the scene that followed. Dan having come in, joined in the war of words; and at length the wearied and enraged mother retired to bed, and her sons, breathing curses and threats, also sought their place of repose. Dan, who had not so much cause for excitement, and who, besides, was of a more apathetic disposition than James, slept soundly; but his brother did not close his eyes all night, and at four o'clock in the morning he awoke Daniel. In pursuance of a plan which they had concerted on the previous evening, they dressed themselves quickly, and stole noiselessly out of doors. They each carried a gun, and walked along rapidly for some time in silence. At length Daniel looking earnestly at the inflamed features and bloodshot eyes of his brother, said: 'Jim, what are you going to do at all at all?'

'I'm going to make that sneaking spalpeen give me up my fine cow, that he wheedled that foolish ould woman out of.'

'And what'll we do if he won't give her up paceably?'

'Maybe I have a thrifle of logic here that'll persuade him,' said James, touching the lock of his gun significantly. 'Them M'Carthys never had much pluck in them.'

On they walked; but the fresh morning breeze and glorious sunshine, which awakened all living things, and summoned them to joyous activity, had no soothing or softening influence on a heart consumed by its own restless fire. After a walk of six miles, the brothers arrived at M'Carthy's farm, and in a meadow at some distance from the house they saw Tiney quietly grazing.

'Now for it, Dan,' said James; 'we'll drive her off, and let me see if one of the M'Carthys dare touch her agin.' So saying, he proceeded to throw down the gap which had been built up to prevent the cattle in the field from straying beyond its precincts. At this moment John and his brother appeared advancing towards him.

'Good-morning, Jim,' said the former; 'you're out early to-day.'

'Not a bit too early to prevent thieves and robbers,' was the courteous rejoinder. 'Ho! you thought you'd have my fine cow all to yourself; but 'twas aisy wid ye, my boy. I'm come to take her back, and the never a hair of her will you see agin, if 'twas to save yer life.'

'James, I don't understand all this. Your mother gave me the cow freely, without me ever axing her, many thanks to her for that same; and I won't have her taken back by you on a suddent without rhyme or rason.'

'You won't, won't you?' said James. 'See if you dare prevint me.' And he immediately proceeded to drive the animal out of the field.

John ran to intercept him, and stood in the gap, at the same time saying quietly: 'Now, Jim, leave off this nonsense: you know I don't want to fight with you, but the cow shan't leave this field to-day.' In a transport of passion, James raised his gun, fired it with deadly aim, and down fell the stout and manly youth before him a bleeding corpse at his feet. The wretched murderer and Daniel, when they saw what was done, began to flee with speed; but the victim's brother, uttering a loud cry of horror, ran to lay hold on James. The latter, as if possessed by a demon, seized Daniel's gun and fired at his pursuer. He, too, fell mortally wounded. James stopped for a moment, raised him up, placed him with his head leaning against a tree, and then, with such a yell as might have resounded through earth's primeval valley when Cain stood a convicted and sentenced criminal before his Righteous Judge, the guilty being and his brother fled.

VII.

In less than an hour afterwards, the Widow Cronin was standing in her house preparing the morning meal, when her eldest son rushed in. His face, notwithstanding his rapid flight, was colourless; his eyes red, and glowing with a fiendish glare. 'Mother,' said he, extending his hand, 'look there!'

The wretched woman gazed at the blood-stained fingers. 'O James, for the love of God, tell me what you were doing!'

'That's *blood*, mother,' answered he with frightful calmness ; 'the blood of an innocent man : it was *you* made me shed it, and on your soul be the guilt !' He then rushed from the house, and ran wildly up the mountains, where Daniel had already found a place of concealment.

Of course the fearful hue-and-cry of murder was soon raised, and notice sent to the nearest police station : but the faction of the Cronins was numerous and powerful, and in those days the arrest of a criminal in the remote parts of Ireland was almost impracticable. It was, and indeed is still, a point of honour among the peasantry never to deliver up a man to justice, even though he may have been guilty of the most atrocious crimes. That this point of honour rests on a false foundation, every lover of his country must grievously lament. The officious disclosure of circumstances of little moment may be neither honourable nor justifiable, but the concealment of murderers, of men who have outraged not only the law, but every just and holy feeling, is, to say the least of it, *dishonourable*—a crime too despicable to deserve any degree of sympathy. Yet, with feelings warped by prejudices of various kinds, the Irish, as we have said, give no aid in bringing malefactors to justice. In the present instance, notwithstanding the reward offered by government, and the vengeful watchfulness of the M'Carthys, the murderer remained for several weeks undiscovered in the wild mountain fastnesses, being fed, lodged, and concealed by the farmers who inhabited these remote regions.

Who may attempt to picture the state of his mind during this period ! He passed from the extreme of wild fiendish rage to the dull apathy of despair. This again gave way to a sense—oh, how keen and thrilling !—that all was lost. There he stood, *a murderer !* his hand dyed in the blood of those who had never wronged him. And when he thought of Ellen—'Oh, my sister, my own darling sister !' he would say, 'bright were your eyes, and glad was your heart, till the dark cloud of sorrow came over you. 'Twas I that tuk him from you, that loved you better than his life ; and now you're down in the dust, aileen, never to lift your eyes again to the face that was brighter to you than the sun, and more gentle than the moonbames on the river. Oh that I could buy back his life with my own ; but this world and the next are shut up from me in darkness for ever !'

This mental conflict did not last long. The unhappy man one day set off for the nearest town, in order to surrender himself to justice, and while on the way, was suddenly surprised and seized by the officers of police who were in quest of him. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation led him to make a show of defence, but all regular determination to oppose the demands of the law was gone ; and the feeling, that whatever should befall him, could not be worse than the fearful remorse in which he was plunged, caused him speedily to submit to his fate. He was lodged in the county jail, and in due time brought to trial. He made no defence, confessed his crime, and sought no mercy. The fearful sentence of the law was passed on him, and he was remanded to his cell. During his imprisonment, and now in the brief interval that remained until the fatal day, he was constantly visited by the prison chaplain, and the priest of his own parish, a kind good old man, who had known him from his childhood. He remained apparently unmoved by their pious admonitions, always saying there was no hope for him either in this world or the next. On the morning of his execution, as he was leaving the cell, he turned to his old friend, and said: 'Tell my mother I forgive her; and may she and my Maker forgive me!'

These were the last words he uttered. In a few moments the young and stately form of James Cronin lay a distorted and dishonoured corpse. Fearfully had the soul it enshrined been warped by unwitting error—fearfully was that error avenged.

VIII.

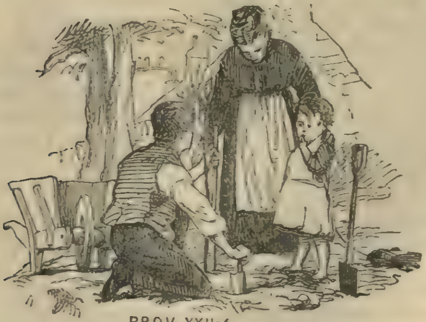
We return to the unfortunate mother, whose mistaken preference and indulgence had led to such a dismal domestic tragedy. On the day of her last interview with her son, she fell into a state of stupor, which was followed by a raging fever. From this she slowly recovered; but her reason was fled for ever. After a time, as she was perfectly harmless, though impatient of restraint, the person who was appointed to take care of her allowed her to wander at will through the country. Nothing seemed to agitate her save the sight of a *red cow.* At this she would stop, and say with a shudder: 'Oh! don't you see she's stained with blood, and all the water in the sea can't wash out that colour!'

And Ellen—what of her? There are woes over which, like the artist of old, we must draw a veil. They are too deep for utterance, too sacred for description. From the day of her husband's death she never looked up, nor smiled; she languished like a wounded bird, the vigour of her young life struggling against the arrow whose death-thrust was in her heart. At length, on the day that the tidings of her brother's execution reached Inchigeelah, she expired, rejoicing in the hope of meeting her beloved husband in that world where no sin or sorrow can enter.

Daniel continued for a time to wander about the country; but as no active exertions were used to bring him to trial, he ventured to return to the farm, which had now become his. We may mention that the late tragic events, in which he had been a guilty participator, seemed to have wrought a favourable change in his character. He watched tenderly over his mother while she lived; and after her death, he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and led a quiet domestic life. He still survives; but it seems as if an evil destiny dogged his footsteps. Nothing appears to thrive with him; no doubt from the spiritless manner in which he conducts his affairs. His property has thus dwindled away, so that he now possesses only one or two fields, and supports his family by daily labour. I have often seen him; and without knowing his history, even a casual observer would remark the settled dejection and spiritless expression of his countenance.

One fine summer evening, about a year after the events we have narrated, a group had assembled at the door of Mr Dogherty the schoolmaster, consisting of several farmers and Dr Handley, then verging on eighty years. While they smoked their pipes, and talked over the politics of the country, the Widow Cronin passed by. Her hair had become perfectly white, and her eye was lighted up with a restless fire which nothing but the hand of death could extinguish. She walked quickly by, looking vacantly at her old acquaintances, but not seeming to recognise any of them. 'Poor woman!' said the old doctor when she was gone, 'sorely you supped the cup of sorrow. You had two as fine lads as ever brightened a mother's eye or gladdened her heart. 'Twas a good soil to work on, but sadly 'twas misused. You thought to reap whate where you sowed nothing but hemlock!'

This, in its chief incidents, is an 'owre true tale.' The records of the county Cork prison contain the memorial of James Cronin's crime and execution; and it was from an old man in the country, who was present at the trial, that I lately heard the fatal history.



PROV. XXII-6

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
  Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
  Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
  By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
  And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
  Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
  As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
  Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God!

—MRS HEMANS.

MY ISLAND HOME.

MY island home! I love thee well,
  Despite thy rugged shore:
Thy rocks of gladsome moments tell,
  Fled to return no more.
They speak of joys' unclouded light—
  Of sorrows, scarce less dear;
Of laughing moments' rapid flight—
  Affliction's balmy tear.

My island home! I love thee well,
  Despite thy barren plains:
They'll tell of early hours of bliss,
  While memory remains.
'Tis true they also speak of grief;
  Yet not for aught below
Would I forego those dreams of youth,
  Though early tinged by woe.

My island home! I love thee well,
  Despite thy cloudy skies;
In thy calm twilight's clear-obscure
  What varied thoughts arise!

Even thy wild storms possess a charm;
  Thy ocean's circling foam
To Thulé's child can bring no dread—
  They speak of peace and home.

My island home! my childhood's home!
  Beyond far fairer lands,
'Tis thou, despite thine aspect wild,
  That all my love demands:
The visions of the loved and lost
  Are blended with each scene;
And memory lives to linger o'er
  Each spot where bliss hath been.

—C. G.

EMIGRANTS' SONG.

Our native land, our native vale,
  A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
  And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
  And streams renowned in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
  Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
  Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
  O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
  That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
  To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
  Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
  That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
  Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
  Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native vale, our native vale,
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

—THOMAS PRINGLE.

HOME THOUGHTS.

THOUGH Scotland's hills be far awa',
And her glens, where the clear silver burnies row,
I see them, and hear her wild breezes blaw
O'er the moors where the blue-bells and heather grow.

O hame is sweet!—but thae hames o' thine
Are the kindliest far that the sun doth see;
And though far awa' I have biggit mine,
As my mother's name they are dear to me!

I love the tale o' thy glories auld,
Which thy shepherds tell on the mountain side,
Of thy martyrs true, and thy warriors bauld,
Who for thee and for freedom lived and died!

Land of my youth! though my heart doth move,
And sea-like my blood rises high at thy name,
'Boon a' thing there 's ae thing in thee I love—
The virtue and truth o' thy poor man's hame.

The poor man's hame! where I first did ken
That the soul alone makes the good and great—
That glitter and glare are false and vain,
And deceit upon glory's slave doth wait.

Thy poor man's hame! wi' its roof o' strae,
A hut as lowly as lowly can be—
Through it the blast sae cauldrife does gae;
Yet, hame o' the lowly, I 'm proud o' thee!

Scotland! to thee thy sons afar
Send blessings on thy rocks, thy flood, and faem—
On mountain and muir, on glen and scaur—
But deeper blessings still on thy poor man's hame!

—ROBERT NICOLL.

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail! country of the brave and good;
Hail! land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my fathers' land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

O Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever!
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not garnered fondly up
Within its depths of feeling!

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the 'bonny broom,'
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood loves to gather.

O for that pipe of silver sound,
  On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
  Beneath the mountain's cover!
O for that Great Lost Power of Song,
  So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
  Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
  Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
  And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
  Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
  Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
  The land of all that love me;
Land whose green sod my youth has trod,
  Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail! country of the brave and good;
  Hail! land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
  Of ancient faith and glory!

—ROBERT CHAMBERS.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

THY chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
Our bark is dancing gaily on the sea,
I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu,
Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me
The food of my soul's youthful appetite—
Were music to my ear, a blessing to my sight!

I never dreamed of beauty, but, behold!
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon my eye;
I never mused on valour, but the old
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry

Filled my expanding soul with ecstasy;
And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown
The Muses give, with exultation high
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart, in life's light morning hour,
At Beauty's summons, beat a wild alarm,
Her voice came to me from an English bower,
And English were the smiles that wrought the charm;
And if, when wrapped asleep on Fancy's arm,
Visions of bliss my riper years have cheered,
Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
For one by absence and long toil endeared,
The fabric of my hopes on thee hath still been reared.

Peace to thy smiling hearths when I am gone;
And mayst thou still thine ancient dowry keep,
To be a mark to guide the nations on,
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep;
Still mayst thou bid the sorrower cease to weep,
And dart the beams of Truth athwart the night
That wraps a slumbering world, till, from their sleep
Starting, remotest nations see the light,
And earth be blessed beneath the buckler of thy might!

Strong in thy strength I go; and wheresoe'er
My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
All that I owe to thee; and oh, may ne'er
My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt!
And what if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheeks that shall be wet,
And some bright eyes, in which the swelling tear
Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear!

Yet I will not profane a charge like mine
With melancholy bodings, nor believe
That a voice, whispering ever in the shrine
Of my own heart, spake only to deceive;
I trust its promise, that I go to weave
A wreath of palms, entwined with many a sweet
Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
Of all its fragrance—that I yet shall greet
Once more the Ocean Queen, and cast it at her feet.

—JOSEPH RITCHIE.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys
  At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
  Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
  'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
  From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
  Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
  And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
  That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
  My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
  A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
  And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty 's half divine,
  In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
  Than thou—my own fireside!

What care I for the sullen roar
  Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
  The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
  Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
  That glads my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
  Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
  Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
  Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
  By thee—my own fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
  Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
  Where even grief is half subdued,
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
  Then let the pampered fool deride;
I 'll pay my debt of gratitude
  To thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
  Fair scene of my home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burdened spirit flies
  When fortune frowns or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
  The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
  To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
  That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
  To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
  Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
  My own—my own fireside!

—ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land that my fathers defended;
  Farewell to the field which their ashes inurn;
The holiest flame on their altars descended,
  Which, fed by their sons, shall eternally burn.
Ah! soft be the bed where the hero reposes,
And light be the green turf that over him closes—
Gay Flora shall deck, with her earliest roses,
  The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

Adieu to the scenes which my heart's young emotions
  Have dressed in attire so alluringly gay;
Ah! never, no, never, can billowing oceans,
  Nor time, drive the fond recollections away!
From days that are past, present comfort I borrow;
The scenes of to-day shall be brighter to-morrow;
In age I 'll recall, as a balm for my sorrow,
  The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

I go to the west, where the forest, receding,
Invites the adventurous axe-man along;
I go to the groves where the wild deer are feeding,
And mountain-birds carol their loveliest song.
Adieu to the land that my fathers defended,
Adieu to the soil on which freemen contended,
Adieu to the sons who from heroes descended,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

When far from my home, and surrounded by strangers,
My thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth;
Though life's stormy ocean shall threaten with dangers,
My soul shall repose in the sunshine of truth:
While streams to their own native ocean are tending,
And forest oaks, swept by the tempest, are bending,
My soul shall exult as she's proudly defending
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

—S. Brown.

COTTAGE HOME.

O home, however homely—thoughts of thee
Can never fail to cheer the absent breast:
How oft wild raptures have been felt by me,
When back returning, weary and distressed!
How oft I've stood to see the chimney pour
Thick clouds of smoke in columns lightly blue,
And, close beneath, the house-leek's yellow flower,
While fast approaching to a nearer view!
These, though they're trifles, ever gave delight;
E'en now they prompt me with a fond desire,
Painting the evening group before my sight
Of friends and kindred seated round the fire.
O Time! how rapid did thy moments flow,
That changed these scenes of joy to scenes of woe!

—Clare.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

Land of our fathers! when afar from thee,
We think of all that we have left behind:
The cottage in the glen, the moss-grown tree,
Its dark boughs waving in the summer wind.

The wimpling stream that softly rolls along,
Meandering down the rugged mountain's side;
The briery bush; the blackbird's well-known song,
Pouring its raptures in a trilling tide.

The eagle, wheeling high in circle wide ;
  The red-deer, bounding in the glades below ;
The salmon, leaping in the silvery tide ;
  The humming bee ; the cattle's well-known low.

The time-worn tower, whose venerable form
  In stilly grandeur breaks upon the view—
Its gray head towering o'er the howling storm—
  Is it not fixed in memory's tablets too !

Borne on the wind, the well-known Sabbath bell
  Chimes its soft music to our straining ear,
Entrancing all our senses like a spell :
  Ah ! sad illusion, never more to hear.

How vivid in our mind the eventful day
  Which saw us sailing from our native land !
The lessening hills in distance rising gray,
  We gazed thereon—a melancholy band.

But though far distant from our native shore,
  Old Scotland ne'er shall hang her head in shame,
For we, though severed by Atlantic's roar,
  Will aye uphold our country's well-won fame.

—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT-SONG.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
  Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
  I 'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home ;
  Now I 'm ready for my chair ;
So, till to-morrow morning 's come,
  Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
  Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
  Then I 'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
  Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
  Every now and then for me.

So, fare-ye-well ! and hold your tongues ;
Sing no more until I come ;
They 're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks ;
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

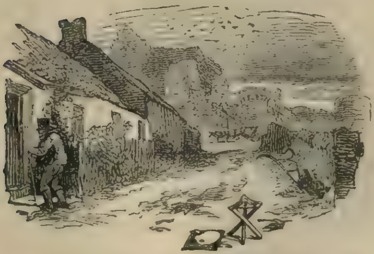
Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

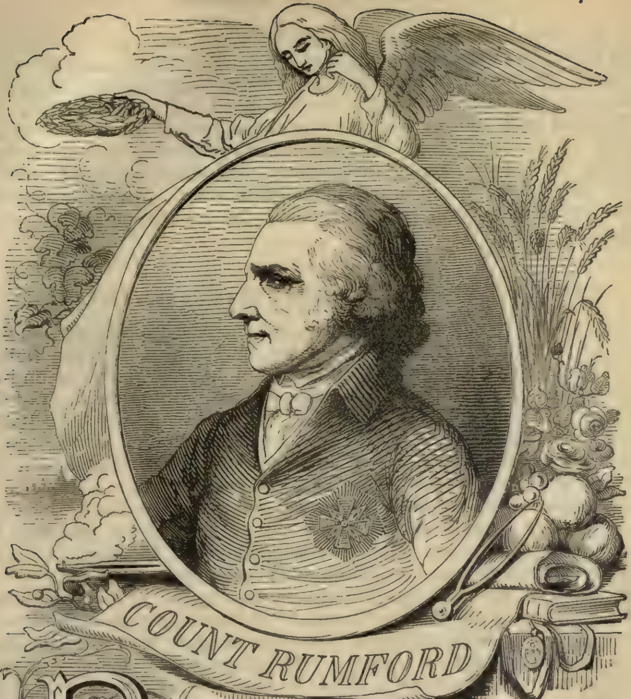
Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I 'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home ;
Now I 'm ready for my chair ;
So, till to-morrow morning 's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

—CLARE.





BENJAMIN THOMPSON, better known by the name of Count Rumford, which he afterwards acquired, was born at Woburn in Massachusetts on the 26th of March 1753. His ancestors appear to have been among the earliest of the colonists of Massachusetts, and in all probability came originally from England. They seem to have held a respectable rank among their neighbours, and to have been for one or two generations moderately wealthy. Ebenezer Thompson, the grandfather of Count Rumford, held a captain's commission in the militia of the province, and was therefore a man of some repute in the place where he resided. Count Rumford's father, whose name was also Benjamin, dying while his son was a mere infant, the mother and child continued in the grandfather's house, which had been their home even while the husband was alive. In October 1755, however, the old man died, leaving a small provision for his grandson, barely sufficient, it would appear, to maintain him till he should arrive at an age to be able to do something for himself. In the following year, Mrs Thompson, whose maiden name was Ruth Limonds, married a second husband, Josiah Pierce, also a resident in Woburn ; and the boy accompanied his mother to the house of his step-father, who stipulated, however, that he should receive the weekly sum of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance till he attained his eighth year. His grandfather's little legacy seems to have furnished the means of meeting this demand.

EDUCATION—EARLY OCCUPATIONS—MARRIAGE.

As soon as young Thompson was able to learn his letters, he was sent to the school of his native town, taught by a Mr John Fowle, who is said to have been 'a gentleman of liberal education and an excellent teacher ;' and here, in company with all the children of the place, he was taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin, having the reputation, it is said, of being a quick boy. At the age of eleven he left the school of Woburn, and joined one taught by a Mr Hill at Medford, under whose care he made greater advances in mathematics than he had attempted under Mr Fowle. The only circumstance from which we can form an idea of the progress he made is the statement, that his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy was sufficient to enable him to calculate eclipses.

At thirteen years of age Thompson was bound apprentice to Mr John Appleby, a respectable merchant in Salem, the second town in point of size in Massachusetts, although at that time it must have been little more than a village. His occupations with Mr Appleby were principally those of a clerk in the counting-house ; and he appears to have had sufficient leisure, while attending to his duties, to extend his reading and his acquaintance with scientific subjects. At this time also he began to exhibit a taste for designing and engraving, as well as for mechanical invention. Among other contrivances upon which he exercised his ingenuity was one for solving the famous problem of the Perpetual Motion ; a chimera upon which young men of a turn of mind similar to his often try their untaught powers. One evening, we are informed, the young speculator was so sure that he had at length found out the Perpetual Motion, that he set out with the secret in his head to Woburn, intending to communicate it to a friend and old schoolfellow, Loammi Baldwin, in whose knowledge in such matters he placed great confidence. Loammi spent the night discussing the project with him, and so sensibly, that we are told young Thompson became convinced of the mechanical impossibility of his or any other Perpetual Motion, and returned to his counting-house in Salem next morning, resolved to attempt something less magnificent and more practicable.

About this time the differences between the mother-country and the American colonies were beginning to assume a serious aspect. The imposition of the famous stamp tax in 1765 had excited great indignation among the colonists, and its repeal in the following year was celebrated with proportionate rejoicings. At Salem, where the commercial interest predominated, it was determined that there should be a great display of fireworks on the occasion; and as the town did not possess a professional pyrotechnist, Mr Appleby's clerk contrived to get his services in that capacity accepted. Unluckily, while preparing some detonating mixture, he handled the pestle so as to cause an explosion, by which he was so severely burned that his life was despaired of. At length, he was able to remove from his mother's house at Woburn, to which he had been carried after the accident, and resume his employment at Salem. The renewed attempts of the mother-country, however, to impose taxes upon the colonies, followed as they were by the resolution of the merchants in the colonies not to import any of the products of the mother-country, produced such a stagnation of trade in Salem, as at other towns, that Mr Appleby, having no occasion for the further services of a clerk, was glad to give young Thompson up his indentures, and allow him to return to Woburn.

This happened apparently in 1767 or 1768; and for a year or two afterwards, Thompson's course of life seems to have been wavering and undecided. In the winter of 1769, he taught a school at Wilmington; and some time in the same year he seems to have had thoughts of pursuing the medical profession, for which purpose he placed himself under Dr Hay, a physician in Woburn, and entered zealously upon the study of anatomy and physiology. While with Dr Hay, he is said to have exhibited greater fondness for the mechanical than for other parts of the profession, and to have amused himself by making surgical instruments. How long Thompson pursued his medical studies, is uncertain; in 1770, however, we find him resuming his mercantile avocations, in the capacity of clerk in a dry-goods store at Boston, kept by a Mr Capen. He was in Boston during the famous riots which took place on the attempt to land a cargo of tea from a British vessel, contrary to the resolution of the colonists against admitting British goods. Mr Capen's business seems to have declined in the critical circumstances of the colony, as Mr Appleby's had formerly done; and Thompson was again obliged to return to Woburn. During the summer of 1770, he attended, in company with his friend Baldwin, a course of lectures on experimental philosophy delivered in Harvard College; and at no time of his life does he seem to have been so busily intent upon the acquisition of knowledge. Besides attending the lectures of the professor, he instituted experiments of his own of various kinds, some of which were the germs of valuable conclusions which he published in after-life. In particular, we may mention a course of experiments which he began for ascertaining and measuring the projectile force of gunpowder.

Thompson, though still only in his seventeenth year, had acquired that degree and kind of reputation which it is usual for youths of his stamp to obtain among intelligent acquaintances; and late in 1770, he was invited by Colonel Timothy Walker, one of the most important residents in the thriving village of Rumford, now Concord, in New Hampshire, to take charge of an academy in that place. Accepting the invitation, Thompson, says his American biographer, Dr Renwick, 'found himself caressed and welcomed by a society not wanting in refinement or pretensions to fashion. His grace and personal advantages, which afterwards gained him access to the proudest circles of Europe, were already developed. His stature of nearly six feet, his erect figure, his finely formed limbs, his bright blue eyes, his features chiselled in the Roman mould, and his dark auburn hair, rendered him a model of manly beauty. He had acquired an address in the highest degree prepossessing; and at the counter of the Boston retailer, had learned, from its fashionable customers, that polish of manner and dialect which obliterates all peculiarities that are provincial, and many of those that are national. He possessed solid acquirements far beyond the standard of the day, and had attained already the last and highest requisite for society—that of conversing with ease, and in a pure language, upon all the subjects with a knowledge of which his mind was stored. In addition, he possessed the most fascinating of all accomplishments, for he had a fine voice; and although far from a proficient in music as a science, sang with much taste, and performed on several instruments.' With such advantages, the young schoolmaster appears to have made an impression on not a few female hearts in the country village where he shone; on none, however, so decidedly as on that of Mrs Rolfe, a colonel's widow, possessed of what was then considered a large fortune, and although considerably older than himself, still young and handsome enough, according to his biographer, 'to render it probable that a feeling more creditable than one arising from interested motives led him to seek her hand.' However this may be, the affair was soon brought to a happy conclusion. On giving out his vacation for the year 1772, the young schoolmaster stepped into the widow's carriage, and they drove together to Boston, where he fitted himself with a dress in the extreme of the fashion of the day, scarlet being then a favourite colour. Clad anew from top to toe, he re-entered the equipage, which whirled away towards Woburn. The astonishment of the villagers at seeing their young townsman in such a guise and in such company was past description. 'Why, Ben, my child,' said his mother, gazing at his splendid outfit as he dismounted at the door, 'how could you spend your whole winter's earnings in this way?' In the presence of his fair companion the youth could hardly explain, and he was obliged to employ a friend to break the subject of his intended marriage to his mother. No objections were offered on her part, although she took twenty-four hours to deliberate on the matter; and the happy pair drove back to Rumford, where the wedding was forthwith celebrated, the bridegroom being then in his twentieth year.

UNPOPULARITY AMONG THE AMERICANS—FLIGHT TO ENGLAND.

After his marriage, Thompson took his place as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the district in which he resided, and mixed in the best society which the colony afforded. It was not long before he made the acquaintance of his Excellency John Wentworth, the governor of the colony, who, anxious, no doubt, in the critical circumstances in which the American dependencies of Great Britain were then placed, to attach to the party which sided with the mother-country as many influential colonists as he was able, lost no time in endeavouring to gain over so promising a man as Thompson. A vacancy having occurred in a regiment of the New Hampshire militia, Governor Wentworth gave the commission, which was that of major, to his new friend: an act of attention which, while it seems to have been gratifying to Thompson, did not fail to procure him much ill-will from the officers already in the service, over whose heads he had been promoted. From this period, Thompson began to be unpopular in his native province. He was represented as a friend of Great Britain, and an enemy to the interests of the colonies; and this charge was the more readily believed, on account of the marked kindness with which he continued to be treated by the governor, and the indifference which he exhibited to those political questions which were agitating all around him. The truth seems to be, that not only was Thompson, as a man in comfortable circumstances, and fond of the consideration and opportunities of enjoyment which they afforded him, averse to any disturbance, such as a war between the colonies and the mother-country would cause, but that his constitution and temperament, his liking for calm intellectual pursuits, disqualified him from taking part in political agitation. Many men who have distinguished themselves in literature and science have, as a matter of principle, kept themselves aloof from the controversies and political dissensions of their time, alleging that, however important such questions might be, it was not in discussing them that their powers could be employed to most advantage. In the case of Thompson, however, who as yet had not begun to lay claim to the character of a man devoted to scientific pursuits, his countrymen thought, not altogether unreasonably, that they had grounds of complaint. What employment was *he* engaged in, that he ought to be exempted from the duty of a citizen—that of taking an interest in public affairs? So, probably, the most candid and considerate of the American patriots reasoned; and as for the great mass of the populace, they condemned him in the usual summary manner in which the public judges. Not a name was more detested in Massachusetts than that of Benjamin Thompson. He was denounced as a sycophant of the British—a traitor to the interests of the colonies—an enemy of liberty. To such a length did the public hatred of him proceed, that at length, in the month of November 1774, the mob of Concord had resolved to inflict on him the punishment which several other unpopular persons had already experienced—that of being tarred and feathered in the open streets. Receiving intelligence of the design of the mob before it could be carried into execution, Thompson had no alternative but to withdraw from Concord to some other part of the provinces where political excitement did not run so high. Accordingly, he quitted his wife and an infant daughter, who had been born in the previous year, and took refuge first in his native town of Woburn, from which he afterwards removed to Charleston. From Charleston, after a few months' residence, he went to Boston, which was then garrisoned by a British army commanded by General Gage.

Thompson was well received by General Gage and the officers of the British army; and his intercourse with them, while it probably gave him a stronger bias towards the side of the mother-country than he had yet exhibited, did not contribute to remove the bad opinion his countrymen had formed of his patriotism. Having returned in the spring of 1775 to his native town of Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and daughter, he again ran the risk of being tarred and feathered. The mob surrounded the house where he resided early one morning, armed with guns and sticks, and but for the interference of his old friend Loammi Baldwin, who arrived at the spot in time to use his influence with the crowd, serious consequences might have ensued.

The commencement of open hostilities between the colonists and the British troops in May 1775 made Thompson's position still more critical. As a major in the militia of the province, he would probably have acted on the side of the patriots, obeying the orders of the Provincial Congress, which had superseded the old government; but the odium attached to his name was such, that his very zeal on the patriotic side would have been misrepresented. In order, therefore, to clear himself of all suspicion, and that he might thenceforth live on good terms with his countrymen, he demanded a trial before the Committee of Correspondence established at Woburn by authority of the new power. The trial was granted; he was put under arrest; and an advertisement was inserted in the newspapers for all who had charges to prefer against his patriotism to come forward. Besides the general allegation of his being a Tory, and a friend and correspondent of Governor Wentworth and General Gage, the only charge made against him on his trial was, that he had been instrumental in sending back to their colours two British deserters, having procured their pardon from General Gage during his residence in Boston. This, which ought properly to have been regarded as a mere act of mercy, was construed in a less favourable manner by Thompson's judges; and although, on the conclusion of his trial, the court declared that he had done nothing which could legally be considered as a crime, he was set at liberty without the satisfaction of a full and formal acquittal. Against this treatment he protested in the strongest manner, insisting that he should either be punished as guilty, or declared innocent; but his protests were unheeded.

With a view, apparently, to convince his countrymen of his patriotism by actual service, or possibly because he could enjoy more quiet in the army than the ill-will of his fellow-citizens would allow him in his own house, Thompson, as soon as his trial was over, joined a detachment of the troops of Congress stationed at Chelsea. 'In the hopes of obtaining a commission,' says his biographer, 'he paid great attention to tactics, and assisted at the drills of the yet undisciplined forces. He also took up the study of fortification, which he pursued with his usual ardour. Towards the close, however, of the summer of 1775, his position had become irksome, and even dangerous. Suspicions, which it seemed impossible to allay, shut against him all access to military rank in the continental army. He now could not go from place to place within the lines of the army without being pointed at as the famous Tory Thompson; and though military discipline sheltered him from actual violence, he was exposed to insults that a man of spirit could not brook, and which his position prevented him from resenting. If thus treated within the army, he might infer what awaited him when he should emerge from the outposts of the camp.' In these circumstances, he came to the desperate resolution of leaving his native country. 'I cannot any longer,' he writes to his father-in-law on the 14th of August 1775, 'bear the insults that are daily offered to me. I cannot bear to be looked upon and treated as the Achan of society. I have done nothing that can deserve this cruel usage. And notwithstanding I have the tenderest regard for my wife and family, and really believe I have an equal return of love and affection from them, though I feel the keenest distress at the thoughts of what Mrs Thompson and my parents and friends will suffer on my account, and though I foresee and realise the distress, poverty, and wretchedness that must attend my pilgrimage in unknown lands, destitute of fortune, friends, and acquaintances, yet all these evils appear to me more tolerable than the treatment which I meet with at the hands of my ungrateful countrymen.'

Two months after writing the above, he carried his resolution into effect. Paying off his debts, and converting some of his property into cash, with the expressed intention of removing to some of the southern states, where he might live in greater security, he set out from Cambridge, the headquarters of the American army, on the 10th of October 1775, accompanied by his half-brother, Josiah Pierce, who took leave of him at the nearest post-town. 'From that hour,' says his biographer, 'until the close of the revolutionary struggle, his friends and relatives were without any positive tidings of his fate.' From accounts afterwards received, it appeared that he had reached Newport on the 11th of October, apparently undecided as to his future movements; that there finding a boat belonging to the British frigate *Scarborough*, he went on board that vessel, and was afterwards landed at Boston, which his friend General Gage, as commander of the British garrison, was at that time maintaining against the American forces. Here he remained under the protection of the British till the evacuation of the town in March 1776, when he again embarked on board the *Scarborough*, and set sail for England, the bearer of despatches from General Gage to Lord George Germain, the British Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. Thus had he fairly renounced all connection with his native country, and gone to push his fortunes in the Old World.

RESIDENCE AND OCCUPATIONS IN ENGLAND—INVITATION TO MUNICH.

Arriving in England, as he did, the bearer of gloomy despatches, and sustaining the equivocal character of a deserter from the American cause, Thompson soon proved that he was a man who could command his fortune anywhere. The capacity in which he had come over introduced him to various public men, who could not fail to be struck by his abilities, as well as charmed by his manner; and the consequence was that in a short time after his arrival he was offered a post in the Colonial Office. Probably the minister was of opinion that none of all the American refugees who then swarmed in London was able to render such assistance as Thompson in conducting the department over which he presided.

Of whatever nature were the services which Thompson rendered to the public business, they must have been of considerable value; for in 1780, four years after his arrival in England, he was raised by his patron, Lord Germain, to the post of Under-secretary of State for the Colonies; an instance of promotion which, considering the circumstances in which the subject of it stood, is almost unexampled. The usual accompaniment of such a situation was, and is, a seat in parliament; and according to the practice of those days, when noblemen had seats in the House of Commons at their disposal, Lord Germain, if he had so chosen, might have conferred a seat on his American protégé; but it was probably imagined that the admission into parliament of a man so unpopular in America would be attended with disadvantages, and that, at all events, Thompson's talents were better fitted for the desk than the senate. The income and consequence, however, which he derived from his office gave him admission to the highest metropolitan circles; and he had thus opportunities not only of becoming known, but also of exercising his inventive mind in many pursuits not immediately connected with his official duties. Fertility—a disposition to propose improvements in all departments—seems to have been his most striking characteristic; and it was probably this ready genius for practical reforms in everything which came under his notice, that recommended him so much to public men. A man who, in his general intercourse with society, can drop valuable suggestions, allowing others to grasp at them, and enjoy the credit of carrying them into effect, is likely to be a favourite. Thompson appears to have been such a man—a person who, holding no ostensible post but that of Under-secretary for the Colonies, could yet, out of the richness of an ever-inventive mind, scatter hints which would be thankfully received by men of all professions.

While concerning himself generally, however, in a variety of matters, Thompson was at the same time following out certain specific lines of scientific investigation. 'As early as 1777,' says his biographer, 'he made some curious and interesting experiments on the strength of solid bodies. These were never published, and would probably have been superseded by more full investigations made by subsequent experiments. In 1778, he employed himself in experiments on the strength of gunpowder and the velocity of military projectiles, and these were followed up by a cruise of some months in the Channel fleet, where he proposed to repeat his investigations on a larger scale.' On this subject, Thompson communicated several papers to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, of which he had become a member. Passing over these scientific lucubrations, we hasten to reach that period of Rumford's life at which he found himself in a situation to give full scope to his genius for improvements.

As the war between Great Britain and the colonies proceeded, it became evident that the latter must triumph. The anti-American party in Great Britain lost ground; and on the news of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis reaching England, a division took place in the cabinet, and Lord George Germain found it necessary to resign office. As his policy, however, in American affairs had been agreeable to the wishes of George III., he retired with the honours of a peerage, and was able still to forward the interests of his friends. Not the least distinguished of these was Under-secretary Thompson, who, whether he had co-operated with his principal in all his measures and views, or whether, 'according to his own statement afterwards to Cuvier, he was disgusted at Lord Germain's want of judgment,' had at least done a sufficient amount of work to deserve a parting token of regard. Accordingly, by the influence of the fallen minister, Thompson was sent out to New York, in the year 1781, with the royal commission of major, which was afterwards changed for that of lieutenant-colonel, charged with the task of organising an efficient regiment of dragoons out of the broken and disjointed native cavalry regiments which had been fighting on the royalist side. What were to be the specific uses of this force are now uncertain. The regiment, fortunately, was of no avail.

Peace having been concluded between the United States and Great Britain, Colonel Thompson, shortly after his return, obtained leave of absence, in order that he might travel on the continent. Passing through France on his way to Vienna, he had reached Strasbourg on the German frontier, when an incident occurred which changed his prospects, and gave a direction to his life different from what he intended or could have anticipated. A review of the garrison of Strasbourg being held, he presented himself on the field as a spectator, 'mounted on a superb English horse, and in the full uniform of his rank as a colonel of dragoons.' The French officers were eager to make the acquaintance of the conspicuous stranger, the more so that his attendance at a review of French troops in full English uniform was regarded as an act of courtesy, which deserved a return. Among those who entered into conversation with him was Prince Maximilian, nephew and presumptive heir of the Elector of Bavaria, and who had served as the commander of a French regiment in the American war. So agreeable was the impression which Thompson made on the prince, that on learning his circumstances and intentions, the latter offered him an introduction to his uncle, the Bavarian elector, in case he should be inclined to alter his design of proceeding to Vienna, and make trial of the Bavarian service. The proposal pleased Thompson, and, furnished with the prince's letter of introduction, he set out for Munich. Wherever he went, he seems to have had the art, almost in spite of himself, of conciliating favour; and on his very first audience with the Elector of Bavaria, he was offered an important situation at court. Still clinging, however, to his resolution of visiting Vienna, he did not accept the offer; but after spending some time at Munich, during which the elector's esteem for him increased more and more, he set out for the Austrian capital. The elector, however, continued to send him pressing invitations to enter his service; and learning at Vienna that the Turkish war was likely to be brought to a speedy conclusion, Colonel Thompson at length promised that, provided he could obtain the consent of his British majesty, he would take up his residence at Munich. Proceeding to London, in order to obtain the consent which was required, he was received with great kindness by George III., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and gave him permission, while resigning the command of his regiment, to retain the title of lieutenant-colonel, and the half-pay attached to it.

RESIDENCE IN MUNICH—REORGANISATION OF THE BAVARIAN ARMY.

In the close of the year 1784, Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich, filling the posts of aide-de-camp and chamberlain to the elector, and thus connected both with the military and the civil service. Charles Theodore, the ruling prince of Bavaria, was a man of enlightened mind, whose ambition was to elevate the state over which he reigned to a high rank among the various members of the German confederacy. The aristocracy of Bavaria itself not furnishing men of sufficient liberality of view to co-operate with him in his designs of improvement, and the prejudices of the court preventing him from employing able men from among the people, even had there been any such qualified for his purpose, he had judiciously resolved to employ foreign talent in the difficult work of reforming his dominions. The capacity, therefore, in which Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich was that of a man who, unconnected by ties of blood or interest with the people of Bavaria, and furnished only with general ideas applicable to all times and places, was to make it his business, under the auspices of the elector, to take a general survey of the condition of Bavaria, with a view to rectify as much as possible of what was wrong in it. A more noble or responsible situation can scarcely be conceived ; and the dignity and responsibility will appear all the greater, when we reflect that the government of Bavaria being in its nature despotic, the powers of a man in Thompson's position—that, namely, of virtual though not ostensible prime minister—were almost unlimited, seeing that there were no constitutional forms, and nothing but the absolute will of the elector, to check or thwart his proceedings.

Another circumstance which rendered the situation of Sir Benjamin Thompson a peculiarly interesting one was the position of Bavaria at the time. 'Most of those,' says Cuvier, 'who are called to power by adventitious circumstances are led astray by the opinion of the vulgar. They know that they will infallibly be called men of genius, and be celebrated in prose and verse, if they succeed in changing the forms of government, or in extending the territory of their sovereign but a few additional leagues. Happily for Count Rumford, Bavaria at this period had no such temptations for her ministers. Her constitution was fixed by the laws of the empire, and her frontiers defined by the more powerful states who were her neighbours. She was, in short, reduced to that condition which most states consider so hard a one—namely, to have her attention confined to the sole object of ameliorating the fortune of her people.' The whole attention of Sir Benjamin Thompson, therefore, was necessarily to be concentrated on the internal condition of Bavaria

—a country about the size of Scotland, but considerably more populous.

The first subject which occupied the attention of the American-born prime minister of Bavaria was the condition of the army. There were three reasons for this early consideration of the state of the army. In the first place, the condition of the continent of Europe at the time rendered the state of the defensive force a matter of extreme importance to so critically situated a state as Bavaria; in the second place, Thompson's own tastes inclined him to take an interest in military matters; and lastly, in a despotic state, where a little physical force might be necessary to compel the people to adopt good sanitary or other regulations, the army was the natural instrument to be employed in all such reforms, and to render this instrument efficient, was but to begin at the right end.

Omitting all the miscellaneous improvements of a minor or mechanical nature which were effected by Thompson in matters connected with the military service—as, for instance, in the construction of cannon, in the uniform of the soldiers, their drill, &c.—let us attend to the moral principle which ruled all his proceedings with regard to the organisation of the army. 'I have endeavoured,' he says, 'in all my operations, to unite the interest of the soldier with the interest of civil society, and to render the military force, even in time of peace, subservient to the *public good.* To facilitate and promote these important objects, to establish a respectable standing army, which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.' To this principle, or at least to the precise form in which it is here stated, different persons will make different objections, according as their sympathies are civil or military; but Rumford's general view, that *soldiers should be treated as men*, cannot be impugned. The army being essentially the offspring of an age of physical force, it is certainly difficult to organise it conformably to the spirit of an age which repudiates physical force. To do this—in other words, to make the army, as such, a moral agent—is impossible; but it is quite possible to render a large general culture and much individual freedom compatible with strict discipline; and, at all events, the modern maxim is, that the army is a part of society, employed, it is true, in services of a peculiar nature, which require a peculiar organisation, but not on that account cut off from the general mass of the community. Such was the maxim of the Bavarian minister. Besides what he did to increase the physical comfort of the soldier by superior food, clothing, and accommodation, he adopted means for the intellectual and moral improvement of all connected with the military service. 'Schools were established in all the regiments for instructing the soldiers and their children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Besides these schools of instruction, others, called schools of industry, were established in the regiments, where the soldiers and their children were taught various kinds of work, and from whence they were supplied with raw materials to work for their own emolument. As nothing is so certainly fatal to morals as habitual idleness, every possible means was adopted that could be devised to introduce a spirit of industry among the troops. Every encouragement was given to the soldiers to employ their leisure time when they were off duty in working for their own emolument; and among other encouragements, the most efficacious of all, that of allowing them full liberty to dispose of the money acquired by their labour in any way they should think proper, without being obliged to give any account of it to anybody.'* Besides working at their various trades for such as chose to employ them, the soldiers were employed as labourers 'in all public works, such as making and repairing highways, draining marshes, repairing the banks of rivers, &c.; and in all such cases the greatest care was taken to provide for their comfortable subsistence, and even for their amusement. To preserve good order and harmony among those who were detached upon these working-parties, a certain proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers were always sent with them, and these commonly served as overseers of the works, and as such were paid.'

The particular plan, however, which enabled Thompson, while he was improving the personal condition of the soldier, and turning the peace establishment to greater account than before for the general good of the country, at the same time to diminish greatly the expense of its support, was that of *permanent garrisons*. The whole army was distributed through the various cities of the electorate, each city being garrisoned by troops drawn from the surrounding district. This plan possessed many advantages. 'A peasant would more readily consent to his son engaging himself to serve as a soldier in a regiment permanently stationed in his neighbourhood, than in one at a great distance, or whose destination was uncertain; and when the station of a regiment is permanent, and it receives its recruits from the district of country immediately surrounding its head-quarters, the men who go home on furlough have but a short journey to make, and are easily assembled in case of an emergency.' Every encouragement was given to all who could be spared from garrison-duty to go home on furlough; an arrangement which was both agreeable to the men—who, during their absence, might be cultivating their little family farms, or otherwise employing themselves at any trade—and economical for the state, because, while the men were on furlough, they received no pay, but only their rations. Thus, while in every garrison town there remained a sufficient nucleus of men to do garrison-duty, and who, while receiving full military pay, were at liberty to earn additional money during their leisure time by extra work, the greater part of the army were distributed through the community, pursuing the ordinary occupations of citizens, but ready to assemble at a few hours' notice, and bound to be in the field at least six weeks every year. The assumed necessity for such a state of military preparation gives one a striking idea of the condition of the continent at this epoch.

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* **Life of Rumford—Sharp's *American Biography*.**

Not content with the mere negative achievement of organising the army, so that 'it should do the least possible harm,' Thompson endeavoured to make it an instrument of positive good. His plan of permanent garrisons and easy furloughs, by establishing a constant flux of men to and from a centre, suggested the somewhat novel idea of making the army the medium for spreading useful improvements of all kinds through the country. Supposing, for instance, that pains were taken to teach the soldiers in garrison any useful art not then known in Bavaria, but which might be naturalised there, it is obvious that when these men were distributed over the country on furlough, they would carry with them not only their own superior industrial habits, but the art itself. The improvement of Bavarian agriculture by this means was one of Thompson's most anxious wishes. Very few of the recent improvements in that art, he says, such as the cultivation of clover and turnips, the regular succession of crops, &c., had then found their way into general practice; and, above all, the potato was almost unknown in Bavaria. With a view to introduce a better system of agriculture, and especially with a view to naturalise the potato among the Bavarians, Thompson devised the system of military gardens—that is, 'pieces of ground in or adjoining to the garrison towns, which were regularly laid out, and exclusively appropriated to the use of the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers belonging to the regiments in garrison.' In these gardens every private soldier was assigned a piece of ground, about three hundred and sixty-five square feet in extent. This piece of ground was to remain the sole property of that soldier so long as he served in the regiment; he was to be at liberty to cultivate it in any way, and to dispose of the produce in any way, he chose; if, however, he did not choose to work in it, but wished rather to spend his pay in idleness, he might do so; but in that case the piece of ground was to be taken from him, and so also if he neglected it. Every means was used to attach the soldiers to their garden labour: seeds and manure were furnished them at a cheap rate; whatever instruction was necessary, was given them; and little huts or summer-houses were erected in the gardens, to afford them shelter when it rained. 'The effect of the plan,' says Rumford, 'was much greater and more important than I could have expected. The soldiers, from being the most indolent of mortals, and from having very little knowledge of gardening, became industrious and skilful cultivators, and grew so fond of vegetables, particularly of potatoes, that these useful and wholesome productions began to constitute a very essential part of their daily food. These improvements began also to spread among the farmers and peasants throughout the whole country. There was hardly a soldier that went on furlough that did not carry with him a few potatoes for planting, and a little collection of garden seeds; and I have already had the satisfaction to see little gardens here and there making their appearance in different parts of the country.'

Such is a summary description of the changes introduced by Sir Benjamin Thompson into the organisation of the Bavarian army. It is evident that many of them were adapted expressly for a country like Bavaria, and would be inapplicable in a country like ours, where foreign service is regarded as so great a part of the business of an army: still, the experiment ought to be suggestive to those who take an interest in the state of our army; some of the details even might be adopted; and, at all events, the general spirit of the attempt was admirable.

MEASURES FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICANCY, AND FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR IN MUNICH.

After reforming the army, the next subject which occupied the attention of the Bavarian statesman was one of universal and perpetual interest—the condition of the poor. In order, however, not to be interrupted in our narrative of his measures for the relief of the poor of Bavaria, we shall note a few of the principal events in his personal history during the period of his residence in that country. In 1784, when he commenced his residence in Bavaria, he was thirty-one years of age. The titles which were then conferred on him were, as we have already informed our readers, those of aide-de-camp and chamberlain. Soon afterwards, however, he received the appointments of member of the council of state and major-general in the army; the elector at the same time procuring him the decorations of two orders of Polish knighthood, in lieu of the Bavarian order, which the rules of German knighthood prevented him from bestowing. The scientific part of the community also shewed their esteem for him by electing him a member of the academies of Munich and Mannheim. All this took place not long after Thompson had settled in Munich. Every year of his subsequent stay brought him fresh honours. In 1787, when on a visit to Prussia, he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin; in Bavaria, to follow the list of dignities given by his American biographer, 'he attained the military rank of lieutenant-general, was commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and superintendent of the police of the electorate; he was for a short time chief of the regency that exercised sovereignty during the absence of the elector; and in the interval between the death of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of his successor Leopold, the elector becoming vicar of the empire, availed himself of the prerogatives of that office to make him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.' When this last dignity was conferred on him, Thompson chose the title of Count of *Rumford*, in memory of the American village where he had once officiated in the humble capacity of schoolmaster. Although it was not till the year 1790 that this title was bestowed on him, and the measures we are about to detail were for the most part matured before that time, we shall consult our convenience by henceforth calling him Count Rumford.

The condition of the poor, and the mode of treating them, are questions which every country on earth must incessantly be occupied with; but in few countries, probably, was the necessity of coming to some decided practical conclusion on the subject more glaring, more imperious, than in Bavaria at the time when Count Rumford undertook the social survey of that state. Beggary had there become an enormous and apparently ineradicable evil—a weed overgrowing the whole field. The beggars almost ate up the industrious part of the community. 'The number of itinerant beggars of both sexes and all ages, as well foreigners as natives, who strolled about the country in all directions, levying contributions upon the industrious inhabitants, stealing and robbing, and leading a life of indolence and the most shameless debauchery, was quite incredible; and so numerous were the swarms of beggars in all the great towns, and particularly in the capital, so great their impudence, and so persevering their importunity, that it was almost impossible to cross the streets without being attacked, and absolutely forced to satisfy their clamorous demands. They not only infested all the streets, public walks, and public places, but they even made a practice of going into private houses; and the churches were so full of them, that people at their devotions were continually interrupted by them, and were frequently obliged to satisfy their demands in order to be permitted to finish their prayers in peace and quiet. In short, these detestable vermin swarmed everywhere; and not only their impudence and clamorous importunity were without any bounds, but they had recourse to the most diabolical arts and most horrid crimes in prosecution of their trade. The growing number of the beggars, and their success, gave a kind of *éclat* to their profession; and the habit of begging became so general, that it ceased to be considered as infamous, and was by degrees in a manner interwoven with the internal regulations of society. Herdsmen and shepherds who attended their flocks by the roadside were known to derive considerable advantage from the contributions which their situation enabled them to levy from passengers; and I have been assured that the wages which they received from their employers were often regulated accordingly. The children in every country village, and those even of the best farmers, made a constant practice of begging from all strangers who passed; and one hardly ever met a person on foot upon the road, particularly a woman, who did not hold out her hand and ask for charity.'*

Count Rumford determined to grapple with this enormous evil, and, if possible, suppress mendicancy in Bavaria. His sagacity and general knowledge of mankind taught him to believe the achievement practicable, and he had already paved the way by his reform of the army. Other preliminaries, however, were necessary; and, assisted by the genius of the government of Bavaria, where a sudden stroke of benevolent despotism was more in keeping than it would be elsewhere, he resolved first thoroughly to mature his scheme, and then to pounce upon the beggars when he was prepared to receive them. Although he knew that the people of Bavaria would gladly accept any measure which would relieve them from the dreadful scourge which they had so long borne, yet as so many schemes previously proposed had failed, he resolved to carry his plan into successful execution before he asked a farthing from the people in support of it. The elector's treasury was accordingly drawn upon for the amount of money necessary in advance.

Munich was to be the scene of his first experiment. And first of all, a building was necessary to receive the beggars when they should be apprehended. A suitable edifice was found situated in the Au, one of the suburbs of Munich. 'It had formerly been a manufactory, but for many years had been deserted, and falling to ruins. It was now completely repaired, and in part rebuilt. A large kitchen, with a large eating-room adjoining it, and a commodious bakehouse, were added to the buildings; and workshops for carpenters, smiths, turners, and such other mechanics were established, and furnished with tools. Large halls were fitted up for spinners of hemp, for spinners of flax, for spinners of cotton, for spinners of wool, and for spinners of worsted; and adjoining to each hall a small room was fitted up for a clerk or inspector of the hall. Halls were likewise fitted up for weavers of woollens, weavers of serges and shalloons, for linen-weavers, for weavers of cotton goods, and for stocking-weavers; and workshops were provided for clothiers, cloth-shearers, dyers, saddlers; besides rooms for wool-sorters, wool-carders, wool-combers, knitters, seamstresses, &c. Magazines were fitted up, as well for finished manufactures as for raw materials, and rooms for counting-houses; store-rooms for the kitchen and bakehouse; and dwelling-rooms for the inspectors and other officers. The whole edifice, which was very extensive, was fitted up in the neatest manner possible. In doing this, even the external appearance of the building was attended to. It was handsomely painted without as well as within; and pains were taken to give it an air of elegance, as well as of neatness and cleanliness.' †

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* Count Rumford's *Essays*.

† Ibid.

All these preparations having been made apparently without exciting any special degree of public curiosity, New-year's Day of the year 1790 was chosen as the day for the grand stroke, that being a day when Munich was sure to be unusually full of beggars. The military were posted through the streets, so as to command the whole town, and the neighbouring country was occupied by patrols of cavalry. In the meantime, having assembled at his own residence the magistrates of Munich, and a number of military officers and citizens of rank and dignity, Count Rumford expounded to them his scheme, and requested them to accompany him into the streets, where the most difficult part of the work, that of arresting the beggars, was to commence. 'We were hardly got into the street,' says Rumford in his narrative of the proceedings, 'when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I went up to him, and laying my hand gently upon his shoulder, told him that from thenceforward begging would not be permitted in Munich; that if he really stood in need of assistance (which would be immediately inquired into), the necessary assistance should certainly be given him; but that begging was forbidden, and if he was detected in it again, he would be severely punished. I then delivered him over to an orderly-sergeant, who was following me, with directions to conduct him to the Town-hall, and deliver him into the hands of those he should find there to receive him. Then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would take notice that I had myself, *with my own hands*, arrested the first beggar we had met; and I requested them not only to follow my example themselves, by arresting all the beggars they should meet with, but that they would also endeavour to persuade others, and particularly the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the garrison, that it was by no means derogatory to their character, or in any way disgraceful to them, to assist in so useful and laudable an undertaking. These gentlemen having cheerfully and unanimously promised to do their utmost to second me in this business, dispersed into the different parts of the town, and, with the assistance of the military, the town was so thoroughly cleared of beggars *in less than an hour*, that not one was to be found in the streets.'

The beggars being all taken to the Town-hall, their names were written down, and they were dismissed to their own homes, with directions to repair next day to the 'Military Workhouse,' as the new establishment was called, in consequence of its being fitted out with money from the military chest, and destined chiefly to supply the army with clothing, &c. Here they were told they would find comfortable warm rooms, a good warm dinner every day, and work for such as were able to labour, with good wages, which should be regularly paid. They might, or might not come, just as they chose, but at all events they were not to beg any more; and if they appeared in the streets, they should be apprehended. The circumstances of them all, they were told, were immediately to be inquired into, and relief granted to such as required it.

The plan met with immediate success. On the next day a great number of the beggars attended at the Military Workhouse; the rest hid themselves; and so vigorous and effective were the measures adopted to apprehend mendicants, that after trying in vain to renew their old practices, these too were obliged at length to yield. The experiment having succeeded so far, it was judged advisable to appeal to the public for their support; and a paper was accordingly drawn up by Professor Babo of Munich, urging the citizens to do their utmost to rid themselves of the scourge of mendicancy, by co-operating in the new scheme. In this paper, allusion is made to a practice of the beggars, which may be here mentioned, as a proof of the deplorable viciousness of the whole system. The beggars of Munich, it appears, drove a lucrative trade in communion and confessional certificates, which they obtained from the clergy by attending twice or thrice a day at the holy sacrament, and at confession, and afterwards sold to such of the citizens as were averse to church-going, and yet desirous of avoiding the inconveniences which neglect of religious observances entailed in a place where the Roman Catholic clergy had so much power.

Professor Babo's address having been circulated, with an outline of Count Rumford's scheme, the citizens of Munich gladly agreed to contribute, to enable the project to be fairly carried out; and indeed, accustomed as they had been to meet the incessant demands of the beggars by as incessant giving, they saw in the new plan not only an immediate moral relief, but a prospect of pecuniary saving. Rumford's principle was, to depend entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the charitable. The city was divided into sixteen districts; the names of all the inhabitants of each district who were willing to subscribe were taken down, with a note of the sum each volunteered to contribute. This sum might be altered at the pleasure of the subscriber—increased, diminished, or even altogether retracted. The sums were to be collected regularly on the last Sunday of every month, by an officer who was to go round on purpose among the subscribers of each district. Arrangements were also made for the receipt of miscellaneous donations, both large and small; and every possible means was adopted to beget a public confidence in the administration of the fund collected, by making the publication of all accounts imperative.

Two distinct things had now been accomplished by Count Rumford—he had established a workhouse, and he had secured a fund for the relief of the poor. Although the two objects were mixed up together at the commencement, and are of necessity included under the general descriptive head of the 'Suppression of Mendicancy,' they ought not to be confounded. In seizing upon the beggars, Count Rumford had adopted the most practicable means for arriving at a very desirable end—the discrimination of the merely idle from the really necessitous. To classify these two sorts of persons was his first object. When this was done, his work then divided itself into two parts—the reclaiming of the idle to habits of industry, and the relief of the really necessitous. The modes of operation for the one and for the other were expressly kept independent; indeed, it was one of Rumford's most careful provisions that the workhouse should not wear the aspect of an institution supported by charity. We shall describe first the progress of the workhouse by which Rumford meant to suppress idleness, and then the means which he employed for relieving the distress which still remained.

Before the opening of the Military Workhouse, it had been fitted up with looms, spinning-machines, &c., as well as furnished with raw materials, especially hemp, the spinning of which is easily learned. During the first week, 2600 mendicants, of both sexes and various ages, entered the establishment. 'For the first three or four days,' says Rumford, 'it was not possible entirely to prevent confusion. There was nothing like mutinous resistance among the poor people; but their situation was so new to them, and they were so very awkward in it, that it was difficult to bring them into any tolerable order. At length, however, by distributing them among the various halls, and assigning to each his particular place, they were brought into such order as to enable the inspectors and instructors to begin their operations. Those who understood any kind of work were placed in the apartments where the work they understood was carried on; and the others being classed according to their sexes, and as much as possible according to their ages, were placed under the immediate care of the different instructors.'

Every care was taken to promote the comfort of the people while at work, and to render their work agreeable to them. It being winter, the rooms were well warmed by fires kept regularly burning; the whole establishment was swept twice every day; attention was paid to the ventilation; as far as elegance was possible in halls devoted to work, it was consulted; and the kindest usage was the order of the institution. The people arrived at the establishment at a fixed hour in the morning; they continued at work till the hour of dinner, when they repaired to the dining-hall, where they were furnished with a good dinner of white bread and fine rich soup; and after some hours of further work, they were dismissed, as from any other manufactory, and had all the rest of their time at their own disposal. Besides the dinner-hour, which was allowed as relaxation to all in the establishment, two additional hours, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, were allowed to the children, during which they were assembled in one of the halls, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a master paid for the purpose; and as the regular hours of labour were not longer than in any other manufactory, neither they nor the adults were overworked. Lastly, every person in the establishment was regularly paid the wages fixed for the sort of labour he was employed in. The main feature of the scheme was, to impress upon those who attended the establishment that they were not necessarily paupers by their attendance there, but workmen entitled to the wages which they received. 'The workhouse,' says Rumford, 'was merely a manufactory, like any other manufactory, supported by its own private capital, which capital has no connection whatever with any fund destined for the poor.' In order to keep this vividly before the workpeople, an inscription, in letters of gold, was placed over the main entrance of the establishment—'NO ALMS WILL BE RECEIVED HERE.'

It is evident, however, considering the expenses of setting the establishment agoing, considering all the inducements which were held out at first to allure the people to it, especially that of paying them the ordinary rate of wages while they were yet wretchedly bad workmen, in order to keep up their courage—it is evident, in these circumstances, that the institution must at first have been maintained at a loss. Although hemp was selected at first as the material for learners to begin with, as being cheap, yet such was the awkwardness of the beginners, that even in this material a considerable loss was sustained. 'By an exact calculation, it was found,' says Rumford, 'that the manufactory actually lost more than three thousand florins upon the articles of hemp and flax during the first three months. But we were not discouraged by these unfavourable beginnings; and if the establishment was supported at some little expense in the beginning, it afterwards richly repaid the loss.' By constant practice, the workmen became expert, so that not only hemp, but much more expensive materials, could be intrusted to them with safety; and in a short time it was no longer a mere benevolent pretence to treat them as men earning their wages by a fair amount of labour, for such became the fact. The bustle and activity of the establishment increased from year to year. In the sixth year of its existence, the demand upon it for goods amounted to half a million of florins; and the net profits of the six years were calculated at one hundred thousand florins.

It will readily suggest itself to persons acquainted with the doctrines of political economy, that an objection might be raised to Count Rumford's experiment, from a consideration of what may have been its effects upon the labour market. As all the articles manufactured in the Military Workhouse for the supply of the Bavarian army had formerly been manufactured by other persons, it is evident that the immediate effect of the establishment of the workhouse was to withdraw so much custom from those other persons, whoever they may have been. A moment's consideration, however, of the state of Bavaria will rob the consideration of whatever threatening look it may wear in the case which we are now concerned with. These persons, now supporting themselves by the labour of their own hands, had formerly been mendicants, living at the expense of the industrious portion of the community; and viewing the matter, therefore, in its pecuniary aspect alone, the question with the people of Munich was, whether they sustained a greater loss by admitting 2600 persons to be competitors with themselves in the labour market, or by supporting the same 2600 persons as mendicants. Add to this, the moral comfort of living in a town where not a beggar was to be seen, and the still more exquisite satisfaction of reflecting that a number of their fellow-creatures, formerly loathsome, vicious, and wretched, were now living in cleanliness, propriety, and happiness. On the merits of the institution in this point of view, hear the words of Count Rumford himself. After alluding to the expertness which the members of the establishment acquired in the various manufactures, he proceeds: 'But what was quite surprising, and at the same time interesting in the highest degree, was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners. The kind usage they met with, and the comforts they enjoyed, seemed to have softened their hearts, and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them. The melancholy gloom of misery, the air of uneasiness and embarrassment, disappeared by little and little from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness, rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe. In the infancy of this establishment, when these poor creatures were first brought together, I used very frequently to visit them, to speak kindly to them, and to encourage them; and I seldom passed through the halls where they were at work without being a witness to the most moving scenes. Objects formerly the most miserable and wretched, whom I had seen for years as beggars in the street; young women, perhaps the unhappy victims of seduction, who, having lost their reputation, and being turned adrift in the world without a friend and without a home, were reduced to the necessity of begging to sustain a miserable existence, now recognised me as their benefactor, and with tears dropping fast from their cheeks, continued their work in the most expressive silence. If they were asked what the matter was with them, their answer was: "*Nichts*" ["Nothing"], accompanied by a look of affectionate regard and gratitude so touching, as frequently to draw tears from the most insensible of the by-standers. Why should I not mention the marks of affectionate respect which I received from the poor people for whose happiness I interested myself? Will it be reckoned vanity if I mention the concern which the poor of Munich expressed in so affecting a manner when I was dangerously ill?—that they went publicly in a body in procession to the cathedral church, where they had divine service performed, and put up public prayers for my recovery—that, four years afterwards, on hearing that I was again dangerously ill at Naples, they of their own accord set apart an hour each evening, after they had finished their work in the Military Workhouse, to pray for me; for me—a private person—a stranger—a Protestant!'

Having thus described the procedure at the Military Workhouse—which, although it was established with a philanthropic design, and had at first the aspect of a charitable institution, was in fact no such thing, but a mere commercial concern, yielding a profit on the capital invested in it—we shall now briefly narrate Count Rumford's plan of dealing with the pauperism of Munich—with the real poverty and destitution which remained after all that could be effected by the Military Workhouse.

The entire management of the poor of Munich was put into the hands of a committee, consisting of four of the principal Bavarian ministers of state—namely, the President of the Council of War, the President of the Council of Regency, the President of the Ecclesiastical Council, and the President of the Chamber of Finances; and these four were to choose each a councillor of his own department to assist him. Neither the presidents nor the councillors were to be paid for their labours in this committee; and the secretary, clerks, and inferior officers required were to be paid, not out of the fund for the poor, but immediately from the treasury. The mode of reaching the poor was as follows: The whole town, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, was divided into sixteen districts, the houses being all regularly numbered. In each district, a respectable citizen was chosen to be inspector of the poor within its limits. This inspector, whose services were to be purely voluntary and unpaid, was to have for his assistants a priest, a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary. The business of the inspector was to receive applications for relief, to inquire into the circumstances of the applicants, to furnish immediate assistance if it was required, and, where assistance might be delayed, to refer to the committee. Relief was granted, as might be required, in clothing, in medical aid, or in weekly sums of money; but in making the allowance, care was taken to find out how much the applicant was in a condition to earn. If he was able to work, work was provided for him, either at the Military Workhouse or at home, to be delivered at the workhouse. The fact of his having been industrious was certified by a government stamp affixed by the overseers of the workhouse every week to a slip of paper, on which also was marked the sum he had earned; and whatever was necessary for his support over and above this sum was granted. Those who could not work, were of course provided for. The funds out of which all the provisions were made consisted, as we have already said, of the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. There were a few legacies for the poor; certain fines also went into the poor's fund; but the great mass of the money required was collected statedly from the citizens in the manner described in a previous page, not by assessment, but by purely voluntary subscription. Besides donations in food and clothing, the sum collected in ready money during five years from the inhabitants of Munich was 200,000 florins, which was found amply sufficient for all purposes. It must be remembered, however, that the peculiar circumstances of the people of Munich, in having just been relieved from the scourge of mendicancy, made them more apt to fall into the habit of voluntary subscriptions than probably might be the case with the inhabitants of other towns not so circumstanced. Indeed, the citizens of Munich effected a clear pecuniary saving by the change—a saving amounting in all to more than two-thirds. This saving consisted of two items: first, an actual diminution of the mass of pauperism, numbers of those who formerly subsisted by charity being now able to support themselves either in whole or in part; and secondly, a retrenchment of all that waste which accompanies a private dispensation of charity, as compared with a system of general management, where, in consequence of the wholesale scale of operations, economy can be studied. The value of this second consideration will appear when we come to speak of Count Rumford's devices for economising food and fuel.

It will now be seen how the Military Workhouse and the system of management for the poor worked into each other's hands, although in principle totally independent of each other. No part of the Military Workhouse was under the control of the committee for the poor, except only the kitchen and bakehouse, which, as being supported out of the funds for the poor, were placed under their management.

Having thus described, at considerable length, Count Rumford's measures for the suppression of mendicancy in Munich, it only remains to be added that our description is to be taken rather as an historical account of an interesting and apparently successful experiment, than as a thorough appreciation of its merits as a social scheme. To criticise all the details of Count Rumford's plan, especially as a plan of universal application, would require much space, and would lead to controversy. It may be safely said, however, that while some parts of the scheme may be theoretically objectionable, and others may not be adapted for circumstances different from those in which they had their origin, the general features of the scheme are as sound as the spirit which prompted it was philanthropic.

PLANS FOR ECONOMISING FOOD AND FUEL.

As one of Count Rumford's reasons for preferring a general system for the administration of charity was the superior economy which it admitted, especially in the articles of food and fuel, it is not to be wondered at that he turned his attention to a consideration of the subject of food and fuel itself. In doing so, he opened up a new field for the exercise of his practical genius. What is the cheapest way of feeding large bodies of men? and what is the most economical way of applying heat for the purposes of warmth, of cooking, and of manufactures? These are questions upon which Count Rumford occupied himself more zealously and more successfully than any one had done before him, or, probably, than any one has done since his time. With the former question he was engaged while yet resident in Bavaria—one of his subsidiary schemes for the benefit of the poor there, and in other large towns, being the establishment of public kitchens and dining-rooms, where the poor, or indeed the labouring classes generally, might be supplied with better food at a cheaper rate than in their own houses. As the subject of cookery—of the improvements which are possible in the mode of preparing food for the use of man, whether with respect to economy or to the gratification of the palate, or to both—is one to which scientific men have not yet applied themselves with sufficient zeal, we will note down such of Rumford's conclusions on it as do not appear to be antiquated. The importance which Count Rumford himself attached to the subject will appear from his extraordinary saying, that 'the number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its internal produce depends almost as much upon the state of its *art of cookery* as upon that of its *agriculture*.'

With regard to the materials of food, it needs only to be mentioned that Rumford, besides recommending in Bavaria a larger use of vegetables generally, advocated in a special manner the introduction of the potato and of Indian corn—the former by cultivation, the latter by importation. In recommending Indian corn, he says: 'The common people in the northern parts of Italy live almost entirely upon it, and throughout the whole continent of America it makes a principal article of food. In Italy it is called *polenta;* and it is there prepared in a variety of ways, and forms the basis of a number of very nourishing dishes. The most common way of using it in that country is to grind it into meal, and, with water, to make it into a thick kind of pudding, like what in England is called hasty-pudding, which is eaten with various kinds of sauce, and sometimes without sauce.' In America, besides being used for puddings, it forms an ingredient of bread. In testimony to its pleasantness and wholesomeness as an article of food, he mentions the circumstance of the universal fondness of the Americans for it; and the fact that the negroes, in countries where both rice and Indian corn are grown, invariably prefer it to rice, alleging that 'rice turns to water in their bellies,' but 'Indian corn stays with them, and makes them strong to work.'

As to the best mode of preparing food for the purposes of economy, Rumford's grand recipe was—*soup.* 'At the time when Rumford entered the service of the elector,' says his biographer, Dr Renwick, 'the pay of the private soldier was no more than about three cents a day; under his administration it was raised to about four cents. Out of this he was compelled to purchase every article of food, except bread, of which a ration of little more than two pounds was issued to him. When we compare this scanty allowance with the rations of our own army and navy, we should fancy that the condition of the Bavarian soldiers must have been miserable in the extreme; but so far from this being the case, they are described as "the finest, stoutest, and strongest men in the world, whose countenances shew the most evident marks of health and perfect contentment." Such was the skill in cookery possessed by the Bavarian soldier, that he was enabled to subsist on two-thirds of his scanty pay, and, in addition, to save five-sixths of his ration of bread, which he sold.'* By inquiries and experiments, Rumford became convinced that the cause of the mystery lay in the fact, that the Bavarian soldier used his food almost universally in the form of soup. 'What surprised me not a little,' he says, 'was the discovery of the very small quantity of *solid food* which, when properly prepared, will suffice to satisfy hunger and support life and health; and the very trifling expense at which the stoutest and most laborious man may in any country be fed. After an experience of nearly five years in feeding the poor at Munich, it was found that the cheapest, most savoury, and most nourishing food that could be prepared was a soup composed of pearl-barley, pease, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions. I constantly found that the richness or quality of a soup depended more upon a proper choice of the ingredients and a proper management of the fire, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed—much more upon the art and skill of the cook, than upon the amount of the sums laid out in the market. I found also that the nutritiousness of a soup, or its power of satisfying hunger and affording nourishment, seemed always to be in proportion to its apparent richness or palatableness.' Struck with these remarkable results, Rumford endeavoured to explain them, by supposing that the *water* used in converting solid nutritious matter into soup became of itself nutritious, serving not merely as the vehicle for food, but really constituting a part of the food itself. This supposition of Rumford is now ascertained to be a mistake. 'Physiologists, however,' says Dr Renwick, 'have reached the true explanation. The quantity of matter required to supply the waste of the body at all ages, and furnish the material for the growth of the young, is small compared with the actual capacity of the digestive organ; while the latter is not satiated, nor the appetite satisfied, unless it receive a certain degree of distention. A quantity of warm liquid, holding so much nutritious matter in solution as to render digestion necessary, will fulfil the latter object as well as an equal bulk of solid food; while the necessity of expelling the excess above the actual wants of the system may in the latter case be productive of evil.'

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* Life of Count Rumford—Sharp's *American Biography.*

With such a decided preference for the soup form of food as Count Rumford had been led to entertain, it is not to be wondered at that soup was an essential feature in all his schemes for the benefit of the poor. Soup was the great article of food employed in his experiments in Munich; and in his contemplated project of public kitchens and dining-rooms for large towns, the necessary condition of success was, that soup should be the staple diet. He even went into the details of the composition of soup; and his *Essays* contain recipes for making various kinds of soup, with and without butcher-meat. The following judicious observations of Rumford's American biographer seem to sum up both the merits and the demerits of these experiments and speculations: 'The only question which admits of doubt is, how the description of food preferred by Rumford is adapted to the circumstances of all countries. Now, to the greater part of the Anglo-Saxon race, soup, if not an abomination, will never be received as the staple of more than one daily meal; while tea and coffee, whose use Rumford reprobates, with their accompaniment of sugar, have become necessaries of life. In Paris, soup, which became for a while the fashionable mode of administering charity, was well adapted to the habits of the people; but in England and America it was received with grumbling, or rejected by all who could in any other mode obtain food. One reason no doubt was, that it was considered sufficient to make the food nutritious, without attempting to make it pleasing to the palate. This defect is far from inherent; for the soups of Rumford, whether containing none but vegetable matter, or a mixture of animal substance, may be easily rendered as delicious as the most costly preparations of the French kitchen.'

Besides the general schemes which we have mentioned, Count Rumford was engaged, during his residence in Bavaria, in many minor plans of social improvement; indeed, as we have already said, he acted the part of surveyor-general of the abuses of the electorate. It was not in the nature of things that he should be able to proceed in his various innovations and reforms without provoking some jealousy and opposition among the Bavarian nobles: the support and favour, however, of the elector never failed him, and with the people at large he was exceedingly popular. In the year 1794, finding his health greatly impaired by his close attention to business, he obtained leave of absence from the elector, and employed sixteen months in travelling through various parts of the continent, especially Italy. During his absence, two very gratifying testimonies of respect and gratitude were borne to him by the Bavarians. The first was, the erection of a monument to commemorate his public services. The other was still more honourable to him: it was the resolution, already referred to, of the inmates of the Military Workhouse, when they heard that he was dangerously ill at Naples, to set apart an hour every evening to pray for his recovery. In 1795, Rumford returned to Bavaria, but left it almost immediately, to proceed on a visit to England. Here he was received with all distinction, and his opinion and advice were asked by all engaged in philanthropic schemes. To save himself the labour thus entailed upon him, he resolved to publish an account of his doings and experiments in Bavaria, and accordingly prepared for the press the two volumes of *Essays* which go by his name.* The only subject of general interest in these *Essays*, apart from the purely scientific disquisitions, which remains to be mentioned by us, is that of *fuel.*

In undertaking to reform chimneys and fire-places, Count Rumford had three objects in view—the saving of fuel, the prevention of smoke, and the avoidance of the injury to health arising from draughts. The extent of his services in this unpretending but most important department will be better estimated if we consider the state of fire-places in most European countries seventy or eighty years ago. 'The most polished nations of antiquity,' says Dr Renwick, 'had no other means of providing for the issue of the smoke of their fires than by leaving openings in the roof. They indeed appear, in some instances, to have heated apartments by flues circulating beneath the floors, which must have terminated in a vertical funnel, thus forming an approximation to the chimney; but there appears to be no instance of the arrangement of an open hearth and vertical flue until late in the middle ages. Chimneys and fire-places of the latter date are still to be seen in the kitchens and halls of baronial mansions; but the hearths were of great size, the arched openings wide and lofty, insomuch that they could be entered by persons standing upright, and admitted seats to be placed on each side of the fire. The latter, indeed, were the only places where the warmth of the fire could be enjoyed without exposure to the currents of cold air continually rushing in to join the ascending column in the chimney. Even when an increasing scarcity of fuel compelled less extravagant modes of applying it to be sought, the arched opening remained of a large size, the fire-place of a depth equal in extent to its front, and the walls were carried back perpendicularly to the latter. In England, where coal had come into almost universal use as a fuel, the grates in which it was burned were almost exact cubes, and were lined with cast-iron on the sides and back. The evils of these fire-places may be recollected by all whose age reaches sixty or seventy; and they are remembered with feelings in which shuddering and scorching are strangely combined, but which are almost unknown, and scarcely to be imagined, by the present generation. Chimneys which did not smoke were the exception to the general rule; and the exposure of the surface of the body to cold currents generated the acute pains of rheumatism; while the frequent alternations of an increased and checked perspiration caused colds, to be followed, in regular course, by pulmonary complaints. In this state of things Rumford undertook to remedy the manifold evils of the open fire-place.'

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* *Essays Political, Economical, and Philosophical.* By Benjamin, Count of Rumford, Knight of the Orders of the White Eagle and St Stanislaus; Chamberlain, Privy-councillor of State, and Lieutenant-general in the Service of his Most Serene Highness the Elector Palatine, reigning Duke of Bavaria, &c.

Observing that the heat of a mass of blazing fuel in a grate consisted of two parts—that which radiated into the room, and served the purposes of warmth; and that which, by heating the column of air in the chimney, caused it to ascend, Rumford saw that an enormous saving could be effected by diminishing the size of the grate. Instead of a cubical mass of fuel, such as was generally used, he proposed to employ a grate of ordinarily broad front, but not deep backward, and with the sides not perpendicular to the front, but inclining. The effect of this was to limit the fire to the single function of warming the room by radiation from its front, while the mass of coal which had formerly been consumed without any benefit to the apartment was saved. In order, however, to prevent the smoking of the chimneys which would have arisen from this diminution of the burning mass, another change was necessary; and this was the narrowing the throat of the chimney, so as to allow no more air to pass through it than the precise quantity required to maintain the combustion. 'The immoderate size of the throats of chimneys,' says Rumford, 'is the great fault of their construction. It is this fault which ought always first to be attended to in every attempt which is made to improve them; for however perfect the construction of a fire-place may be in other respects, if the opening left for the passage of the smoke is larger than is necessary for that purpose, nothing can prevent the warm air of the room from escaping through it; and whenever this happens, there is not only an unnecessary loss of heat, but the warm air which leaves the room to go up the chimney being replaced by cold air from without, draughts of cold air cannot fail to be produced in the room, to the great annoyance of those who inhabit it.'

Such is a general description of Count Rumford's alterations in fire-places. The subject, however, was pursued by him to its minutest details, and illustrated by numerous and specific plans for curing smoky chimneys under all possible circumstances. He likewise invented various forms of stoves and grates, intended to exhibit the model perfection of an apparatus for heating rooms or for cooking victuals. So thorough and complete was his investigation of the subject, that little remained afterwards to be added to his conclusions; and it may be said, that any case of the continuance of a smoky chimney after the publication of his *Essays* arose from a neglect or misapplication of the principles there developed.

The investigation of the subject of the construction of grates and fire-places led Rumford to researches on heat, which ultimately assumed an almost purely scientific character. It is indeed a feature worthy of remark in Count Rumford's life, that, unlike the greater number of eminent scientific men, he did not begin by attention to the abstract doctrines of science, and carry these out into practical application, but he was led originally to a consideration of the doctrines through his desire of practical improvement. Always exhibiting scientific tendencies and talents, the circumstances of his life were such as to demand constant practical activity and a sacrifice of his purely scientific aspirations to present utility; and it was only in the latter part of his life that his inquiries and studies assumed an abstract character. The most important of these inquiries were in relation to heat, light, and the projectile force of gunpowder; but as an enumeration of Rumford's scientific discoveries, or an examination of his claims to be considered a scientific discoverer, would be beyond the scope of the present Tract, we shall only mention that Count Rumford is entitled to the honour of having been the first to explain the manner in which heat is propagated in fluids, having demonstrated that the boiling of water over a fire takes place, not in consequence of the travelling of the heat upwards through the fluid by conduction, but in consequence of the perpetual circulation of the particles of the fluid themselves, the heated particles rising, and the cooler descending.

QUITS THE BAVARIAN SERVICE—RESIDENCE IN LONDON AND PARIS—DEATH AND CHARACTER.

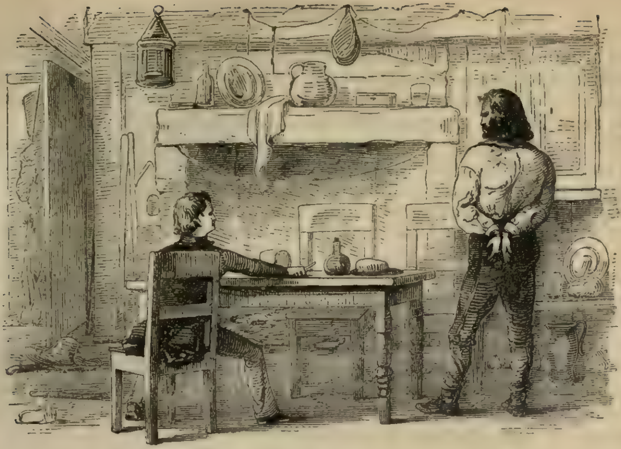
To return to Count Rumford's life. After some stay in Great Britain, he returned to Munich in 1796, accompanied by his daughter, who had come over from America at his request, her mother having died in 1792. What were Count Rumford's relations with America during the long interval of his absence from it, we have no means of ascertaining; as far as can be inferred, however, he seems to have maintained little correspondence with his former friends in the United States till after his wife's death; and one cannot help remarking the unpleasing circumstance, that while on one side of the Atlantic the husband was enjoying an honourable position, and filling a large space in the public eye, the wife and daughter continued during the life of the former to reside on the other.

Rumford, on his return to Munich, was occupied in very important affairs. The advance of the French republican army under Moreau obliged the elector to quit the capital, leaving a Council of Regency, with Rumford at its head. Rumford succeeded in the arduous task of freeing Bavaria from the invasion, and his conduct on this occasion increased his reputation with the elector and with the people. Among other tokens of the elector's gratitude for his services, he was permitted to settle one-half of the pension which he enjoyed on his daughter, to be paid during her lifetime. In 1798, the elector, partly with a view to gratify him with an honour which he knew he desired, and partly to afford him another opportunity of relaxation for the improvement of his health, appointed him his ambassador at the court of Great Britain. On arriving in London, however, Rumford found, that in consequence of the English legal fiction, by which a born subject of the country is declared incapable of ever alienating his allegiance, he could not be received as the Bavarian ambassador. Mortified as he must have been by this circumstance, and still more deeply grieved by the loss of his friend and patron, the Elector Charles Theodore, who died in 1799, Rumford contemplated returning to spend the remainder of his life in the land of his birth. In compliance with a formal invitation which he received from the United States government, he was making preparations for his return, and had written to a friend to secure a cottage in the vicinity of Boston, as 'a quiet little retreat,' when he was led to change his design, and remain in London, in the society of which he occupied a conspicuous place. During several years, a great part of Count Rumford's time was devoted to the interests of the Royal Institution, of which indeed he may be considered the founder. The objects of this institution, now one of the recognised scientific establishments of the world, and which can boast of having given employment to such men as Young, Davy, Brande, and Faraday, were 'to diffuse the knowledge and facilitate the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and to teach, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the useful purposes of life.' Such an institution was precisely the one which Rumford was qualified to superintend; and in its early history, the influence of his peculiar habits of thought is discernible in the choice of subjects for investigation by the members. Subsequently, the institution assumed the high scientific character which it yet holds.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and spent some time in travel. Revisiting Munich, he found the workhouse which he had planned, and which had been instrumental in producing so much good, abolished, and the new elector, Maximilian, friendly indeed, but indisposed to follow the footsteps of his predecessor. Accordingly, after assisting in modelling a Bavarian Academy of Sciences, he took farewell of his adopted country, and went to reside in Paris, retaining an income of about £1200 from the Bavarian court. At the same time his daughter returned to America, her father having abandoned his intention of returning along with her. In Paris, Count Rumford appears at first to have gained that good-will and esteem which had attended him so remarkably during his previous life; and not long after he began his residence there, he contracted a second marriage with the widow of the celebrated Lavoisier, put to death during the French Revolution. From 1804 to 1814, he resided with his wife at Auteuil, a villa at a short distance from Paris, the property of Madame Lavoisier, and the scene of many of her former husband's discoveries. Here Rumford employed himself in scientific pursuits of a miscellaneous nature. The union of the American-born citizen of the world with the widow of the illustrious Frenchman does not appear to have been a happy one; and there is evidence that, towards the end of his life, Rumford had become unpopular in Parisian society. Cuvier attributes this to a certain coarseness and want of urbanity of manner; possibly, however, the fault was less in the person criticised than in the Parisian standard of criticism, for the charge seems inconsistent with the tenor of Rumford's life.

Rumford's death took place at Auteuil on the 21st of August 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age. He left some bequests for the promotion of science in America; the rest of his property, which does not appear to have been great, he left to his relatives. His only daughter inherited the title of Countess of Rumford, with the continuation of her father's Bavarian pension.

Rumford, whose memoirs we have now detailed, was not a faultless character, or a person in every respect exemplary; but making due allowances for circumstances in which he was at the outset unfortunately placed, and keeping in mind that every man is less or more the creature of the age in which he lives, we arrive at the conclusion, that few individuals occupying a public position have been so thoroughly deserving of esteem. The practical, calm, and comprehensive nature of his mind, his resolute and methodical habits, the benevolence and usefulness of his projects, all excite our admiration. Cuvier speaks of Rumford as 'having been the benefactor of his species without loving or esteeming them, as well as of holding the opinion, that the mass of mankind ought to be treated as mere machines:' a remark this which is applicable to not a few men who have been eminent for labours of a humane description, and which naturally gives rise to this other remark—that a good intellectual method, directed to practical ends, is often of more value to mankind than what is called a good heart.



THE GUERRILLA.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

I.

FROM the year 1807 to 1814, Spain and Portugal were the theatre of one of the most desperate warlike struggles recorded in history, and which is usually spoken of in England as the *Peninsular War*. The origin of this remarkable contest was partly civil dissensions, arising from the weakness and incompetence of the reigning powers, but principally the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time Emperor of the French, who entertained the design of subduing the whole Peninsula to his authority, and forming it into a kingdom for one of his own family. At first, the native forces of Spain and Portugal made an effort to withstand this foreign aggression; but so far as they were concerned, it would have proved a hopeless struggle. Great Britain, in vindication of her policy in overthrowing the enormous, and, as it was believed, dangerous power of Napoleon, plunged into the disturbance, and in 1808 despatched an army to support the Spanish and Portuguese forces. After this event, the contest in the Peninsula became in reality an English and French war.

The native or patriot armies, as they were called, were as much an encumbrance as a help; and in history they are little heard of, and are only alluded to with the contempt which demoralisation never fails to merit. The principal leaders on the part of the British were Sir John Moore, and Lord, afterwards Duke of, Wellington. The chief French generals were Junot, Massena, and Ney.

For six years this fearful war raged throughout the Peninsula. On each side there were in arms from 120,000 to 200,000 men. The French gained many victories, but seldom with any permanent advantage. Succeeding engagements weakened their power; and the fortresses they had taken were captured by sieges and bombardments, the most appalling in their details in the annals of warfare. The French, however, had another kind of foe to cope with besides the English armies, and one which materially contributed to discomfit their projects. This was the *guerrillas*. Guerrilla is a Spanish word, signifying a small or petty war, and is applied to persons who lie in ambuscade to kill whatever enemy comes within reach of their carabines. Spain became an extensive scene of this irregular warfare. While the regular Spanish troops were disgracing themselves by cowardice, and leaving strangers to fight their battles, bands of peasants and others, armed with short muskets, pistols, and daggers—sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback—entered with zeal into the struggle which was going on, and remorselessly cut off every Frenchman who had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

In vain did the French endeavour to extirpate the guerrillas. Their tactics consisted in never presenting a tangible part to any large body sent out against them. Having effected their purpose in cutting off small detachments, intercepting couriers with despatches, or seizing supplies, they quickly disappeared in the mountains—only to reassemble at a new point, in order to attempt some fresh outrage. Language cannot describe the vindictiveness, the cunning, and the intrepidity of these men. The greater number had in some way been injured by the invasion: their houses had been burned; members of their families had been killed or insulted; and their prospects altogether ruined. Added to these causes of hostility against the French, many of them were fired with an extraordinary patriotic zeal and religious fanaticism, and counted it a pious service to rid the earth of wretches who had deluged their country with blood, and desecrated all that religion taught them to venerate. What may seem more strange, the Spanish women, animated with an equally implacable hatred of the French, often performed deeds rivalling in atrocity those committed by guerrilla marauders. Nowhere were prisoners safe from female poniards; and thousands of sick and wounded, consigned to hospitals, were ruthlessly murdered. The only hope of safety for the vanquished or disabled French consisted in falling into the hands of the British, by whom they were protected, and sent out of the country as prisoners of war. According to regular military maxims, none of these furtive and vindictive measures could be sanctioned by the English commander-in-chief; yet neither was the guerrilla mode of warfare unacceptable in the existing state of affairs. The guerrillas ranked as a convenient body of skirmishers, whose fidelity could be reckoned on; and they were useful in proclaiming, in all quarters, and with almost telegraphic rapidity, any victories achieved by the British forces.

It may be supposed that the guerrilla system could not have attained to consistency or importance without an acknowledged head. This personage was Juan Martin Diaz. He was the son of a peasant, and was born in the district of Valladolid, in Old Castile, in 1775. In his youth he was a soldier, and served some time as a private in a regiment of dragoons. Quitting the army on the restoration of peace, he returned home, married, and betook himself to agricultural employments. Patriotism and a love of enterprise drew him from his peaceful labours on the invasion of the territory of Spain by Napoleon. In 1808, he placed himself at the head of a party of four or five of his neighbours, and commenced hostilities against the enemy; killing their couriers, and thus obtaining a supply of horses, arms, and ammunition. The cruelties of the French having procured him many associates, he prosecuted with uncompromising rigour his system of annoyance and extermination. At this period he acquired the appellation of the *Empecinado*, from the darkness of his complexion. With the increase of his band, he extended the sphere of his operations, and performed feats of daring and ingenuity which would fill a volume of narrative.

The Empecinado was no ordinary man. He possessed great strength and powers of endurance, was ready in device, and although not without some of the imperfections of the Spanish character, he was honest, generous, and grateful. Among his countrymen, he was highly esteemed for his bravery and patriotic ardour; and it cannot be doubted that, had he been exposed to a more fortunate class of circumstances, he would have attained a world-wide renown, instead of the narrow popularity of a Spanish partisan warrior.

It is chiefly of an incident in the career of the Empecinado that we propose to speak in the ensuing historiette. Greatly disinclined to recall the remembrance of military strife—cordially detesting war on principle—anxious to spread sentiments of peace and good-will among men—the relation of any circumstances connected with the war of independence in Spain is scarcely congenial with our feelings. What we have to say, however, is not a recital of battles and slaughter, calculated to excite the youthful fancy, but an anecdote illustrative of the unhappy condition into which a country may be thrown by military convulsion, and of the emotions of gratitude which were entertained by one who might almost have been called a houseless outlaw.

II.

A couple of hours before sunset, on a fine evening in the month of August 1809, a party of about thirty French dragoons were assembled in the court-yard of a small *venta*, or roadside inn, in the province of Old Castile. That they were not permanently quartered there, but had merely halted *en route*, for the temporary refreshment of men and horses, was evident from the travel-soiled appearance of the former, and the fact that the latter stood picketed together, with their housings unremoved, beneath a row of sheds which occupied one side of the quadrangle forming the courtyard. But that the business which at the moment engaged their attention was of a tragical import, might likewise be inferred from the appearance of three men, one of them clad in the ordinary dress of a householder of the better class, the others wearing the motley garb, half-peasant and half-military, of the Spanish guerrilla of the period, who were placed in a kneeling posture, with the hands of each bound behind him; whilst at the distance of about ten paces in their front were drawn up a dozen of the Frenchmen, carabine in hand, evidently waiting but the order to execute the sentence of death which had just been adjudged to the Spaniards by the officer in command of the party. Independently of the profound interest which such a spectacle would naturally excite in a humane mind under any circumstances, the attention of the beholder would, in this instance, have been powerfully arrested by the striking contrast exhibited between the demeanour of one of the condemned and that of his two companions in adversity. Whilst the sun-browned countenances of the guerrillas darkened into a scowl, which conveyed the combined expression of unyielding fortitude and inextinguishable hatred, as they fixed their stern gaze on the persons of their executioners and the weapons which were to consign them to a bloody grave, the person and deportment of the other presented a spectacle rare indeed in the annals of Peninsular warfare. His countenance was white with fear; the perspiration which started from his pores stood in large beads on his temples and forehead; his whole frame was convulsed with mortal terror; and had he not been placed in a kneeling posture, as already stated, he would probably have fallen to the ground. He was loud and incessant in his entreaties for mercy, urged with all the eloquence of woe, and addressed in turn to every individual within his hearing, from the officer who commanded the firing-party, down to the trumpeter who accompanied the troop. His comrades in misfortune endeavoured to appear insensible of his presence; but a close observer might have detected in their bearing something approaching to a consciousness of degradation at the idea of being assimilated in the estimation of their captors with their craven companion.

Two days previously, the Frenchmen had been employed in the escort, from the city of Burgos, where the headquarters of their regiment were stationed, of a quantity of ammunition for the supply of the garrison at Valladolid. On that occasion they had halted at the little inn in question, for the double purpose of obtaining refreshment, and availing themselves of the shade during a few hours of the hottest portion of the day. When about to resume their march, the sergeant of the party, on paying his score, execrated the quality of the wine with which they had been furnished: adding, in a half-laughing tone, as he nodded to the landlord on turning to leave the house: 'Take care that, when we visit you again, on our return to Burgos the day following to-morrow, you furnish us with something better than the sour stuff you have dosed us with to-day, else we may regard you as a rebel who designs to poison the troops of the emperor, and treat you to justice which you may find more summary than satisfactory.' In a few minutes more they were on the road; and in the evening of the following day, delivered up their charge in safety to the commandant of Valladolid. On the succeeding morning, the party were again in the saddle on their return to headquarters. They started at an early hour, Captain Dubois, the officer in command, being determined to accomplish the distance in one day, which had previously occupied them nearly two, when encumbered with the wagons they had been sent to escort. They had, therefore, reached the wine-house ere the hottest part of the day had set in, and, according to custom, halted to refresh themselves, and enjoy the shade, with the intention of resuming their march in the cool of the afternoon. Several leagues still remained to be traversed before they could reach Burgos; but by borrowing a couple of hours from the night, the distance would be easily accomplished, and both men and horses in much better condition than if the march were prosecuted under the fierce blaze of the meridian sun.

Having halted in front of the venta, the officer dismounted, whilst the sergeant shouted to the landlord to open the gate of the courtyard for the admission of the troop. No response was given. He dismounted, and entered the house; but the host, in general its sole occupant, was nowhere to be seen. Having repeatedly called for him in vain within and without the house, the sergeant himself admitted the troop; who, in a very few minutes, having placed their horses beneath the sheds already alluded to, and furnished them with provender, proceeded to supply their personal wants on the most liberal scale from the food and wine which they found in abundance in the house; observing that, if the landlord did not choose to remain at home and look after his own interests, that was no reason whatever why they should be regardless of theirs.

Some hours subsequently, about a dozen of their number, who, though not by any means intoxicated, had arrived at the state generally described as 'convivial,' were seated round a wine-skin, chanting at the top of their voices a ditty, of which the praises of *la belle France* and the glories of the Grand Army formed the burden, when their harmony received an unexpected interruption. The crash of breaking timber was heard; a slight ceiling, composed of a species of hurdle, forming the floor of a small loft, and extending over about half the room in which they sat, gave way immediately above them, and a man tumbled head-foremost into the centre of the astonished group. So very sudden and unexpected was his appearance, that it might readily have been mistaken for the commencement of a violent attack. The Frenchmen involuntarily sprang to their feet, and their sabres flashed from the scabbards; but the individual who had so abruptly intruded on their mirth was himself evidently by far the most startled of the party. Dropping on his knees, he exclaimed: 'Mercy, senors!—mercy! I am your poor servant José, landlord of the venta, as you must remember. I have never injured any one, and love the brave French! Mercy, senors!' And certainly he was immediately recognised as the host who had supplied them with refreshment two days previously, and whose absence on the present occasion had caused them so much surprise. His abrupt and involuntary advent was now greeted with a hearty peal of laughter, and he was pledged in a bumper of his own wine; whilst inquiries were addressed to him on every side as to the causes which had induced him to seek concealment. José seemed for a time considerably puzzled to find a satisfactory reply to this very natural inquiry; but at length succeeded in impressing the Frenchmen with the belief that, whilst he entertained the highest respect and the greatest affection for their nation and themselves, he was at the same time influenced by a very wholesome dread of their martial qualities; and whilst perfectly willing to afford them all the accommodation which his house could furnish, deemed it much the wiser and better way to retire into private life, so far as his person was concerned, until they should have departed from his premises. He experienced no great difficulty in making these excuses pass current with the body of the Frenchmen, who were perhaps all the more willing to receive them, that his previous absence necessarily involved his ignorance of the quantity of his property which they had eaten and drunk, and of which, no doubt, they would find the benefit in the reckoning. Compelling him, therefore, to join their party, they were soon again absorbed in their investigations as to the quality of the contents of the wine-skin.

III.

Before long, the tidings of José's appearance, after so very novel a fashion, reached the ears of the officer in command of the troop. Captain Dubois was a man who, though little past the middle age, was already a veteran in experience. He had served from boyhood in the army, and had risen from the ranks under the eye of Bonaparte; and like most of those selected by that general for promotion, he combined great penetration, sagacity, and readiness of resource, with the utmost personal bravery; but, like them also, to those qualities he united a very considerable degree of unscrupulosity as to the means to be employed for the attainment of any desirable end. Being well aware of the nature of the sentiments with which the French were regarded by the great body of the Spanish people, and of the necessity for exercising the most sleepless vigilance whilst quartered in the heart of a hostile country, he seemed to view the circumstance as affording matter for anything rather than mirth. After pondering for a time, he proceeded to view the place of José's concealment. This was a kind of loft, employed as a receptacle for articles of clothing and lighter lumber, but certainly never intended to sustain the weight of a man. It would, however, in all probability have answered that purpose on the present occasion, had not the dragoons who occupied the room beneath, in relieving themselves of their heavier equipments, hung their well-filled cartouch-pouches on the projecting ends of the slight timbers forming the joists, the additional weight of which produced the unexpected catastrophe already described. Having made his survey, the captain returned to the room in which he had been sitting, and ordering the landlord to his presence, questioned him, at first with apparent indifference and unconcern, as to his reason for secreting himself on their approach. José, having by this time in a great degree recovered his confidence, replied to the captain in pretty much the same terms he had used to the men; adding, that no doubt he had been in error in entertaining any fear of his very excellent friends, and on every future occasion that might lead them that way, they should find him prepared to pay them all due respect by his personal attendance. He was about to retire, deeming the commander completely satisfied, when the demeanour of the latter underwent a sudden and entire alteration. He gave way for an instant to a burst of ferocious laughter, which grated most ominously on the ear of poor José, checking which, he glared on him with an eye that seemed to read his very soul; and addressing him in tones the sternness of which contrasted strangely with the apparent indifference, and even blandness of those he had employed but a moment before—'That silly tale might serve your purpose,' he exclaimed, 'if told to a beardless conscript, but will scarcely deceive a man who has passed through a dozen campaigns. No, no; the motive must be a powerful one indeed which induces a Spanish innkeeper to conceal himself, and leave his property at the mercy of a troop of dragoons. But I am not accustomed to trifle; nor will I be trifled with. Now, mark me!'—and he rose from his chair, and approached the landlord—'in half an hour I leave this place; but I'll know your reason for secreting yourself from the presence of my men, *or before I go, I'll* *hang you from the topmost bough of yonder tree!*' pointing to one which grew before the window.

The countenance of the wretched man was instantly blanched with terror. From head to foot he shook as in a palsy; and at length, dropping on his knees, he poured forth protestations and oaths of his innocence of any act or any design which could possibly prove offensive to his very excellent friends the French; and appealed to every saint in the calendar for the truth of his statement, that the reason he had already assigned was his only one for seeking to avoid their presence. His declaration, however, might have been addressed with equal effect to the passing breeze as to Captain Dubois. Consigning him to the custody of a couple of his men, that officer continued coolly to enjoy his cigar and wine, until half the period he had named to his captive had elapsed, when he approached, and informing him that but a quarter of an hour now remained, again demanded the reason of his secretion, and again received a similar reply. The captain, without deigning an answer, turned on his heel, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the recall for the men, many of whom were sauntering about the road and fields adjoining the venta. Ten minutes more had elapsed, when he again addressed his prisoner; and on receiving a similar reply as formerly, ordered the men in whose custody he was to bind his arms and lead him forth. This was accordingly done; and poor José, standing on the threshold of his own door, beheld all the preparations for his execution, from the very tree in whose friendly shade he had so often sat, and pledged in the wine-cup the frequenters of his humble hostelry. Here his courage, which had for some time been waxing faint, failed him altogether.

'Mercy, senor!' he exclaimed. 'Spare my life, and you shall know all!'

'I expected as much by the time we should get thus far,' coolly replied the captain.

Whether he really intended to have carried his threat into execution, it is impossible to say. It is probable he merely speculated on the effect to be produced by the fear of death, in forcing a confession from the landlord, if indeed he were privy to any plot or project against the French: in which case the result proved the correctness of his calculations.

'You will spare my life, senor, if I reveal all?' besought the landlord.

'I shall not hang you, provided you make a candid and full confession; but should you attempt to conceal anything, I shall certainly discover it, and put you to death upon the spot,' was the reply.

To enable the reader to understand the revelation which followed, it is necessary to explain some facts concerning the locality. The city of Burgos, whither the French were proceeding, was distant from the venta about five leagues by the shortest route. The road, however, was exceedingly hilly, rugged, and uneven, and seldom or never employed for the transit of vehicles; though in fine weather horsemen frequently adopted it, when pressed for time, without experiencing any very extraordinary inconvenience. At the distance of a league from the venta, another road, leading to the same destination, diverged from this to the right, very far superior, and consequently much more frequently adopted, though more circuitous than the former, by fully two leagues. By this latter road the dragoons had come from Burgos two days previously; but their selection of it then might have been accounted for on the ground of their having in convoy the heavy ammunition-wagons, to which the shorter one would have been quite impassable; whilst on the present occasion, being wholly unencumbered, they were free to adopt either route as their commander might decide.

The information now afforded by José was to the effect, that an attack on the Frenchmen, in the course of their evening march through the mountain-passes, which must be traversed in order to reach Burgos, had been determined on by the leader of a guerrilla band—one as yet unknown to the French, but whose name was destined ere long to become a word of terror in the ears of every detached party of their army in the province of Old Castile, and ultimately to survive, in the grateful recollection of his countrymen, so long as the records of the war of independence shall find a place on the page of Spanish history—Juan Martin Diaz, the Empecinado.

As the greatest number of followers that Diaz could muster, however, so little exceeded those of the French, that their superiority in discipline, arms, and general equipment would throw the chances of success altogether in favour of the latter in case of an open attack, an ambuscade and surprise were the means which the guerrilla chief sought to adopt for their destruction. But in order to effect his purpose in this way, it was absolutely necessary that he should have previous information as to which of the two lines of road already described would be adopted by his enemy. For the purpose of obtaining this information, at an early hour on the morning of that day he repaired to the venta, accompanied by two of his most trusty and intelligent followers, whom he placed in concealment in a dilapidated granary, or barn, which stood at some distance in the rear of the house, and almost hidden from view by intervening trees. José was then instructed to ascertain from the Frenchmen, as soon after their arrival, and in a manner as little pointed as possible, the route which the commander meant to pursue on resuming his march; which intelligence he was to communicate immediately to the emissaries of Diaz, as it was conceived he could absent himself for this purpose for a few minutes whilst the dragoons refreshed themselves, without attracting their attention. Having obtained the necessary information, one of the guerrillas was to start immediately, keeping the wooded ground, to avoid being seen by any straggler of the French party; and Diaz was to await him at the point where the two roads separated, the chief having left the remainder of his men concealed, with their horses, in a sort of natural amphitheatre, about midway between the two lines, whence they could easily gain, by mountain-paths, the most convenient spot on either long before the Frenchmen could possibly arrive. The second guerrilla was still to remain secreted, lest any unforeseen occurrence, up to the moment of the departure of the French troops, should cause a change in the intentions of their officer, which he might still be able to communicate to Diaz in sufficient time to enable him to alter the plans he had adopted in conformity with the information previously conveyed by the other.

José proceeded to state that he had been compelled by the threats of Diaz to promise performance of the part allotted him, but that he had no real intention of engaging in any project tending to the injury of his very excellent friends the French; whilst on the other hand, unprotected as he was, and exposed at all times to the vengeance of the guerrillas, he dared not go the length of making the Frenchmen acquainted with the plot, and putting them upon their guard; and that, under these circumstances, and hoping, by taking no active part in the transaction, to avoid incurring the direct hostility of either party, he had sought concealment from both for the present, as already described, leaving them to decide their quarrel among themselves as they best might.

Now, so far as the plans and movements of the Empecinado were concerned, the above statement was perfectly correct. But as 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' there were some few particulars concerning his own share in the transaction the mention of which José altogether omitted. He did not deem it necessary to inform Captain Dubois that, having learned from the incautious language of the sergeant the period when the troop might be expected to pass on their return, the moment they were out of sight he had despatched a messenger with the intelligence to Diaz, well knowing that he would gladly seize the opportunity to waylay, and, if possible, destroy them. There, however, he conceived his part of the performance to have terminated; and by no means relished the proposition of the guerrilla chief, that he should undertake the risk of conveying intelligence of the Frenchmen's intentions to his emissaries, as they lay concealed actually within pistol-shot of the troop. His habitual dread of Diaz, however, left him no resource; and accordingly he gave a reluctant promise of obedience, which he would no doubt have fulfilled, had his courage been equal to his sincerity. But though his hatred of the French was as intense as Diaz himself could desire, his dread of them was, if possible, more deeply rooted still. Accordingly, whilst he awaited their appearance on that eventful day, the little stock of courage he possessed waxed each moment lower and feebler as he contemplated with increasing misgivings the hazards of the enterprise: and when at length the martial band, whose destruction he was plotting, came full in view, the loud ringing of their accoutrements, and the flashing of their helmets and sabres in the sunshine, struck such terror to his heart, that he instantly resolved to abandon its prosecution altogether. In such a case, had he been possessed of ordinary nerve, his obvious course would have been to proceed to the discharge of his regular duties as landlord of the house; and he would probably have found little difficulty in persuading Diaz that he had been unable to extract the desired information from the French. But alas! that 'conscience,' which 'doth make cowards of us all,' whispered to José his utter inability to emulate the coolness and unconcern of innocence, and at the same time avoid suspicion; and acting on its promptings, he made a precipitate retreat, and the abortive effort at concealment, which terminated as already recorded.

Having heard his recital to the close with the utmost attention, Captain Dubois inquired: 'So, then, the two spies of whom you speak are at this moment concealed in the barn?'

'Si, senor.'

Directing him to lead the way to the building in question, whilst by a gesture he instructed a couple of his men to look sharply after him, the officer easily managed to surround the house with the dragoons ere the unfortunate men within had the slightest intimation that they had been betrayed. Even after the soldiers had passed the doorway, the devoted guerrillas, probably regarding them as idle stragglers from the main body, lay still and silent in the place of their concealment; nor was it until—the faithless landlord having pointed out the spot—they were actually seized and dragged into the light of day, that they attempted to resist or flee. But it was then too late. One fierce struggle, which lasted but a moment, and they were overpowered, securely bound, and conducted to the venta. A brief examination followed, in which Captain Dubois exerted his persuasive powers in vain to induce the faithful fellows to furnish him with any information concerning their leader or his band. They remained silent, or answered his inquiries either with terrible maledictions on the invaders of their country, or with statements grossly and obviously wide of the truth, until their interrogator, discovering the uselessness alike of threats and promises, and recollecting the somewhat critical position he occupied, and the already advanced hour of the afternoon, ordered them to be led out into the courtyard for execution, and then inquired for the landlord. He soon appeared, and claimed the promise given him by the captain, whilst an assumed confidence struggled for the mastery with ill-dissembled terror in his tones and countenance.

'I promised not to hang you for anything you should reveal to me,' replied the captain, 'and that promise I shall keep; though

I fancy we are indebted more to your fears than your good-will. But there's a trifling matter you have altogether overlooked in your confession, and concerning which I feel curious to obtain a little information. The troops which march from Burgos to Valladolid generally remain there for several days; now how came this fellow Diaz to know of my intention, contrary to the usual custom, to return to-day?'

The countenance of the wretched man instantly fell. Such an inquiry he had never anticipated, and consequently was quite unprepared to meet it. He faltered out a denial of any knowledge on the subject; but his interrogator was not a man to be so easily deceived. Directing José to accompany him, he proceeded to the yard, whither the doomed guerrillas had been led for execution, and inquired of them how Diaz came to be acquainted with his intentions. The result answered his expectations. The Spaniards, believing the landlord to have voluntarily betrayed them, hesitated not to make an avowal which would involve the betrayer in their doom, whilst it could not possibly injure their leader or his cause. As if actuated by one mind, and making an effort with their pinioned arms to point to the unhappy landlord, they exclaimed together: 'He sent the information!'

'A lie!—a lie!' exclaimed the trembling wretch. 'I knew not myself, senor, of your intention to return to-day; and how, then, could I have informed Diaz?'

''Tis false!' said the sergeant, who immediately recollected the language he had used to the landlord two days before. 'I myself informed you when on our march to Valladolid, and desired you to have better wine for us to-day.'

'Sergeant,' said the captain in a grave tone, 'I had intended forwarding your name with a recommendation for promotion on the next vacancy occurring; but the man who has so little discretion as to communicate to his majesty's enemies the intended movements of his troops, is scarcely a fit person to bear his commission.—Seize the fellow,' he cried, pointing to the landlord, 'and give him a traitor's doom!'

'Your promise, senor!—your promise!' gasped the miserable man.

'My promise was not to *hang* you; and though your having failed to fulfil the conditions might justify me in so doing, my word once passed, I scorn to break it, even to a dog like you! But I'll *shoot* you!—Bind him, and place him with the others; though it's almost a pity that such a craven should fall by a soldier's weapon, and yonder brave and faithful fellows be compelled to die in the company of so base a hound.'

IV.

The unfortunate, but certainly treacherous innkeeper was instantly bound, according to the command of the officer, and, heedless of his cries, the dragoons placed him in that position described in the opening paragraph of our narrative. A few minutes at most would have sufficed to close the tragedy, when the sentry posted on the road in front of the venta was heard to challenge, and another actor was unexpectedly ushered on the scene. The appearance of the new-comer was striking in the extreme. Though little above the middle height, his limbs and body indicated the possession of gigantic strength; his broad chest and brawny neck were on a perfectly colossal scale; his features, which, though large and coarse, were far from disagreeable, conveyed the expression of daring and decision in an eminent degree, their effect being heightened by his long coal-black hair and thick moustache, and bushy whiskers of the same colour, which met beneath his chin, whilst a broad-leafed hat threw on his naturally dark countenance a still more sombre shade. He was clad in the ordinary peasant garb. On being ushered into the yard, he gazed about him with apparently a vacant look, as if he understood not the meaning of the preparations before described. Captain Dubois, however, fancied he perceived a start of surprise on the part of the kneeling guerrillas at the moment of the new-comer's appearance; and as his eye fell upon the stranger, he detected something marvellously like a mute gesture of intelligence on his side. He whispered an order to the sergeant, and a moment after, half-a-dozen of the dragoons threw themselves at once upon the man, and despite the amazing strength which he put forth to shake them off, and against which a couple of ordinary men would have had little chance of success, he was soon overpowered, and bound so securely, as to set at defiance all his efforts to regain his liberty.

'Who are you?' inquired the captain, when his prisoner was secured, and stood before him.

'I am Nicolas Herastas the woodman,' replied the other; 'and have come to the venta to sell yonder fagots to Senor José for firewood. What mischief have I done, that you should seize and bind me thus?' The appearance of an enormous bundle of fagots, which he bore on his shoulder when he entered the yard, seemed to support his assertion.

'Know you this man?' inquired the captain of the kneeling guerrillas.

'We know him not,' was the steady response.

'Know you this man?' he asked of the landlord.

'Si, senor—si,' he replied.

'Who is he?'

'Juan Martin Diaz, el Empecinado!'

'What! the fellow whom you described as the leader of the band to which these belong?'

'The same, senor.'

Captain Dubois paused for a moment; then directing the execution to be staid till his return, he ordered the new prisoner to be led into the house. The following conversation ensued:

'You are Martin Diaz, whom they call the Empecinado?'

'If José speak the truth, I am; but I should have thought the men who kneel beside him equally entitled to credit.'

'You complained just now of having been seized and bound. Of course you know that your life, as well as your liberty, is in my hands. But I have power also to spare the one, and restore the other; and I presume, of course, that you, as a sensible man, would wish me to do so.'

'Life is sweet to most men, and I have no wish to die just yet.'

'Then tell me the number of men whom you command, and conduct me to the place where you have concealed them, and I pledge you the honour of a Frenchman, that when you have performed that service, you shall go unharmed.'

Cool and self-possessed as Captain Dubois was, he actually quailed beneath the look of supreme scorn and contempt with which his offer was received. Resuming, however, in a few moments his former calmness of demeanour, the Spaniard replied: 'The Empecinado never betrays his comrades; and therefore, if I am he, your offer is thrown away. If I am *not* he, I know nothing, and can reveal nothing.'

'Then your blood be on your own head!' said the Frenchman, as he rose to give an order for his removal. 'Make your peace with God, for in five minutes you die.'

Martin Diaz in truth it was. Having waited at the place appointed for some hours after the time when he had expected the arrival of his emissaries with the desired information from the venta, and discovering no signs of their approach, he began to fear he should be compelled to abandon the enterprise altogether. Resolved, however, not to do so without a further effort, he adopted the bold step of presenting himself in the disguise of a woodman, with the view of obtaining, if possible, the necessary intelligence in person. He conceived, indeed, that he ran but little risk in doing so, as his person was wholly unknown to the French, and he never contemplated the possibility of treachery on the part of José. The result, however, was as we have described.

There was present at the conversation between Captain Dubois and Diaz an individual whom we have not hitherto introduced to the reader, the circumstances of the narrative up to this point not requiring it. This was the captain's son, a generous and high-spirited youth, about sixteen years of age, who had accompanied his father into Spain, and was generally his companion on the march. Though destined for the profession of arms, he had not yet entered on that career. Still he was looked on by both officers and men as already belonging to the regiment; and had, in fact, encountered with them not only the discomforts, but the dangers of more than one campaign. The youth had felt powerfully interested in Diaz from the moment of his appearance; and now, greatly impressed in his favour from the coolness and boldness of his replies, and the good faith he exhibited in reference to his comrades, he determined on making an effort to avert his fate. 'Father,' he said, seizing the captain's arm as he rose from his seat, 'you will not put him to death?'

'Foolish boy! I must,' replied his father. 'Why should I spare him? Who can say what amount of mischief a determined fellow like that might not do to the emperor's troops? If, indeed, he would consent to deliver up the rebels he commands, and enlist himself into the troop, he might make a tolerable dragoon. But he rushes on his fate.'

'But, father,' pursued the lad, 'you have no proof that he is the person you suspect him to be. The only man who states him to be Diaz is one whom you have yourself proved to be a traitor and a liar. At least spare him for the present, and take him to head-quarters, as you can easily do.'

'I have no doubt whatever that he is Diaz,' said Captain Dubois; 'and I cannot encumber myself with prisoners, especially as we have those mountain-passes to traverse after dark, and know not when or where we may fall in with the rebels. His time has come.' So saying he left the room, for the purpose of summoning a guard to convey the prisoner to the court-yard.

But Diaz had heard words of comfort; and though at all times ready to hazard life, was not the man uselessly to throw away a single chance of preserving it. He was left for the moment alone with young Dubois, and he hastened to improve it. A sentry indeed stood at the door, but a party in the room might speak in a low tone without being overheard. 'Young man,' said the guerrilla chief, 'you have shewn you have a heart. Would you perform the last request, and ease the last moments of a dying man, when it involved no danger or trouble to yourself?'

'How can I serve you?' inquired the youth with evident sympathy.

The guerrilla turned round, so as to exhibit his hands covered with blood; the cords which bound his wrists behind cutting him to the bone, and doubtless inflicting the most exquisite pain. 'Cut these cords,' he said. 'In a few minutes it will signify little whether I am bound or loose; but release me from this torture, and earn the last blessing of a dying man.'

The young Frenchman snatched a knife from the table at which he and his father had been partaking of refreshment with the other officers of the troop, severed the cords, and replaced the knife without observation; the prisoner still keeping his arms in the same position, to conceal the circumstance. A minute after, he was led into the court-yard, and placed, like the others, in a kneeling posture, to receive his death-wound.

That the reader may comprehend aright what followed, it is necessary here to explain that the yard, which was quadrangular in shape, was bounded in front by the dwelling-house; on one side by the sheds, beneath which stood the horses of the troop; on the other by a high wall and the entrance-gate; and in the rear by a steep descent of twelve or fifteen feet in depth, nearly to the foot of which reached the thicket, concealing the barn before alluded to, and in reality forming the commencement of a wood some miles in extent. At the open side of the yard, and within a few feet of the edge of the bank, were placed the men about to be executed; the dragoons who were to perform the office being drawn up about ten paces in their front.

The officer had taken his place at one extremity of the line formed by the firing-party, and a couple of paces in advance of them; and, save the loud sobbing of the wretched landlord of the venta, all was still as death. The word of command was given, and the soldiers came to the 'ready.' Again the word was given, and they came to the 'present.' A third time its tones were heard; but as the lips of the officer parted to utter the fatal 'fire!' Diaz, who had intently watched the motion of the muscles of his countenance, threw himself flat upon his face; the volley pealed, three men rolled lifeless on the ground, the three balls intended for the fourth whistled harmlessly nearly a yard above his head: he bounded to his feet; and with one wild shout of 'Venganza!' he sprang from the top of the bank, and in a few seconds was lost to view in the adjoining thicket.

For a moment the whole band of Frenchmen, officers and privates, were literally paralysed with astonishment at the ruse of the Spaniard, and the success which seemed likely to attend it. The loud voice of their commander speedily aroused them to exertion. 'Follow!' he shouted in tones hoarse with rage at having been thus baffled and defeated by an unarmed captive in the centre of his troop—'follow, and shoot or cut him down upon the spot: no quarter to the rebel!'

To follow him, however, promised to be no very easy task; whilst either to shoot or cut him down seemed one of still more difficult achievement. The firing-party had already emptied their carabines, and Diaz exhibited no disposition to wait until they should have reloaded. The remainder of the troop, who were grouped around the yard on foot, had of course left their firearms attached to their saddles: to rush to the sheds and detach them necessarily occupied some time, before the expiration of which the fugitive had disappeared among the bushes. Few of the troopers were inclined to take the leap from the top of the bank which he had done, and considerable ground was necessarily lost in going round through the house into the road, and seeking some easier method of descent. Even when fairly started on his track, the encumbrance of their long spurs, sabres, and heavy dragoon equipments, so ill adapted for a chase on foot through bushes and brushwood, threw the odds completely against the pursuers; the result of which was so evident to Captain Dubois, that within a few minutes from its commencement, he ordered the recall to be sounded, and directed his men to prepare for the road. He probably reflected on the difficulties he might yet have to contend with before reaching Burgos; and though individually as gallant a soldier as any in the imperial army, he had too much good sense to undervalue the danger attendant on fighting an enemy of whose numbers he was ignorant, in a country to which he was a stranger, and labouring under all the disadvantages of exposure to an ambuscade in the dark, and at any point his enemy might think fit to select.

After some deliberation, he decided on taking the longer road to Burgos, which being by far the better one, would afford him the greatest facilities for availing himself of the advantages of superior discipline on the part of his troop in case of an attack. Adopting the precaution of throwing out strong advanced and rear guards, he pushed forward at a smart pace. The Empecinado probably was unable to reach his band in time to intercept them; or, seeing that a surprise was now out of the question, gave up the enterprise as hopeless. At all events, no symptoms of the presence of the guerrillas were discovered by the Frenchmen, who reached Burgos about midnight, without any further adventure requiring a place in this narrative.

V.

Three years had almost passed away since the occurrence of the events just related, and the setting sun was pouring down his softened glories, bathing in a flood of molten gold, as if in cruel mockery, the mass of mangled and lifeless, as well as still suffering humanity, which thickly strewed the hard-fought field of Salamanca, when the curtain rose on the second act of this drama of real life. In the interval, young Dubois had entered the army, and now commanded the troop of which his father had previously been captain. The latter had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and now went forth at the head of his regiment to battle.

The details and results of that memorable day have long been matter of history, rendering it unnecessary, even were it not foreign to our purpose, to record them here. Though the fighting had not actually ceased, the battle was already decided: the wreck of what, a few hours previously, had been a splendid French army, was in full flight—their general, Marmont, being himself among the wounded; and the remnant of the cavalry had been hastily got together, for the purpose of attempting to protect the rear and cover the retreat, Colonel Dubois selecting, and occupying with his regiment, the rearmost position, as, in retreat, the most honourable, because the most dangerous of all.

Before turning to quit the field, the colonel determined on an effort to rescue a battery of four guns which had been captured by the British, and were already turned against, and hurling destruction on their former masters. Though always foremost in the charge and loudest in the cheer, he had hitherto passed unscathed through the dangers of that bloody day. The ranks of his men had indeed been fearfully thinned; but—

'Few, and faint, but fearless still'—

they responded, as ever, with ardour to their gallant leader's battle-cry. The word was given: on they came, 'like a mighty rushing wind,' the pace increasing at every stride. The British artillerymen, cool as on a field-day in the Park, allowed them to approach so near, that a few bounds more would have placed them beside the guns ere they applied the matches. The murderous discharge took place; the leading files were literally exterminated; men and horses went down by dozens before the iron storm; and the same round shot, first passing through the neck of the charger of Colonel Dubois, and then perforating the body of its rider, closed the career of both for ever. An infantry regiment, posted immediately in the rear of the guns, now poured in a shattering volley; and before the smoke had cleared, the British cavalry came thundering down the slope, tore like a whirlwind through their broken ranks, emptying many a saddle, and converting the attempted retreat into a disorderly and terrified flight.

Stunned by a grape-shot which had grazed his temple, and with the blood welling forth at every movement from a deep sabre-wound in his side, young Dubois was borne along by the crowd of fugitives, almost involuntarily, and had reached some distance from the field of slaughter and blood ere he arrived at a thorough consciousness of his position. Then, indeed, the scene which presented itself was disheartening in the extreme. In front, as far as the eye could penetrate amid the thickening shades of evening, the road was covered with the wreck of the beaten army; from the rear, the scattered discharges of musketry, the hoarse thunder of the drums, and the shrill music of the bugles, proclaimed the vigour of the pursuit with which the victors were following up their triumph; whilst every moment, along the line of retreat, some mangled wretch, whom love of life had stimulated thus far to exertion, sunk upon the road, to be trodden into the mud beneath the feet of his former comrades, or the hoofs of their chargers, or else crawled into some neighbouring ditch, to expire in comparative tranquillity.

Increasing weakness from loss of blood warned Captain Dubois of his inability much longer to retain the saddle. But what was his alternative? He dared not await the arrival of the victorious troops, animated as they were with the first ruthless ardour of the pursuit; whilst to seek an asylum in the dwellings of any of the native inhabitants of the country, would be to throw himself into the hands of those whose very mercy towards his countrymen was cruel. Casting a despairing glance around, he observed what seemed to be a half-ruined shed, and about which no appearance of life was visible, at some distance from the road. Approaching it, a closer investigation shewed it to have been originally intended as a place for cattle; but as it bore no appearance of having been used for some time, he gladly availed himself of the shelter and seclusion it afforded; and having led his horse through the doorway—the door having been removed, if indeed it had ever had one—prepared to pass the night. Having stanched the wound in his side in the best manner his means permitted—that in his head not being serious—he came to the determination, if unable to continue his retreat on the following day, to seek, and surrender himself to the first party of British soldiers he could discover; certain that, as the ardour of the pursuit would then have slackened, he would be treated with attention and humanity as a prisoner of war. Having come to this resolution, he yielded to the drowsiness produced by his utter exhaustion, and was soon buried in a profound slumber.

Several hours had passed away, during which, despite his wounds, he had enjoyed deep and refreshing sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the tramp of horses and the sound of human voices. The moon had gone down, and morning had not yet dawned; consequently, though the new-comers were grouped together immediately without the open doorway, his sense of hearing furnished his only clue to their character. Friends he could not expect them to be; and the most sanguine hope he ventured to indulge was, that they might prove a party of the British. The first articulate sounds which met his ear dissipated even this faint expectation: the Spanish language was that which was spoken; and too well did the unfortunate young Frenchman know that to be a Spaniard was to be his deadly enemy. He felt, therefore, that his only chance of concealment and escape depended on the departure of the Spaniards without entering the building. A short time sufficed to decide this point. A light was struck, and a man bearing a torch entered the house. His shout of surprise, as the brilliant accoutrements of the Frenchman reflected the light and glittered through the gloom, brought his comrades to the spot; and Dubois found himself—his worst fears realised—in the centre of a guerrilla band.

Summoning his courage to meet, with the boldest front he could assume, the fate he now deemed inevitable, he replied with composure to their inquiries as to the circumstances which had led him there; after which the party retired some paces, and conversed for a time in a tone so low that few of their remarks were audible to their prisoner. They then dispersed themselves in various attitudes about the building, and appeared to wait the approach of day; the captive meanwhile feeling, it may be presumed, little further disposition to sleep.

The sun had fairly risen when the guerrillas again bestirred themselves. They led forth the charger of Dubois, and ordered him to follow and mount. He had reached the open air, and was feebly endeavouring to comply with the latter command, the slight exertion having already caused the blood to flow from his wound afresh, when another individual rode rapidly up to the party, and sprang to the ground. In the strongly marked features and powerful and massive frame of the new-comer, Dubois thought he discovered a resemblance to some one he had seen before; but when or where, he could not recall; nor, indeed, in such an emergency did his mind dwell much on the circumstance. His costume and general equipment differed but slightly from those of the men who had previously arrived. He carried, like each of them, a sabre and carabine, but of somewhat more elegant and expensive workmanship: he had also holsters at his saddle-bow, of which they were destitute; and his garb partook somewhat less of the peasant, and more of the military character than theirs. The greeting with which he was received having subsided, he inquired where they had taken the Frenchman, and for what purpose they were permitting him to mount.

'We found him here, whither he had crawled after the battle of yesterday,' replied a tall swarthy-looking fellow, whose dark eyes burned like live-coals in their sockets as he glared upon his victim; 'and we are taking him to hang him on the same tree from which the hounds his countrymen hanged my father at his own door last week, for refusing to become their guide.'

'But don't you see he won't live to accomplish half the journey?' said the other. 'Besides, there's better game on foot; and I want you all just now for more active service than to escort a wounded man a dozen leagues.'

'Stand clear, then,' cried the former to his comrades, 'and let me exterminate the accursed *Francese!*'

The group gave way, and left the man standing face to face with his intended victim, at the distance of half-a-dozen feet. In leading the latter from the house, his shako had been forgotten or overlooked; and as he now stood with uncovered head, waiting to receive his death-wound, the bright rays of the early sun shone full on his features, rendering every muscle and line of his countenance visible with the utmost possible distinctness. The Spaniard unslung the carabine which he carried at his back, glared at the countenance of Dubois for an instant, and raised the weapon to his shoulder. For a moment, as he levelled at the fair forehead of the young Frenchman, the piece and the arm which sustained it were immovable, as if hewn in marble; already his finger contracted on the trigger, and in another moment the contents would have penetrated the brain of his victim, when the new-comer, who stood beside him, shouted, with a suddenness and energy which thrilled the hearts of those who heard him: 'Hold!' Even this interference would have come too late had he not at the same instant seconded the word by striking up the weapon with his hand, which caused the contents to pass several feet above the prisoner's head.

'What mean you, Juan Martin Diaz?' angrily exclaimed the baffled Spaniard. 'Why do you interrupt the course of my vengeance, and compel me to waste a second cartouch, when the first would have sufficed?'

'It strikes me,' quietly replied Diaz—for the new-comer was indeed the Empecinado—'that this young gentleman and I are old acquaintances—old *friends*, for that matter, in case my conjectures prove correct; and if so, not a hair of his head shall be injured.—Your name, young man?' he continued, turning to the Frenchman.

'Dubois.'

'Ha! I thought as much. Does your father bear a commission in the French army?'

'He did till the evening of yesterday. His was a nobler fate than that reserved for me. He died on the field of battle.'

'How long have you been in the army?'

'I have accompanied my father with the army for many years, but have actually borne a commission for little more than two.

'Enough,' said Diaz, grasping his hand; and he related briefly to the attentive group the obligation he had incurred to the young man nearly three years previously, concluding by stating his determination to befriend him to the utmost of his power.

The Spaniard who had attempted the life of Dubois heard him to the end with ill-concealed impatience. 'And think you,' he exclaimed, as the other ceased to speak, 'that I will suffer you, or any man, to defraud me of my just revenge? The prisoner belongs to me—not to you; and I shall dispose of him as I please, without asking your permission.'

'Why, Tomas,' replied the Empecinado, 'you have heard that I owe him a life, and I am determined to repay the obligation. True, he is your prisoner; but resign the poor boy to me, and I'll take and hand over to you half-a-dozen of his countrymen before the week is out, to deal with as you list.'

A brief altercation ensued, in which the mildness of Diaz contrasted strangely with the increasing ferocity of Tomas. The latter at length, with a bound, brought himself almost in contact with Dubois; and at the same moment the long two-edged knife, which, like most of the Spanish guerrillas, he carried at his girdle, glittered in his uplifted hand. Before it could descend in execution of his bloody purpose, his arm was seized by Diaz, and held as in a vice.

'Tomas,' he said, in calm but stern tones, whilst an ominous frown gathered on his brow, 'for old acquaintance' sake, I recommend you to drop that knife.'

An ineffectual struggle to release his arm from the iron grasp that held it was the only reply. 'Tomas,' said Diaz in a somewhat higher key than before, 'we have been companions from childhood, and I should be sorry to do you an injury. Again I say drop that knife: I 'll not tell you a third time.'

'Never!' shouted his antagonist, 'until it finds a sheath in the Frenchman's heart.'

A slight turn of the wrist of Diaz was followed by a shriek of mingled rage and anguish from the lips of the other, whilst the knife dropped from his nerveless grasp. Diaz loosened his hold, and the arm of Tomas, *dislocated at the shoulder*, fell helplessly against his side.

'Now, my friend,' said Diaz to the Frenchman—who might be said not merely to have stood on the brink of the abyss of eternity a few minutes previously, but actually to have gazed into its giddy depths—'what shall I do to serve you? Command me, and to the utmost of my power it shall be done.'

When the latter was able fully to master his emotions—emotions that will be readily understood, and his experience of which involved no imputation on his manhood—he replied: 'Take me to the nearest station of the British army. There I shall be safe, and my wounds will be cared for.'

'Ay, but there you will be a prisoner also,' replied his preserver. 'Trust yourself in my care for the present. You shall be well attended to; and when able to travel, conducted to any station of your own troops you please on this side the Pyrenees.—Nay, never fear these men,' observing and interpreting aright the look of distrust and dread which Dubois cast on the fierce-looking band that surrounded them; 'there's not a man among them who will not be ready to risk his life in defence of the man whom the Empecinado calls his friend.'

Shouts of 'Viva el Empecinado!' 'Viva el Francese!' attested the truth of his statement. Dubois no longer hesitated; but submitting himself to the guidance of his new and powerful friend, was conveyed, with all the tenderness which his state required, to a farmhouse at no great distance from the spot on which the transactions just detailed had taken place, whose inhabitants prepared, with the utmost alacrity, to meet the wishes of the Empecinado. His wounds having been attended to, and having partaken of such simple food as alone was suited to his debilitated and suffering condition, he was conducted to the chamber prepared for him, where, on a humble yet comfortable couch, the recollection of the exciting scenes of the previous twenty-four hours was speedily effaced by the oblivion of sound and refreshing slumber. Ere he retired to rest, however, Diaz made particular inquiry of him as to the part of the field and the period of the conflict of the foregoing day in which his father had fallen; then wringing his hand, informed him that he was about to leave him for the present, but would see him again before long, and had meanwhile taken all necessary precautions to insure his safety during his temporary absence.

VI.

An act of gratitude had thus saved the life of young Dubois, and so far the Empecinado may be said to have cleared scores with his friend. But he still felt that something more was wanting.

At an early hour in the forenoon of the following day, the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs along the paved causeway conducting to the farm-house caused a quickened circulation of the blood in the veins of the young Frenchman, who had not yet been able so completely to divest himself of his apprehensions as to feel perfectly at ease while surrounded by Spanish guerrillas. A heavy footstep, in connection with which his practised ear distinguished the ringing of spurs and the clank of a sabre, was heard in the passage which led to his room, announcing the approach of the new-comer; and the next moment the homely but manly countenance and stalwart form of the Empecinado appeared in the doorway. Having greeted his guest with a cordial frankness, which thoroughly reassured him, and inquired with evident solicitude concerning his wounds, he acquainted him that, after having left him on the previous day, he had proceeded to the scene of conflict, and, acting on the information with which the young man had furnished him concerning the locality, had succeeded without much difficulty in discovering the body of his father, which was readily recognised by the uniform and some other particulars, having hitherto escaped spoliation by those human vultures who invariably hang on the skirts of an army in the field, and prey alike on the wounded and the dead. He had already caused the remains to be removed to an adjacent hamlet; where, having undergone the simple preparations which the peasantry were accustomed to employ on such occasions, they lay in a house contiguous to the village graveyard, and, when the state of Captain Dubois's health would permit him to attend, should be placed in the consecrated earth. The Frenchman was deeply affected by this touching and delicate attention on the part of the rude and fiery guerrilla, and signified his wish that, if convenient, the ceremony should take place that evening. This was done; and the body of the late colonel was committed to its final resting-place in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he had been a member.

In the course of conversation subsequently, Diaz informed his guest that he had made a solemn vow of dire vengeance to be inflicted on the head of the deceased, in consequence of the affair already described as having occurred at the venta. Chance, however, had never thrown in his way an opportunity for its fulfilment. The Frenchman had, since that period, been occupied with duties which detained him principally at headquarters; and even when detached, the guerrilla chief had ample employment to engage his attention, and demand his resources, elsewhere; and thus they had never met since the eventful day first described, until, amid a heap of slain on the field of Salamanca, the Empecinado recognised in the bloody corpse before him the once martial figure and still stern features of his former foe. 'Nor do I now regret,' said he, 'that it has not happened otherwise. Falling as he did, he has died like a brave and gallant man—a fate from which no soldier shrinks—whilst his death has released me from my vow, and fully balanced the account between us. And for your sake, therefore, young man, notwithstanding that he deprived me of two of my most faithful followers, and sought my own life, I rejoice that it has terminated so; for had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have expected the son to grasp in friendship the hand which had shed his father's blood.'

For a period of three weeks, during which Captain Dubois remained at the farm-house, he continued to experience the unremitting attentions which his state required—attentions springing from no motive of sordid interest, and characterised by a delicacy and considerateness which excited his astonishment, as proceeding from the untutored peasants who were its permanent inhabitants. The guerrilla leader spent much of his time in his company; and during the periods of his occasional absence—occasions on which, in all probability, he was employed in operations against the French troops; but of which fact, with judicious forbearance, he omitted all mention to Dubois—a guard of three or four of his most stanch and trusty adherents was constantly maintained to watch over the safety of his protégé. In the course of the intimacy which such a state of things naturally produced, the Frenchman had casually expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the facts of some of the many stirring adventures in which the other had been engaged, and the 'hair-breadth 'scapes' he had experienced, the reports of which had frequently reached his ears through the medium of his military friends. These reports, though distorted, no doubt, in many of their particulars, were yet sufficiently invested with the wild and wondrous characteristics of romance to interest the feelings and most powerfully stimulate the curiosity of his youthful and imaginative mind, especially when he remembered that he had himself been in personal contact with the daring partisan. The latter, on his part, exhibited little reluctance to comply with his request; for though, notwithstanding all his dash and gallantry, the Empecinado was really and essentially a modest man, never disposed to dwell ostentatiously on his own exploits, and wholly free from that tendency to braggadocio which attaches so largely to the character of his countrymen in general, it required little of his usual penetration to discover that the inquirer felt a real interest in the events of his career, and would derive a high degree of gratification from his compliance. Dubois having particularly referred to a case in which an officer of his acquaintance, who had been despatched with a party to arrest the guerrilla some two years previously, had subsequently been tried by court-martial, and broken for misconduct and failure in the enterprise, the Empecinado immediately proceeded to meet his wishes, by relating as follows the real circumstances of the affair.

In the northern extremity of Old Castile, and at a distance of some eight or ten leagues from the city of Burgos, was a mountain of peculiar form, which rose from the plain by a gentle and gradual ascent on all sides save the south. In that direction it terminated abruptly in a sheer precipice of six hundred feet in depth, smooth and perpendicular as a wall, presenting, from the base to the summit, a gaunt and grim sterility of barren rock, and without a solitary twig to intercept the course or break the fall of any object thrown from above. Projecting from the top of the cliff into mid air, at about the central point between the two extremities, at which the broad platform of the summit of the mountain commenced gradually to slope downwards towards the east and west, was a portion of the rock, which, had it been surrounded with water instead of empty space, would have been called a peninsula on a diminutive scale. It was about six feet in diameter at top, and nearly the same extent in depth, and connected with the main cliff by an *isthmus*, so to speak, of the same material, of rather more than three feet in length, by perhaps eighteen inches in breadth, and of a depth which had originally been equal to that of the peninsular rock it supported, but which, either by the hand of man, or by some strange convulsion of nature, had been deprived of fully two-thirds of its substance from the upper surface downwards. To one standing a few yards from the edge of the cliff, therefore, the outer and larger portion of the rock—generally called by the inhabitants of the adjacent district 'the Devil's Crag'—presented the appearance of a mass of matter self-suspended in space, or supported by some invisible agency, as it was only on a nearer approach to the brink of the frightful gulf that gaped below than would prove agreeable to the nerves of most persons, professional chamois-hunters excepted, that the connecting fragment was revealed, from the fact that its upper surface, as already stated, was fully four feet below the level of the adjoining cliff at both ends. But it was necessary to proceed some distance, either east or west, along the top of the cliff, in order to appreciate aright the apparent frailty of the connecting link, and its seeming disproportion to the comparatively vast weight of solid rock which it sustained, as it was from such a point of view only that the limited depth of the mass became apparent. Then, indeed, especially if viewed from a point somewhat lower than itself, when it would stand out in bold relief against the bright southern sky, it presented an aspect striking and impressive even to sublimity; seeming as if the gentlest sighing of a zephyr would sweep it at once from its precarious position, and forcing on the spectator the belief that any object one atom weightier than thistle-down alighting on the surface of the Devil's Crag, must inevitably bring the whole huge mass crashing into the abyss, which apparently yawned for its reception beneath. And yet its frailty existed much more in appearance than in reality. The hurricanes of a hundred winters had careered around that lone and stern crag, and it had scowled unmoved upon them all: within the memory of man it had undergone no change; and more than once or twice had the youthful mountaineers who dwelt in the neighbourhood dared to test the truth of the superstitious legend, which told that he who should venture on the eve of All-Hallows along the narrow isthmus, and standing erect on the flat surface of the Devil's Crag, repeat towards each quarter of the compass the formula prescribed, should be permitted to behold the features of the maiden whom fate had destined to be his partner through life.

It is necessary further to state, that in every other quarter the sides of the mountain were clothed with olive and other trees, from the plain below to within a short distance of the summit, leaving merely at the top a clear open platform, of about two acres in extent, bounded on the southern side by the precipice alluded to above.

On a certain bright forenoon in the spring of 1810, the Empecinado was seated on this platform, within a few feet of the edge of the cliff, and immediately opposite the Devil's Crag, intently scrutinising, with the aid of a telescope, a road which wound among the hills, and swept the base of the mountain on which he had taken his station, and every object on which, to the distance of a couple of leagues, was visible from the spot he occupied. He had received intelligence, through the medium of his spies, that a valuable convoy of treasure and arms for the supply of the French troops would pass on that day, for an attack on which he conceived the guerrilla force then under his command sufficiently strong, and had made his dispositions accordingly. He had his followers placed in a convenient situation, and, accompanied by a single individual, ascended the mountain, to watch for the approach of the anticipated prize. But treachery had been at work. The principal fault in the military character of Diaz was a tendency to rash and reckless hardihood, and a reliance so unbounded on his personal resources in emergency, as to lead him habitually to disregard all those precautions which prudence would have suggested, and the adoption of which would have implied no imputation whatever on his courage. Accordingly, on this occasion, as on many others, never conceiving the possibility of a traitor being found among his band, he had made no secret of the nature of his arrangements; and for some days previously, it had been generally known by the men composing it that it was his intention to be on the look-out from the summit of the hill at an early hour in the morning, they having received instructions to repair to the appointed place of rendezvous, and there await his coming, which would be immediately after he had discovered the approach of the convoy. Among the number, however, was one who had already açcepted French gold, and who, stimulated by the price which the commander of the imperial troops had offered for the capture or destruction of Diaz, had for months previously been watching for an opportunity to betray his unsuspecting leader to a felon's death. That opportunity seemed at length within his grasp. He managed, without incurring suspicion, to put himself in communication with the French authorities; and some hours before sunrise, a company of soldiers, which the traitor conducted by secluded by-paths to the spot, was placed in concealment in a thickly wooded hollow at the foot of the mountain, in an opposite quarter to that by which Diaz was expected to arrive, thereby avoiding all risk of his discovering them before he should be completely in their toils. The faithless caitiff, who had thus sold his gallant and confiding chief, then departed to take up his position at a spot which commanded a view of the course which the apparently doomed guerrilla must adopt in his ascent. The forenoon was already considerably advanced, when he again appeared with the intelligence that the Empecinado, accompanied by a single individual, had passed up the mountain, and was in all probability at that time on the summit. The soldiers were instantly in motion, and the officer in command repeated to them the orders he had received from his superior, to the effect that the Empecinado was, if possible, to be taken alive, with the view of making of him an example so public and terrible, as to awe into submission the peasantry of the province, and thus secure the homage at least of their fear, since that of their respect and attachment was not to be obtained. With his companion, he added, they might make short work, as the least troublesome method of disposing of him was the best—the dress and general appearance of the Empecinado being accurately described to them, so as to prevent the possibility of the one being mistaken for the other. The hill, though precipitous on the southern side, being in reality of very limited extent, a circle was easily formed by the men, which enclosed all its accessible portion, and which necessarily contracted as they advanced, its parts naturally approaching nearer to each other as they approached the summit.

Diaz was intently gazing on the road by which he expected the convoy, when a loud shout from his companion causing him to turn his head, he beheld a sight well calculated to try the strength of even *his* iron nerves. Within fifty yards of him were double that number of French sharp-shooters, all armed to the teeth, and each one thirsting for his blood, forming, in extended order, an almost unbroken line between him and the wooded portion of the mountain, and still steadily advancing, and completely surrounding him on all sides, save the one bounded by the precipice, which was naturally considered a sufficient barrier to his escape in that direction. In these circumstances, a man of ordinary mind would have either surrendered at discretion, or sought to reach by instant flight the cover of the adjoining plantation. The companion of Diaz was a man of this stamp. To surrender, he must have been well aware, was but to yield himself up to the infliction of certain death, and probably a much more painful and protracted one than that which he should otherwise experience in case even of the failure of an attempt to escape. Adopting, therefore, the latter alternative, desperate as it was, he rushed forward, and made for the wood. Before he had run twenty yards, a few of the nearest files had fired, and half-a-dozen rifle-bullets had closed his career for ever!

But the Empecinado was a man of extraordinary mind; and it was on the occasion of such emergencies as the present that his wonderful facility of resource, and promptitude in its display, shone forth in their unrivalled pre-eminence. For a few seconds, indeed, as he afterwards acknowledged, he believed escape to be utterly impracticable, and felt convinced that his hour had come. The idea of escape by flight, whilst a hundred riflemen were prepared to pour in their fire within less than pistol-shot distance, was so absurd, that he disdained to attempt it, not choosing to give his enemies the certain triumph of defeating the effort. For the moment, his only resolution was, in any event, neither to be taken alive nor to fall unrevenged; and drawn up to his full height, and steady and motionless as the hill on which he stood, he maintained his position, close to the verge of the precipice, whilst the circle of military, gradually contracting, closed around him on every other side, and reached within twenty feet of the spot on which he stood. At this moment, the officer in command of the party, in his exultation at the capture of the far-famed guerrilla, which he considered already effected, and which no doubt would have procured his promotion at least a step, rushed before his men, and placed his grasp on the collar of the Empecinado. The latter, it has been already stated, was possessed of strength perfectly colossal; but his superiority to ordinary men was not one whit greater in muscular power than in activity and skilfulness in its exercise, whilst he was appropriately aided in the development of both by the possession of a hardihood that actually knew not how to quail at danger. Never did he more greatly need those qualities than now, and never did they stand him in better stead. Throwing his right arm round the waist of the officer, who was of a short slight figure, he lifted him from the ground with apparently as much ease as a girl lifts her doll, turned on his heel, and cleared at a bound, which was accompanied by a shriek of terror from the affrighted Frenchman, the chasm between the face of the precipice and the Devil's Crag; and the next moment, standing erect on its narrow surface, shouted to the soldiers in the deep stern tone which he assumed when highly excited, and which resembled rather the loud bray of a trumpet than a sound proceeding from human organs: 'Halt!'

The command was unnecessary. At the moment of his plunge, the whole body, believing he had really thrown himself over the precipice, and carried their officer with him, had, paralysed at the sight, involuntarily halted, as suddenly as if transformed into stone by the touch of a magician's wand, whilst a cry of horror broke from every lip. Ere they had recovered from their astonishment and inaction, he again spoke: 'Advance but a step, point but a rifle, and down I go, and carry your officer along with me!'

Turning to the latter, he inquired: 'Know you who I am?'

'Yes,' faintly replied the Frenchman; 'you are Martin Diaz, called the Empecinado.'

'And you have come hither to arrest me; is it not so?' pursued Diaz.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Then,' said the guerrilla, 'I need scarcely inform you that it is not my intention either to be taken alive or to die alone. Now look below you.'

The appalled soldier, who probably had never shrunk from the prospect of death amid the roar of battle, cast a shuddering glance on the awful abyss over which he found himself in effect hair-hung and breeze-shaken, and then, in utter agony, clung even more closely than before to the terrible man in whose hands he felt his fate to be.

'I perceive you don't admire the prospect,' coolly resumed Diaz. 'Now mark my words: I leave this hill by the way I came, unharmed and free; or I leave it by *the shorter route*, and take you in my company. But do as I direct you, and not a hair of your head shall be injured. First order your men to face towards the wood, and discharge their rifles.'

'What security have I that you will keep your promise, should I do as you direct?' inquired the Frenchman.

'For security,' said Diaz, 'you have only the word of a man who never broke his pledge to friend or foe! But then what other choice have you than to trust me? Your only alternative is one which you don't appear to relish much. Do as I direct you,' he continued, raising his voice as the other still hesitated, 'or we take the leap together!'

The officer complied. The men, whose training and discipline would have insured their obedience even had they been less powerfully influenced by the contemplation of his danger, at once faced round in the opposite direction, and in another second every rifle in the company was empty.

'Now order them to pile their arms, and retire a hundred paces to the right,' said Diaz.

Again he was obeyed. The men piled their arms in silence, and retired to the prescribed distance.

'One word more,' said the Empecinado. 'Have I been betrayed by any Spaniard?'

'Yes,' said the Frenchman, who in his heart abhorred a traitor, though willing to profit by the treachery; 'by a member of your own band.'

'His name?' asked Diaz.

'His name is Pedro Velascas,' was the reply. 'He awaits me at the fountain where the three roads meet, near the foot of the hill, where he expects to receive the reward offered for your apprehension.'

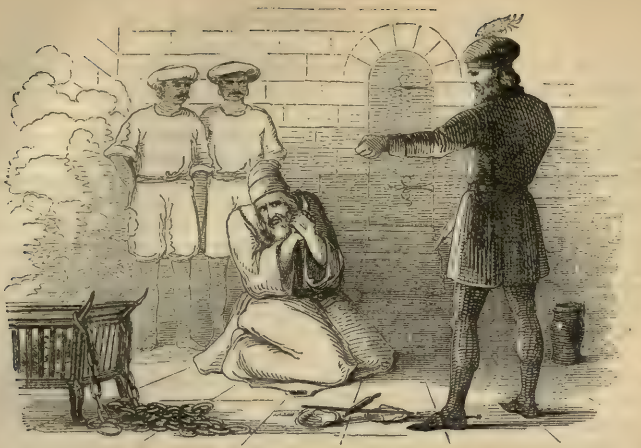
'He has earned his reward; and he shall have it!' said the guerrilla in a stern tone. He bounded lightly from the crag to the top of the cliff, and called on the Frenchman to follow. This, however, he feared to attempt, though the distance was little more than a lengthened stride; and it was only after grasping the stout belt of Diaz, the end of which he threw him for the purpose, that he could bring himself to adopt even the apparently less bold, though in reality more hazardous, method of scrambling down upon the connecting fragment, and thence to the top of the precipice at the opposite side. When at length he stood in safety on the firm ground, his bolder companion wished him a laughing good-morning, and started for the wood in a direction opposite to that in which the military were still drawn up. The latter, on perceiving him run, followed his example, and made for their arms. Before they had traversed the hundred paces, however, the Empecinado had traversed a hundred and fifty; and long before the most expert soldier amongst them had reloaded his rifle, the fugitive was completely lost to view in the plantation. A brief pursuit took place, which was one in name rather than reality; for, if the truth were known, the French officer had little desire to hold further communication with Martin Diaz for that day.

Diaz, however, continued his headlong course until he had reached the foot of the hill, when, turning from the path he had previously pursued, he proceeded in the direction of the fountain where he had been told his betrayer waited to receive the reward of his treachery. Velascas was stretched beneath a tree, but started to his feet on hearing a heavy body crashing through the bushes, and the next moment found himself face to face with the man whose confidence he had so grossly violated, and whose person he had sought to betray to a cruel and shameful death. He would have turned to flee, however fruitlessly, but his limbs refused to perform their office. He would have spoken, but, conscience-stricken, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. The Empecinado uttered but one word: 'Traitor!' he shouted in a voice of thunder, as he grasped him by the throat. They were the last human accents that ever fell upon the wretch's ear: the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth and nose; Diaz maintained his grasp for a few seconds, then hurled him to the earth, and again was lost among the trees. On passing the spot an hour subsequently, the Frenchmen found it difficult to recognise, in the blackened and distorted features of the corpse which lay across the path, the countenance of Pedro Velascas, their guide of the morning.

The relation of such adventures as this, in a simple and unostentatious manner, by the hero of them himself, possessed an interest for the young and ardent Frenchman which may be more readily conceived than described. So thoroughly at ease did he feel himself before long in his novel position, that he almost regretted when, his wounds having healed, the period arrived when he could no longer honourably remain in retirement whilst the army to which he belonged was actively engaged in the field. Faithful to his promise, Diaz escorted him in person to the lines of his countrymen, and bade him farewell only when almost within musket-shot of the French outpost, farther than which he could not have ventured in safety. They parted with genuine feelings of mutual regard; and often afterwards did Dubois entertain his companions in arms, on the march or in the mess-tent, with his reminiscences of the heroic Empecinado.

A word may be added on the result of the Peninsular War, and the fate of the Empecinado. Under Wellington, the British army drove the French from Spain; and in 1814 the war was closed by the fall of Napoleon. Spain being now free to re-establish a native government, recalled Ferdinand VII., who had for some years been a prisoner in France; on the understanding, however, that he confirmed the constitution established by the Cortes, and which was wished for by the nation. As soon as Ferdinand had securely fixed himself on the throne, he repudiated the constitution, and resumed a despotic and tyrannical sway. A protracted civil war followed this invasion of the liberties of the people, in which monstrous barbarities were perpetrated by the royalists. The Empecinado placed himself at the head of a body of Constitutionalists, and he struggled manfully for national freedom, but in vain. On the faith of a treaty, he laid down his arms; notwithstanding which he was seized, and executed at Rueda, August 19, 1825, with circumstances of insulting cruelty highly disgraceful to his persecutors.

What Spain has been ever since, everybody knows—a scene of contention and disaster; nor is any change for the better likely soon to ensue. Prosperity and happiness are ever denied to national disorganisation. And such are the consequences of the great struggle made by Britain for the sake of this naturally fine country! The Peninsular War—with all its *glory*, bloodshed, and expenditure of means—ended in putting Spain into a ten times worse position than it would in all likelihood have been under the rule of a Bonapartean king. In relieving Spain from the authority of an invader, England delivered up the people to the domination of an imbecile dynasty, which went on from bad to worse, until the nation has at last risen in indignation, and shaken off the incubus, without, however, being able, as yet, to organise a stable government in its stead. A great act of heroism has thus gone for nothing, as far as the parties immediately concerned are interested. What a lesson to those who would heedlessly plunge into foreign quarrels, and pour out the blood and treasure of Britain in wars with which it has no proper concern!



HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

THE Hebrew nation, as is well known, has been for ages scattered over the face of the earth, and now exists in different portions in every civilised country; retaining, however, in all situations, the religion, manners, and recollections of its ancestry—almost everywhere less or more oppressed, yet everywhere possessing the same unconquerable buoyancy of spirit and the same indomitable industry. It would be a very long and dismal story to tell of the settlement and sufferings of the Jews in the various countries of Europe, and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves to a brief narration principally concerning their residence and treatment in Great Britain.

Whence or by what route the exiles of Judea found their way to this island, cannot now be satisfactorily traced; but, scattered as they were over the extensive domains of their Roman conquerors, it is not unlikely that they originally crossed the Channel whilst England also was under imperial sway; at anyrate we find them settled there soon after the Saxon conquest, for decrees were issued as early as 740 by Egbert, Archbishop of York, and again in 833 by the monks of Croyland, prohibiting Christians from appearing at Jewish feasts. From these decrees it may be inferred that the Jews had become somewhat numerous and influential. No further allusion being made to them during the Saxon monarchy, the decrees of the priests were probably obeyed, and no excuse given for persecution. When Canute of Denmark conquered England, however, the Jews shared the servitude of their Saxon brethren; and in 1020, without any assigned cause but the will of the sovereign, were banished from the kingdom. They crossed the Channel, and took refuge in the dominions of William, Duke of Normandy, where they were so kindly received, that, on his conquest of England and assumption of her crown, they returned, increased in numbers, to their old homes, and purchased from William the right of settlement in the island.

The sons of the Conqueror pursued their father's kindly policy towards them. Under William Rufus they established themselves in London and Oxford, erecting in the latter town three halls or colleges—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—where they instructed young men of either persuasion in the Hebrew language and the sciences. Until this reign, the only burial-ground allowed them in all England was St Giles, Cripplegate, where Jewin Street now stands; but under Rufus they obtained a place of interment also at Oxford, now the site of part of Magdalen College. Indeed, Rufus, from what is narrated to us by the chroniclers, would appear to have respected the feelings of the Jews more than those of the Christian portion of his subjects. 'He appointed,' says Milman, 'a public debate in London between the two parties, and swore, by "the face of St Luke," that if the rabbins defeated the bishops, he would turn Jew himself. He received at Rouen the complaint of certain Jews, that their children had been seduced to the profession of Christianity. Their petition was supported by a liberal offer of money. One Stephen offered sixty marks for his son's restoration to Judaism, but the son had the courage to resist the imperious monarch. Rufus gave still deeper offence by farming to the Jews the vacant bishoprics.'

During this breathing-time from persecution, their opulence naturally increased, and with it their unpopularity. The civil wars between Matilda and Stephen had drained the royal coffers; money became more and more imperatively needed; and, following the example of the continental nations, charges the most false, but from their very horror and improbability eagerly credited by the ignorant populace, were promulgated against the Jews, and immense sums extorted from them to purchase remission from suffering and exile. Those who refused acceptance of the royal terms were mercilessly banished, and their estates and other possessions confiscated to the crown.

During the reigns of Stephen and Henry II., these persecutions continued with little intermission, yet still they remained industrious and uncomplaining, eager on every occasion to testify their loyalty and allegiance.

In the last year of Henry II.'s reign (1188), a parliament was convened at Northampton to raise supplies for an expedition to the Holy Land. The whole Christian population were assessed at £70,000, while the Jews alone, in numbers but a very small fraction of the king's native subjects, were burdened with a tax of £60,000; £3330 having been during this one reign already tortured from them. The abandonment of the project, followed as it was by the king's death, prevented this illegal extortion; and it was perhaps from joy at this unexpected relief that the Hebrews thronged in crowds to Westminster to witness the coronation of Richard, sumptuously attired, and bearing rich offerings, to testify their eager desire to conciliate the king.

This, however, was not permitted. The nobles and populace resolved on their exclusion. The presence of such ill-omened sorcerers at the coronation, it was declared, would blight every hope of prosperity for the reign, and commands were peremptorily issued that no Jews should be admitted to witness the ceremony. Some few individuals dared the danger of discovery, and made their way within the church. Their boldness was fatal, and not to themselves alone. Insulted and maltreated almost to death, they were dragged from the church, and the signal given for universal outrage. The populace spread through every Jewish quarter, destroying and pillaging without pause, setting even the royal commands at defiance; for avarice and hatred had obtained sole possession of their hearts. For a day and a night these awful scenes continued in London, and not a Jewish dwelling in the city escaped. England was at that time thronged with friars preaching the Crusade; and, as had previously been the case on the continent, they urged the sacrifice of the unbelieving Jews as a fit commencement of their holy expedition. The example of London was held forth as an exhibition of praiseworthy enthusiasm; and at Edmondsbury, Norwich, and Stamford, the same scenes of blood and outrage were enacted. At Lincoln, the miserable Hebrews obtained protection from the governor. At York, after a vain attempt to check the popular fury, a great number retreated to the castle with their most valuable effects. Those not fortunate or expeditious enough to reach the temporary shelter were all put to the sword, neither age nor sex spared, their riches appropriated, and their dwellings burned to the ground. For a short time the castle appeared to promise a secure retreat; but gradually the suspicion spread that the governor was secretly negotiating for their surrender, the price of his treachery being a large portion of their wealth. Whether this suspicion was correct or not was never ascertained, but it worked so strongly on the minds of the Jews, that they seized the first occasion of the governor's absence from the castle, on a visit to the town, to close the gates against him. They then themselves manned the ramparts, and awaited a siege. It happened that the sheriff of the county (without whose permission no measures to recover the castle could be taken) was passing through York with an armed force; the incensed governor instantly applied to him, and demanded the aid of his men. Recollecting the king's attempt to keep peace between his Christian and Jewish subjects in London, the sheriff at first hesitated; but, urged on by the indignant representations of the governor, he at length permitted the assault.

The frantic fury with which the shouting rabble rushed to the attack, the horrid nature of the scenes which he knew must inevitably ensue, caused him, even at that moment, to revoke the order; but it was too late. License once given, the passions of the surging multitude could not be assuaged. The clergy fanned them into yet hotter flame, by encouraging their mad fury as holy zeal, promising salvation to all who shed the blood of a Jew; and themselves, in strange contradiction to the professions signified by the garbs they wore, joining in the affray, and often heading the attack. The unshrinking courage, the noble self-denial and heroic endurance of the hapless Hebrews, could little avail them against the wild excitement and immense multitude of their assailants; yet still they resisted with vigour. Accused as they were of never handling the weapons or experiencing the emotions of the warrior, it was now shewn that circumstances and not character were at fault. The spirit of true heroism peculiar to their race in the olden time might indeed *appear* crushed and lost beneath the heavy fetters of oppression, but it burned still, ready to burst into life and energy whenever occasion demanded its display.

Notwithstanding the bold defence of the besieged, resistance was too soon seen to be hopeless, and in stern unbending resolution they assembled in the council-room. Their rabbi (the word, which is Hebrew, signifies 'master'), a man of great learning and eminent virtue, rose up, and with mournful dignity thus addressed them: 'Men of Israel, the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say: "What doest thou?" This day he commands us to die for his law—that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and for which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the belief in eternal life which it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold its solemn truths sealed with our blood; and our death, while it confirms our sincerity, shall impart strength to the wanderers of Israel. Death is before our eyes; we have only to choose an easy and an honourable one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which fate you know we cannot elude, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the Spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl like wolves around us. Let us escape their tortures, and surrender, as our ancestors have done before us, our lives with our own hands to our Creator. God seems to call for us; let us not be unworthy of that call.'

It was a fearful counsel, and the venerable elder himself wept as he ceased to speak; but by far the greater number declared that he had spoken well, and they would abide by his words. The few that hesitated were desired by their chief, if they approved not of his counsel, to depart in peace; and some obeyed. It was night ere the council closed, and during the hours of darkness not a sound betrayed the awful proceedings within the castle to the besiegers. At dawn the multitudes furiously renewed the attack, falling back appalled for the minute by the sight of flames bursting from all parts of the citadel. A few miserable objects rushing to and fro on the battlements also became visible, with wild cries entreating mercy for themselves, imploring baptism rather than death, and relating with groans and lamentations the fate of their companions. The men had all slain their wives and children, and then fallen by each others' hands, the most distinguished receiving the sad honour of death from the sword of their old chief, who was the last to die. Their precious effects were burned or buried, according as they were combustible or not; so that, when the gates were flung open, and the rabble rushed in, eager to appropriate the wealth which they believed awaited them, they found nothing but heaps of ashes. Maddened with disappointment, all pledges of safety to the survivors, if the gates were opened, were forgotten, and every human being that remained was tortured and slain. Five hundred had already fallen by their own hands, and these voluntary martyrs were mostly men forced by persecution into such mean and servile occupations as to appear incapable of a lofty thought or heroic deed.

No punishment followed the atrocious proceedings at York. The laws of England never interfered in behalf of the king's Jewish subjects, though they would have been somewhat rigidly obeyed had the sufferers been the offenders. On King Richard's return from captivity, the Hebrews were, under certain statutes, acknowledged as the exclusive property of the crown, John commenced his reign with a semblance of extreme lenity towards them. The privileges formerly granted to them by Henry I. were confirmed. They might settle in any part of England, instead of being confined to certain quarters of certain towns; hold lands, and receive mortgages. Their evidence might be taken in courts of justice. All English subjects were commanded to protect their persons and possessions as they would the especial property of the king. Other laws equally lenient were issued; and, misled by such favourable appearances, many of the continental Hebrews flocked to England. This increase of Jewish population of course materially increased Jewish wealth; the hatred of the people was anew excited, and several indignities were perpetrated against the Jews. The king wrote a strong rebuke to the perpetrators; and then, at the very time that the Jews were rejoicing at this undeniable proof of his sincerity, and their own security, completely changed his policy, and from the extreme of lenity proceeded to the extreme of rigour. He had, in fact, only favoured them to multiply their wealth, and then revelled in its seizure; glad that there were now some possessions he could appropriate without any interference from the pope. The unhappy Israelites were imprisoned, tortured, murdered, and their treasures all confiscated to the crown. A Jew of Bristol having refused to betray his hoards, was condemned to have a tooth pulled out every day until he should yield. The man suffered seven of his teeth to be extracted before he complied: the king gained 10,000 marks by his cruel device. In the war between John and his barons they were persecuted by both parties—by the king for their wealth; by the barons, because they were vassals of the king. Even the stern and noble assertors of liberty, the heroes of the Magna Charta, seeking justice and freedom for all classes of Englishmen, had no pity for the wretched Jews; seizing their possessions, and demolishing their homes, to repair the walls of London, which had been greatly injured in the civil war.

The guardians of England during the reign of Henry III. sought in some degree to meliorate the condition of the Jews. Twenty-four burgesses of every town where they resided were appointed to protect their persons and property; but the protection even of royalty could avail little when every class of men conspired to detest and oppress them. The merchants were jealous of the privileges permitting the Jews to buy and sell. The people hated them, from the idle tales of horrible crimes attributed to them, which had no foundation whatever in truth, but which ignorance and prejudice not only believed, but so magnified and multiplied as to cause them to be inseparably associated with the word Jew. The clergy—men who, both professors and preachers of a religion of peace, should have been the first to protect the injured, and calm the turbulent passions of the populace—were the constant inciters to persecution and cruelty, believing, by a most extraordinary hallucination, that to maltreat a Jew was the surest evidence of Christian zeal.

The guardians of the young king had, however, so guided him, that for a brief interval after attaining his majority, the royal protection shielded the Jews in some measure from popular oppression. But this was only until the king's coffers became impoverished: when these were empty, the only means of refilling them was to follow the example of his predecessors, and by fair means or foul, extort money from the Jews. In this reign alone, the enormous sum of 170,000 marks was, under various pretences and various cruelties, wrung from them; and when all other means of extortion seemed exhausted, an extraordinary spectacle was displayed in the convention of a Jewish parliament. The sheriffs of the different towns had orders to return six of the wealthiest and most influential Jews from the larger cities, and two from the smaller. In those times almost the only function of a parliament was to *vote supplies;* this Jewish parliament, therefore, in being informed by the sovereign that he must have 20,000 marks from the Jews of England, served for the Jewish part of the population pretty nearly the same purpose as the ordinary parliament served for the rest of the community.

The assembled members were probably left to decide the amount of assessment which the various ranks of Jews should pay, so as to make up the total sum required; and as this right of proportioning the assessment was generally the only right exercised by ancient parliaments, properly so called, the particular hardship of the Jews, as compared with their fellow-subjects, consisted not in having no liberty of refusal—for that is a liberty which only modern parliaments have acquired—but in the enormous sum demanded from them, and in the rigours which they knew would be employed to enforce its speedy collection. Assembled, and made aware of the demand which was made upon them, the unfortunate Jewish representatives were dismissed to collect the money from their own resources as speedily as possible; and because it was not forthcoming as quickly as was requisite for the royal necessities, all their possessions were seized, and their families imprisoned.

Believing, at length, that their wealth must be exhausted by such demands, or weary of the trouble of extortion, Henry consummated his acts of oppression by actually selling his Jewish subjects, their persons and effects, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for 5000 marks. The records of this disgraceful bargain are still preserved; and that the king had power to conclude it, marks the oppressed and fearful position of this hapless people more emphatically than any lengthened narrative. Yet the barbarity of the sovereign met with universal approbation; the wretchedness of the victims with neither sympathy nor commiseration.

On the election of Richard of Cornwall as king of the Romans, the Jews became again the property of the crown, and were again sold by Henry. This time their purchaser was the heir to the throne, Prince Edward, by whom they were sold, to still better advantage, to the merchants of Dauphiné; and this traffic was actually the sale and purchase of human beings, in all respects like ourselves, gifted with immortal souls, intelligent minds, and the tenderest affections: husbands, fathers, sons, wives, mothers, innocent childhood, and helpless age. The sufferers were inoffensive and unobtrusive, seeking no vengeance, patient, and even cringing under all their injuries. Of all the crimes imputed to them, and some of these were of the most horrible nature, not one appears ever to have been really proved against them, except, perhaps, that of clipping the coin of the realm; and even on this point the evidence is not clear. And yet had all the accusations against them been true, one could hardly have wondered, considering their treatment.

After the battle of Lewes, reports became current that the Hebrews at Northampton, Lincoln, and London had sided with the king against the barons. This, of course, roused the latter in their turn to plunder and destroy; while Henry annulled his bargain with his son, and for a while treated them with greater lenity. But again one of the usual excuses for persecution—insult offered by the Jews to some symbol reverenced by the Catholics—found voice, and not only were extortions renewed, but a solemn statute was passed, disqualifying the Jews from possessing any lands, or even dwellings. They might not erect any new habitations, only repair their present homes, or rebuild on the same foundations.

All lands and manors already in their hands were violently wrested from them; and those held in mortgages returned to their owners without any interest on the bonds. All arrears of charges were demanded, and imprisonment threatened if payment were postponed: an extortion apparently more oppressive than all the rest, as we find the distress it occasioned amongst the Jews actually moved the pity of their rivals, the Caorsini bankers, and of the friars, their deadliest foes.

The death of Henry was so far a reprieve that the above-named extortion was suspended; but the accession of Edward I. only aggravated their social bondage. Laws as severe, if not more severe in some respects than those of previous sovereigns, were issued against them, followed by an act of parliament prohibiting all usury, and desiring the Jews to confine themselves to the pursuits of traffic, manufactures, and agriculture; for which last, though they could not hold, they might hire farms for fifteen years. But how could men, debarred so long from similar occupations, so debased by oppression, with minds so disabled as to render it difficult for them to commence any new pursuit, obey so violent a decree? Had they received the fit education for traffic, manufactures, and agriculture *before* the laws commanding such employments were passed, there would have been many glad and eager to obey them; but as it was, obedience was impossible. That usurers and Jews in the dark ages were synonymous, and that the Jews in their capacity of money-lenders did exhibit an extraordinary spirit of rapacity and extortion, cannot be denied. But although this spirit of money-making, even by methods esteemed dishonourable, characterising, as it did, the Jews of the Roman empire, as well as those of Europe in the middle ages, must be referred partly to an inherent national bent, there can be no doubt that much of the greed displayed by the Jews of the middle ages in their quest of wealth, is attributable to the oppression which absolutely fettered them to that one pursuit, and to the heavy risk they incurred in lending money at all. Even if there were times when a Shylock pressed for his pound of flesh, when it would have been nobler to shew mercy, was it unnatural? Can we ever expect oppression to create kindness—social cruelty to bring forth social love?

After eighteen years of persecution, little varied in its nature and its causes from the persecutions of previous reigns, the seal was set on Jewish misery by an edict of total expulsion, issued in 1290. All their property was seized except a very scanty supply, supposed sufficient to transport them to other lands. No reason was given for this barbarous proceeding. The charge previously brought against them of clipping and adulterating the coin of the realm, for which 280 had been executed in London alone, was never fully proved; nor, as might naturally have been expected, had the charge been really true, was it made the cause of their expulsion. A people's unfounded hate, and a monarch's cruel pleasure, exposed 16,511 human beings to all the miseries of exile. There were very few countries which were not equally inhospitable; for edicts of expulsion had gone forth from many of the continental kingdoms. Even if they could find other homes, the confiscation of all their property before they left England exposed them to multiplied sufferings, which no individual efforts could assuage; and the loss of life ever attendant on these wholesale expulsions was fearful. The greater number probably never lived to reach another shore; and to what retreats those who were more fortunate betook themselves, history does not say. From this date (1290), therefore, all trace of the English Jews, properly so called, is lost.

Their great synagogue, situated in Old Jewry, was seized by an order of friars, called Fratres de Sacra or de Penitentia, who had not been long established in England. In 1305, Robert Fitzwalter, the greater banner-bearer of the city, and whose house it adjoined, requested, we are told by the old chroniclers, that it might be assigned to him; a request no doubt complied with in return for a good round sum of money. During the fifteenth century it belonged to two or three successive mayors, and was ultimately degraded into a tavern, known by the sign of the Windmill. The locality of this early Jewish house of worship, however, still retains its name and associations as Old Jewry.

Their valuable libraries at Stamford and Oxford were appropriated by the neighbouring monasteries. From that at Oxford, fifty years previous to their expulsion, Roger Bacon is said to have derived much of that chemical and astronomical information which enabled him to startle the age in which he lived by the boldness and novelty of his views. The Babylonian Talmud, a series of gigantic tomes, of which, and of lesser works compiled from them, the Jewish libraries were composed, contained elaborate treatises on the various sciences which occupied the attention of the learned in the middle ages, including, of course, magic and astrology; and as it was to the Franciscan convent at Oxford, by which the Hebrew library had been appropriated, that Roger Bacon retreated on his return to England from Paris, it is by no means improbable that he may have been indebted to the Hebrew books thus placed within his reach.

From the year 1290 to 1655 the shores of Great Britain were closed against the Jews. No attempt ever appears to have been made on their part to revoke the order of expulsion. Oppression, perhaps, had left too blackened traces on their memories for England to be regarded with that strong feeling of local attachment which bound them, even after expulsion, so closely to Portugal and Spain. In France they were once and again recalled after being expelled. In the German and Italian states they were constantly persecuted and murdered by thousands, but never cast forth from the soil. In Spain and Portugal they had always held the highest offices, not only in the schools, but in the state and the camp; nay, royalty itself, in more than one instance, was closely connected with Jewish blood. Oppressive exactments and degrading distinctions were frequently made, but never interfered with the positions of trust and dignity which the larger portion of the nation enjoyed; so that when the edict of their universal expulsion from the peninsula came in 1492, there was no galling remembrance of debasing misery to conquer the love of fatherland, so fondly fostered in every human heart. Notwithstanding the danger from the constant dread of death, if discovered, secret Jews peopled the most Catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. The extraordinary skill and ingenuity with which these Spanish and Portuguese Jews preserved their secret, and their numerous expedients for the strictest adherence to their ancient religion, under the semblance of most orthodox Catholicism, constitute a romance in history. If ever exposed to the suspicion of the Inquisition, however, the love of country was sacrificed to personal security; the suspected individuals taking refuge either in Holland, or in some of the newly discovered East and West India Islands, and there making public profession of their ancient faith.

Joseph Ben Israel was one of these fugitives. He was a Portuguese Jew, and a resident of Lisbon. Suspicion of secretly following Judaism having fallen upon him, he was twice incarcerated by the Inquisition, and twice released, from the impossibility of proving the charge against him. When confined within those dangerous precincts a third time, he would not wait another examination, but succeeded in scaling the walls of his prison, and secretly fleeing from Portugal, bearing with him his young son Menasseh. At Amsterdam, where Ben Israel settled, both father and son received the peculiar covenant of their faith, and publicly avowed and confessed it. In the Jewish college of that city, Menasseh Ben Israel received his education; and so remarkable was his progress in the difficult studies of the Hebrew acolyte, that when only seventeen he succeeded his master, Isaac Uzieli, as preacher in the synagogue and expounder of the Talmud, and commenced the then difficult task of arranging and amplifying the scanty rules of the Hebrew language in the form of a grammar—a work obtaining him much fame, not only from the extreme youth of the writer, but also for the assistance it rendered to the learned men of all countries in the attaining of a language so little known, yet so much valued. The grammar was speedily followed by numerous other works, written both in Spanish and Latin. Their subject is mostly theology; but Ben Israel's own learning was not confined to sacred subjects alone. Well versed in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese, he not only wrote these languages with ease and fluency, but was well acquainted with the literature of each, and had thus, by extensive culture and thought on a great variety of subjects, acquired larger views and sentiments than were possessed by the generality of his race.

The confiscation of all his paternal property at Lisbon compelled him to resort to commerce—an interruption to his literary pursuits which he would have gladly eluded; but, already a husband and a father, he met the necessity cheerfully, and soon became as influential and as highly respected in commercial affairs as in literature; in which, notwithstanding the many and pressing calls of business, he never allowed his labours to relax. After the marriage of his daughter, he visited, partly for pleasure and partly on business, the Brazils, where his brother-in-law and partner resided. It was a very unusual thing in those days for any Hebrew to travel: the minute and numerous ordinances of the Talmud interfering too closely with daily life, and rendering it difficult to obey them anywhere save in cities, where there were communities of Jews.

But Menasseh Ben Israel, while he gloried in being inwardly and outwardly a follower of the Hebrew faith, had a mind capable of distinguishing between the form and the spirit. The death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, occurred soon after his return from Brazil, and caused him such intense grief, as, according to his own acknowledgment, to render him incapable of the least mental exertion. His only comfort and resource was the perusal of that Holy Book which had been the origin and end of all his studies. It did not fail him in his grief; and after some severe struggles, energy returned.

His literary fame had procured him the intimacy and friendship of the most eminent and learned men throughout Europe. Amongst these was John Thurloe, who, in the year 1651, had gone to the Hague as secretary to St John and Strickland, ambassadors from England to the states of the United Provinces. During his stay in Holland he became acquainted with Ben Israel, and with his earnest but then apparently fruitless wishes for the readmission of his nation into England. In 1653, Thurloe became secretary of state to Cromwell; and, discovering the enlarged and liberal ideas which the Protector individually entertained, he ventured, on his own responsibility, to invite Menasseh Ben Israel to the court of England, and introduced him to Cromwell in 1655. The independence, the amiable qualities, and the great learning of the Jewish stranger, obtained Cromwell's undisguised friendship and regard. Three hundred and sixty-five years had elapsed since a Jew had stood on British ground; and during that interval many changes and improvements, national and social, had taken place. The Reformation had freed England from the galling fetters of ignorance and superstition which must ever attend the general suppression of the word of truth. Increase of toleration towards the Jews was already visible in those parts of the continent which were under Protestant jurisdiction; and it was therefore extremely natural in Menasseh Ben Israel to regard England as one of those favourite countries of Providence where his brethren might enjoy security and rest.

Whether or not a formal act of readmission was passed during the Protectorship, is to this day a question. On the 4th of December 1655, a council was held at Whitehall, composed of the Lord Chief-justice Glynn, Lord Chief-baron Steele, the lord-mayor and sheriffs of London, and sundry merchants and divines, to consider the proposals of Menasseh Ben Israel, which may be condensed into the following: 1. That the Hebrew nation should be received and admitted into the Commonwealth under the express protection of His Highness, who was entreated to command all generals and heads of armies, under oath, to defend them as his other English subjects on all occasions. 2. That public synagogues, and the proper observance of their religion, should be allowed the Jews, not only in England, but in all countries under English jurisdiction. 3. That a cemetery or grave-yard out of the town should be allowed them, without hindrance from any. 4. That they should be permitted to merchandise as others. 5. That a person of quality should be appointed to receive the passports of all foreign Jews who might land in England, and oblige them by oath to maintain fealty to the Commonwealth. 6. That license should be granted to the heads of the synagogue, with the assistance of officers from their own nation, to judge and determine all differences according to the Mosaic law, with liberty to appeal thence to the civil judges of the land. 7. That in case there should be any laws against the nation still existing, they should, in the first place, and before all things, be revoked, that by such means the Jews might remain in greater security under the safeguard and protection of His Serene Highness.

The council met again on the 7th, 12th, and 14th of December, on the last of which days, according to some authorities, the Jews were formally admitted; but, according to others, the council reassembled on the 18th, and dissolved without either adjournment or decision, the judges only declaring that there was *no* law prohibiting the return of the Jews. Burton, in his *History of Oliver Cromwell*, relates that the divines were divided in opinion; but on some asserting that the Scriptures promised their conversion, the Protector replied, 'that if there were such promise, means must be taken to accomplish it, which is the preaching of the gospel; and that cannot be had, unless they were admitted where the gospel was publicly preached.'

Thomas Violet, a goldsmith, drew up a petition in 1660 to Charles II. and his parliament, entreating that the Jews might be expelled from England, and their property confiscated; and in this petition he asserts that, in consequence of the decided disapproval of the clergy in the celebrated council of 1655, the proposal for their readmission had been totally laid aside. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of My Own Times*, refutes this assertion, and declares that, after attentively hearing the debates, Cromwell and his council freely granted Ben Israel's requests; and this appears really to have been the case, for the very next year, 1656, a synagogue for the Spanish and Portuguese Jews was erected in King's Street, Duke's Place, and a burial-ground at Mile End, now the site of the hospital for the same congregation, taken on a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

Leaving the question, then, as to whether or not an act of readmission really passed, it is evident that the deed of toleration, granted from the Protector individually, did as much for the real interests of the Jews as any formal parliamentary enactment. From that time the Jewish nation have found a secure and peaceful home, not in England alone, but in all the British possessions. We shall perceive, as we proceed, that prejudice was still often and violently at work against them; but though it embittered their social position, it did not interfere with their personal security, or prevent the public observance of their faith.

The pen of Menasseh Ben Israel had not been idle during this period of solicitation and suspense. Under the title of *Vindicæ Judæorum* (Defence of the Jews), he published a work in which he ably and fully refuted the infamous charges which in darker ages had been levelled against his brethren. He had received, too, his degree as physician; and thus united the industry and information requisite for three professions—literature, commerce, and medicine. 'He was a man,' we are told, 'without passion, without levity, and without opulence;' persevering and independent, full of kindly affection, and susceptible of strong emotion, with all the loftiness of the Spanish character, tempered, however, with qualities which gained for him the regard of the best and most learned men of his age. He did not continue in England—though it has been said he was solicited to do so by Cromwell—but rejoined his brother at Middelburg in Zeeland, where he died in the year 1657.

The reign of Charles II. beheld the Jews frequently attacked and seriously annoyed by popular prejudice; but their actual position as British subjects remained undisturbed. Thomas Violet's petition we have already noticed; but its vindictive spirit did harm only to its originator. Four years afterwards, the security of their persons and property being threatened, they appealed to the king, who declared in council, that as long as they demeaned themselves peaceably, and with submission to the laws, they should continue to receive the same favours as formerly. At Surinam, the following year, the British government, by proclamation, confirmed all their privileges, guaranteed the full enjoyment and free exercise of their religion, rites, and ceremonies; adding, that any summons issued against them on their Sabbaths and holy-days should be null and void; and that, except on urgent occasions, they should not be called upon for any public duties on those days. That civil cases should be decided by their elders, and that they might bequeath their property according to their own law of inheritance. All foreign Jews settling there were recognised as British-born subjects, and included in the above-enumerated privileges. As a proof how strongly the affections of the Hebrews were engaged towards England by this exhibition of tolerance, we may mention that when Surinam was conquered by, and finally ceded to the Dutch, although their privileges were all confirmed by the conquerors, they gave up their homes, synagogues, and lands, and braved all the discomforts of removal, and settled in Jamaica and other English colonies, rather than live under a government hostile to Great Britain.*

In 1673 we find prejudice again busy, in an indictment charging the Jews with unlawfully meeting for public worship. They again unhesitatingly appealed to the king, petitioning that, during their stay in England, they might be unmolested, or that time might be allowed them to withdraw from the country. Charles, pursuing his previous policy, peremptorily commanded that all proceedings against them should cease; and during the remainder of his reign no further molestation occurred.

On the accession of James II., old prejudices were renewed, and thirty-seven Jewish merchants were arrested on the Exchange for no crime or fault, but simply for their non-attendance on any church. Certain writs in statute 23 of Elizabeth, instituted, probably, to suppress innovations in Protestantism, were the pretext for this aggression. James, as his brother had done, befriended the Jews; and summoning a council composed of the highest dignitaries of his realm, both church and laymen, declared 'that they should not be troubled on this account, but they should quietly enjoy the free exercise of their religion as long as they behaved themselves dutifully and obediently to the government.'

The foregoing was the last public annoyance to which they were subjected in England. In 1690, indeed, a petition was sent to King William III. from the council of Jamaica, that all Jews should be made to quit the island; but it was positively refused. And we infer that King William's sentiments towards the Israelites must have been even more favourable than those of his predecessors, from the circumstance that a great increase of Jews took place in England during his reign. Until this reign, one synagogue had sufficed; the service and laws of which were conducted according to the principles of the Spanish Jews. In 1692 the first German synagogue was erected in Broad Court, Duke's Place; and from that time two distinct bodies of Jews, known as Spanish and Portuguese, German and Dutch, have been naturalised in England. No new privileges were granted them, however, during the reigns of either William or Anne.

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* Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, situated on the north-eastern coast of South America, is still almost peopled with Jews; but they are emigrants from the Dutch possessions in Europe, not descendants of the former Anglo-Jewish settlers.

It is not till the ninth year of George I., 1723, that we can discover a parliamentary acknowledgment of their being British subjects; granting them a privilege, which, in the present age, would appear meagre enough, but which, at the time of its bestowal, marked a very decided advance in popular enlightenment. 'Whenever any of his *majesty's subjects*, professing the *Jewish religion*, shall present themselves to take the oath of adjuration, the words on the *faith of a Christian* shall be omitted out of the said oath; and the taking of it by such persons professing the Jewish religion without the words aforesaid, in the manner as Jews are admitted to be sworn to give evidence in the courts of justice, shall be deemed a sufficient taking.' At the same time, they acquired the right to possess land.

In the reign of George II., 1740, another act of parliament passed, recognising all Jews who resided in the American colonies, or had served as mariners during the war two years in British ships, as 'natural-born subjects, without taking the sacrament.' Thirteen years afterwards, the Naturalisation Bill passed, but was repealed the year following, according to the petitions of the city of London and other English towns. Since then the Jews have gradually gained ground in social consideration, and although a vulgar prejudice against them still survives among the ignorant portion of society, it is fast disappearing. Every disability that formerly environed the race has now been repealed. Since 1830, civic corporations—since 1833, the profession of advocates—and since 1845, the offices of alderman and of lord-mayor, have been opened to them. Finally, in 1858, the last and crowning triumph of the principle of toleration was achieved by the admission of Jews into parliament. It is even possible—if we rightly appreciate modern tendencies—that the once despised and persecuted Hebrew may become a popular figure in the future. There is a profound interest felt in him and his national literature. It is beginning to be suspected that there is a closer relation between his religion and Christianity than men have hitherto supposed, and now that the 'dark ages' of fanaticism have passed away, and Christians look with horror on the bloody cruelties of their forefathers, it may be that the modern world will regard with a kind of penitential interest those sacred writings, from which the sore-smitten wanderers have drawn consolation and hope for two thousand years. The extraordinary attention—we might almost say enthusiasm—excited by Dr Deutsch's recent article on the 'Talmud,' in the *Quarterly*, is an indication of the direction in which we believe the public mind to be moving. And this tendency has been accelerated by the discovery, that latterly, and in spite of obvious disadvantages, the Jew has taken a foremost place in the ranks of intellect. To enumerate names of those who were and are illustrious in general literature, in law, philosophy, medicine, philology, mathematics, belles-lettres, &c., we cannot even attempt, since there is not one country in Europe which does not count Jews among the foremost and most brilliant representatives of its intellectual progress. Of Germany—considered to be in the vanguard of European learning—Bunsen says that the greater part of the professors at its universities and academies are Jews or of Jewish origin (Neander, Gans, Benary, Weil, Benfey, Stahl, Dernberg, Valentin, Lazarus, Herz, &c. &c.)—certainly a most startling fact. Another extraordinary and well-authenticated fact is, that the European press, no less than European finance, which means the freest development of all the resources of soil and science for the gigantic enterprises of our day, are to a great extent in their power; while, on the other hand, names like Heinrich Heine, B. Börne, R. v. Ense, Berthold Auerbach, Henrik Herz, Jules Janin; Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Joachim, Ernst, Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Grisi, Braham, Giuglini, Czillag, Costa; Rachel, Davison, Rott, Dessoir; Bendemann, &c.; besides hosts of others less familiar to English ears, who shine in all branches of art—music, sculpture, painting, the drama, &c.—shew plainly how unjust is the reproach of their being an 'abstract' people, without sense for the bright side of life and the arts that embellish it. Briefly—they are, by the unanimous verdict of the historians and philosophers of our times, reckoned among the chief promoters of the development of humanity and civilisation. What has been their reward we have seen. Terrible has been the punishment for sins and shortcomings, real or imaginary, over which both Christians and Mohammedans have thought good, at different periods, to constitute themselves judges; and the most hideous spot in the history of the last two thousand years is the systematical but futile endeavour to sweep the 'chosen race' from off the face of the earth. 'If there is a gradation in sufferings, Israel has reached the highest acme; if the long duration of sufferings, and the patience with which they are borne, ennobles, the Jews defy the high-born of all countries; if a literature is called rich which contains a few classical dramas, what place deserves a tragedy lasting a millennium and a half, composed and enacted by the heroes themselves?'—Zunz, *Synagogale Poesie.*

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH JEWS.

In externals, and in all secular thoughts and actions, the English naturalised Jew is an Englishman, and his family is reared with the education and accomplishments of other members of the community. Only in some private and personal characteristics, and in religious belief, does the Jew differ from his neighbours. Many of the British Jews are descended from families who resided some time in Spain; others trace their origin to families from Germany. There have always been some well-defined differences in the appearance, the language, and the manners of these two classes. The Spanish Hebrews had occupied so high a position in Spain and Portugal, that even in their compulsory exile their peculiarly high and honourable principles, their hatred of all meanness, either in thought or act, their wealth, their exclusiveness, and strong attachment to each other, caused their community to resemble a little knot of Spanish princes, rather than the cowed and bending bargain-seeking individuals usually known as Jews.

The constant and enslaving persecution of the German Hebrews had naturally enough produced on their characters a very different effect. Nothing degrades the moral character more effectually than debasing treatment. To regard an individual as incapable of honour, charity, and truth, as always seeking to gratify personal interest, is more than likely to make him such. Confined to degrading employment, with minds narrowed, as the natural consequence—allowed no other pursuit than that of usury, with its minor branches, pawnbroking and old-clothes selling—it was not very strange, that when the German Hebrews did make their way into England, and were compelled, for actual subsistence, still to follow these occupations, that their brethren from Spain should keep aloof, and shrink from all connection with them. Time, however, looks on many curious changes: not only have the mutual prejudices of the Jews subsided, but the position of the two parties is transposed. The Germans, making good use of peace and freedom, have advanced, not in wealth alone (for that, even when oppressed, they contrived to possess), but in enlightenment, influence, and respectability. Forty years ago, intermarriage between the two sects, or rather *septs*, was regarded as a domestic calamity; but at the present day, every trace of the old social antipathy has disappeared, and the members of the *Archkensim*, or German rite, live on the most friendly terms with those of the *Sephardim*, or Portuguese rite.

An internal reform in the religious worship of the London Jews took place about the year 1841; and as it possesses a peculiar interest for Protestants, it deserves special notice. It was originated by a Jewish layman, Mr Isaac Goldsmidt, with the active co-operation of a young rabbi of great intelligence and learning, named Marks, now Principal of the New or Western Synagogue, meeting in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. It may be described as a revolt against the tyranny of traditional ceremonialism, that 'yoke' which the apostle declared long ago to be unbearable by any generation. Casting aside as obsolete the laws of the Talmud and Mishna, except where they are still physically and morally beneficent, the members of the Western Synagogue adhere to the teaching and the usages of the Old Testament alone, and thus their attitude to their Jewish brethren may be compared to that in which the churches of the Reformation stand to Roman Catholicism, but in one respect there is a noble difference. While Protestant and Romanist have for ages assailed each other with every weapon of hatred, and have often denied each other the name of Christian, the Jews of the 'new' and the 'old' rite have forborne to quarrel, and generously co-operate in conducting those charitable institutions which form one of the noblest features of their religion.

Even more notable than this is what may be called the *rationalistic* tendency that has recently betrayed itself among the intellectual and cultivated Jews, some of whom, abandoning both the Jewish and Christian doctrine of a personal Messiah, look for the fulfilment of the so-called Messianic prophecies, not in an individual, but in the race. They look for a perfected humanity, not for an isolated specimen of perfection.

The domestic manners of the Jews in Great Britain are so exactly similar to those of their Christian brethren, that were it not for the observance of the seventh day instead of the first, the prohibition of certain meats, and the celebration of certain solemn festivals and rites, it would be difficult to distinguish a Jewish from a native household. The characteristics so often assigned to them in tales professing to introduce a Jew or a Jewish family, are almost all incorrect, being drawn either from the impressions of the past, or from some special case, or perhaps from attention to some Pole, Spaniard, or Turk, who may just as well be a Polish or Spanish Christian, or Turkish Mussulman, as a Jew. These great errors in delineation arise from the supposition, that because they are Hebrews they must be different from any other race. They *are* distinct in feature and religion, but in nothing else. Like the rest of the human race, they are, as individuals, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; as a people, their virtues very greatly predominate. Even in the lowest and most degraded classes, we never find those awful crimes with which the public records teem. A Jewish murderer, adulterer, burglar, or even petty thief, is actually unknown. Fagin exists only in the imaginations of the readers of *Oliver Twist*—the Jewish population of London being, in fact, remarkable for its integrity. This may perhaps arise from the fact, that the numerous and well-ordered charities of the Jews prevent those horrible cases of destitution, and the consequent temptations to sin, from which such a mass of crime proceeds. A Jewish beggar by profession is a character unheard of; nor do we ever find the blind or deformed belonging to this people lingering about the streets. Such is their sobriety too, that, according to Dr Asher, the medical officer of the Jewish Board of Guardians in Devonshire Square, a case of *delirium tremens* among the poor Jews is a thing utterly unknown. From the same authority we learn that, in cases of serious illness or severe accident, recovery is more frequent and more rapid among them than among the correspondingly poor class of Christians—a result which is also proved by the records of the London Hospital, in which there are separate wards for the use of Jewish patients. The virtues of the Jews are essentially of the domestic and social kind. The English are noted for the comfort and happiness of their firesides, and in this loveliest school of virtue the Hebrews not only equal, but in some instances surpass, their neighbours. From the highest classes to the most indigent, affection, reverence, and tenderness mark their domestic intercourse. Three, sometimes four generations, may be found dwelling together—the woman performing the blended duties of parent, wife, and child; the man those of husband, father, and son. As members of a community, they are industrious, orderly, temperate, and contented; as citizens, they are faithful, earnest, and active; as the native denizens of Great Britain, ever ready to devote their wealth and personal service in the cause of their adopted land.

Both the Spanish and German congregations have their respective charities, either founded by benevolent individuals, or supported by voluntary contributions and annual subscriptions. There are schools for poor children of both sexes and all ages, from the infant too young to walk, to the youth or maiden ready for apprenticeship; orphan asylums and orphan societies for clothing, educating, maintaining, and apprenticing both male and female orphans; hospitals for the sick, comprising also establishments for lying-in women, and an asylum for the aged; societies, far too numerous to specify by name, for clothing the poor; for relieving by donations of meat, bread, and coals; for cheering the needy at festivals; for visiting and relieving poor women, when confined, at their own dwellings, and enabling them to adhere to the rites of their religion in naming their infants; for allowing the indigent blind a certain sum weekly, which they forfeit if ever seen begging about the streets; for granting loans to the industrious poor, or gifts if needed; for outfitting boys who are to quit the country, and granting rewards for good behaviour to servants and apprentices; for furnishing persons to sit up with the sick poor, and granting a certain sum for the maintenance of poor families during the seven days' mourning for the dead, a period by the Jews always kept sacred; for relieving distressed aliens of the Jewish persuasion; and, amongst the Portuguese, for granting marriage-portions, twice in the year, to one or more fatherless girls, and for giving pensions to widows. There are also almshouses for twenty-four poor women annexed to the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, and others in Globe Lane for ten respectable poor families of the same congregation; and not many years ago, a philanthropic individual (A. L. Moses, Esq. of Aldgate) erected almshouses for twelve poor families of the German congregation, with a synagogue attached, in Bethnal Green Road, at his own sole expense.

When we remember how small is the number of Jewish denizens in the great city of London, compared with its Christian population, and observe the variety and number of these charities, we are surely borne out in our assertion, that benevolence is a very marked characteristic of the Jews. Nor is it a virtue confined to the rich. Beautiful is that charity which is shewn by the poor to the poor, and it is in this that the Jews excel. To relieve the needy, and open the hand wide to their poor brother, is a repeatedly enforced command of their religion, which they literally and lovingly obey. On the eve of their great festival, the Passover, the door of the poorest dwelling may be found open, an extra plate, knife, and fork laid on the frugal table; and whoever needs food, or even lodging, for that holy festival, may freely enter and appropriate to himself the reserved seat. That he may be quite a stranger is of little consequence; he is a Hebrew, and needy, and is therefore welcome to the same fare as the family themselves partake.

Nor are these charities confined only to their own race; they never refuse assistance, according to their means, whatever may be the creed. Neither prejudiced nor penurious in calls of philanthropy, their heart is open as their hand; and if they amass gold too eagerly, the fault is in some degree atoned by the use to which it is applied.

The domestic government of the Hebrews is very simple. Each synagogue is, as it were, a little independent state, governed by a sort of parliament, consisting of *parnassim* or wardens, *gaboy* or treasurer, and elders, with an attendant secretary, the congregation of the synagogue being like the members of a state. The wardens have the general superintendence of all the affairs of the congregation: the treasurer, the charge of all the sums coming into his hands for the use of the congregation, and of their expenditure. These officers are elected yearly—two wardens being chosen about Easter, which is generally the time of the Jewish Passover; and two more, and the treasurer, about Michaelmas, at the conclusion of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. Four wardens, or parnassim, therefore act together; each performing the part of president three months alternately, and, during the time of his presidency, being considered as the civil head of the little community, and receiving certain honours accordingly.

The wardens and treasurer, attended by the secretary, whose business it is to take note of their proceedings, and bring cases before them for their consideration, meet once or twice a week in a large chamber adjoining the synagogue, to make grants of moneys, distribute relief, and endeavour, by strict examination and impartial judgment, to settle all causes and disputes according to the laws, institutions, and penalties of the Jewish state (that is, synagogue), and so prevent the scandal of bringing petty offences and domestic differences before the English law. If, however, they cannot succeed in making peace, or the offence is of so grave a nature as to interfere with the British laws, the offender is indicted before the lord mayor, and must take his trial as any other English subject.

When questions of general importance are agitated, the gaboy, or treasurer, summons the elders to monthly meetings; where, in conjunction with the wardens, the subject is discussed, and decided by a majority. If the votes are equal, the president is allowed the casting vote in addition to his own; but all resolutions passed at one meeting must be confirmed in the next, to be considered valid.

No member of the synagogue can be an elder, unless he has served or been elected a warden or treasurer; but there are some meetings to which, in the Spanish congregation, all the members of the synagogue are summoned, women as well as men; all, in short, of either sex who pay a tax to the synagogue; the paying of which tax, or *finta*, as it is called, constitutes a member. There is no fixed assessment, but each member is taxed according to his means.

These remarks, however, refer principally to the Spanish and Portuguese congregation; the Dutch and German differs in some minor points, such as having three wardens instead of four, who serve sometimes two years instead of one. And in addition to the wardens and treasurer, they have an overseer of the poor, and seven elders, who are annually elected from the members of the vestry, and regularly attend at monthly or vestry meetings; forming, with the honorary officers, wardens, &c. a committee, who deliberate on all matters essential to the congregation. The vestry of the Germans, like the elders of the Portuguese, consists of such members as have previously been elected to the honorary offices. Their duty is to attend all special and quarterly meetings for the general government of the synagogue.

In both synagogues, Spanish and German, all members residing within twelve miles of the synagogue are eligible for either of the honorary offices, and are elected by ballot; the president in this as in other cases having the casting vote. No election is considered valid without a majority of seven votes. The individual elected may or may not accept, but is subject to a fine if he refuse, unless incapacitated for the duties of the office by ill health or old age. Persons above seventy years of age are exempted from the fine.

In London, we might almost say in England, there is but one synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese rite; that founded by Menasseh Ben Israel in the time of Cromwell. The Germans have so multiplied, that not only have they four or five synagogues in London, but form a congregation in almost every provincial town. It is a rare occurrence to find a family of Spanish or Portuguese extraction established elsewhere than in London; but wherever the Germans can discover an opening for business, there they will be found active and persevering, self-satisfied and happy; ever on the alert for the increase of wealth, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of its acquirement. The synagogues and Jewish congregations, therefore, in the provincial towns, it should be remembered, all belong to this body, and must not be considered as representatives of *all* the British Jews. Each synagogue belonging to the Germans has its own government of honorary officers, &c., who superintend the affairs of their own congregations, rich and poor. Formerly, they were all considered tributary to the great synagogue of Duke's Place; but they are now independent, and the bond of union being one of amity, and not of restraint, their individual and several interests have been preserved in mutual harmony.

In addition to the already mentioned officers, each synagogue has two or more deputies, elected every seven years, as representatives of the Jewish nation to the British government. Their duty is to take cognisance of all political and statistical matters concerning the Hebrew communities throughout the British empire. In cases of general national importance, they meet together, consult, and then reporting the result of their deliberations to their elders and constituents—for such in fact are the several congregations by whom they are elected—and receiving their assent, they proceed to act on the measures proposed. On all occasions of public rejoicing, as on the accession of a sovereign or national victory, &c., it is the office of the deputies to address the sovereign in the name of all their brethren; and in cases of petitions for increased privileges for themselves, or relief for their oppressed nation in other lands, it is their duty to wait upon the premier, or any of the ministers in office, and request their interference.

JEWS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

In the treatment of the Jews, Great Britain, the United States of North America, France, and Holland are the most liberal. In the United States, Jews are eligible to all civil offices; and there it is far from uncommon to find Jews performing the functions of judges of the higher courts, sheriffs, and members of congress. All this is exactly as it should be.

But in some nations the Jews are still liable to insults, oppressions, banishment, and even at intervals to torture and massacre; particularly in that wretchedly misgoverned country, the Danubian Principalities, where, every three months or so, some bloody outrage is perpetrated. The same charge of kidnapping and murdering Christian children in Poland, Prussia, and many parts of Germany, was, until lately, often fulminated against them—rousing the easily kindled wrath and hate of the more ignorant, and occasioning such assaults as frequently demanded the interference of the military to subdue—and the subsequent discovery that the supposed victim of Jewish bloodthirstiness had fled from the cruelty of Christian masters, found refuge, and kindness, and food in the Jewish households, to which he had been tracked, and escaped thence, with their friendly aid, into the open country, where, happily for the release of his benefactors from unsparing slaughter, he was discovered and brought back.

It is very difficult to obtain a just and correct view of the domestic history of the Jews on the continent; scarcely possible, in fact, except by a residence of some weeks in the midst of them. Travellers notice them so casually, and these notices are so coloured with the individual feelings with which they are viewed, that we can glean no satisfactory information except as to their social position, which has been always that of a people apart. The less privileges they enjoy, the more marked, of course, this separation becomes. The prejudice on both sides is strengthened; and to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic life and their national government is impossible. In France, Belgium, and Holland, as we have seen in England, they are only Jews in the peculiar forms and observances of their religion: in everything else of domestic, social, or public life, they are as completely children of the soil as their Christian brethren. But in many parts of the continent, they are so marked by degrading ordinances, even to their modes of dress and the localities of their dwellings, that their individual and social identity is known at once, and they are shunned and hated as possessors of the plague. In Rome, the Jews are still confined to one quarter of the town, called the Ghetto, which is often completely inundated. In the other towns of Italy, though the quarters of the towns assigned them may be somewhat less unhealthy, their social position is the same. In Austria, Francis I., and after him Joseph II., sought to meliorate their condition. After a relapse of state bigotry, we are glad to say that the liberal policy of these monarchs has been revived, and since 1860, the Jews have been permitted to hold land. Within the last few years they have also obtained many civic rights.

In the time of Napoleon, several of the smaller German sovereignties befriended the Jews, issuing ordinances admitting them to many civil rights, exempting them from oppressive imposts, and permitting them to pursue trade and obtain professorships. In gratitude for these unusual privileges, several entered the army of the allies, formed in 1813 to break the galling yoke of Napoleon, and so distinguished themselves, as to receive as many medals and decorations of honour as their more naturally warlike compatriots. It was only reasonable that, as they performed all the duties of patriots and citizens to their respective states, they should demand and expect the abolition of all the oppressive enactments made against them in more barbarous times. And we find, in 1815, the Germanic Confederation assembled at Vienna declaring in their sixteenth article, 'The diet will take into consideration in what way the civil melioration of the Jews may best be effected, and in particular how the enjoyment of all civil rights, in return for the performance of all civil duties, may be most effectually secured to them in the states of the Confederation. In the meantime the professors of this faith shall continue to enjoy the rights already extended to them.'

For a considerable number of years, however, the condition of the Jews in Germany shewed that this was mere words. With the cessation of the call for their patriotism, the recollection of their services also ceased, and no decided means was taken to secure to them the promised privileges. The great trading towns, Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and especially Frankfort-on-the-Maine, never shewed even the profession of friendliness towards them. In Frankfort, until not many years ago, so heavily were they oppressed, that if any Jew, even of the most venerable age, did not take off his hat to the mere children of Christian parents, he was pelted with stones, and insulted by terms of the grossest abuse ; for which there was neither redress nor retaliation ; and this was but one of those social humiliations, the constant pressure of which must at length degrade their subjects to the narrow mind, closed-up heart, and sole pursuit of self-interest of which they are accused. The impoverished condition of the nobles and princes of the soil during the war with Napoleon, frequently compelled them to part with their estates to the only possessors of ready money—the Jews. When the immediate pressure of want had subsided, it was naturally galling to men, as proud as they were poor, to behold the castles and lands, the heritage of noble German families through many centuries, enjoyed by men of neither rank nor education, and whose sole consideration was great wealth. The very means by which that wealth was obtained—contracts entered into with the French emperor—increased the dislike of all classes towards them, heightened by the presumption and ostentation they displayed. In 1820, riots broke out against them at Meiningen, at Würzburg, and extended along the Rhine. Hamburg, and still farther northward, as far as Copenhagen, caught the infection ; and so serious were the disturbances, so sanguinary the intentions of aroused multitudes, that it demanded the utmost vigilance of the various governments to prevent the nineteenth century from becoming a repetition of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The very cry which was the signal for the old massacres, and which, once heard, was as certain doom to the hapless Jew as if the sword was already at his throat—'Hep ! hep !' from the initials of the old Crusade cry, 'Hierosolyma est perdita !' (Jerusalem is lost !)—was revived on this occasion ; a curious fact, as full four centuries had elapsed since it had last been heard. Nine years later, we are told that 'when the states of Würtemberg were discussing a measure which extended civil rights to the Israelites, the populace of Stuttgart surrounded the Hall of Assembly with savage outcries of "Down with the Jews!" The states, however, calmly maintained their dignity, continued their sittings, and eventually passed the bill.'

When we remember that this fanatical outbreak of prejudice took place only forty years ago, we may have some idea of the social position of the Jews in Germany in the first part of this century. Notwithstanding its humiliating nature, however, they have shared the advancement of the age in the zealous cultivation of intellect and art. The extraordinary genius of their great countryman, Moses Mendelssohn, who flourished in the eighteenth century—the boldness with which he had flung aside the trammels of rabbinism, and the prejudices arising from long ages of persecution, making himself not only a name amongst the first of German literati, but forming friendships with Lessing, Lavater, and other great spirits of the age, completely destroying in his own person the unsocial spirit of his nation—had given an impulse to the Jews, which even the excitement of the war, and its vast resources for amassing wealth, had not the power to diminish. German, and the other modern languages, which, until the master-mind of Mendelssohn appeared, had been considered profane, and therefore neglected, were now zealously cultivated. They attended the universities, and greatly advanced in all the departments of mental and physical science; thus proving that when the Jews appear so devoted to interest alone as to neglect all the higher and more intellectual pursuits, it is position, not character, that is at fault. In the earlier ages, we find them, in the brief intervals of peace, not merely merchants of splendour and opulence, but the sole physicians, sole teachers, sole ministers of finance in their respective realms to nobles and princes. Their superior intelligence and education at a period when it was rare for nobles and kings, and even the clergy, to write their names, marked them out for offices of trust, which they never failed to execute with ability and skill. And it is notorious that the ambassador between the Catholic emperor Charlemagne, and the no less famous Mohammedan potentate Haroun al Raschid, holding in his sole trust the political interests of Europe and Asia—for at that time the princes we have named might be justly considered the representatives of the two continents—was neither knight, noble, nor prince, but simply Isaac, a Jew! But when these breathing-times had passed, when kings and princes needed wealth, and their exhausted coffers could only be replenished by the treasures of the Jews—when the multitude asked but a rumour to fan suppressed hatred to a flame—the horrors of persecution recommenced; the services of the Jews were forgotten; and statute after statute, each more degrading than the last, bound them to such a position, such pursuits, that they became ignorant of their own power themselves, and made no effort to prove themselves other than they were believed. But the power was quenched—not lost; and it burst forth again with renewed vigour wherever it had scope for development and growth.

There is a street in Frankfort-on-the-Maine called the Juden Strasse, or Jews Street, in which the houses look so aged and poverty-stricken, that to walk down it almost seems to transport one to the middle ages, and recalls all the painful stories of the Jews of that time, and the marvellous tale of the lavish splendour and great wealth which these hovel-like entrances concealed; the affectation of poverty and abject misery assumed, not from any miser-like propensities in themselves, but to deceive their cruel foes, to whom the scent of wealth was always the signal for blood. In this street, during the wars of the First Napoleon, dwelt an honest, hard-working Jew, little regarded by his fellows of his own or the Christian faith; he was poorer than the generality of his brethren, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to denote a more than common mind. How it happened that he was selected as the guardian of certain moneys and treasures belonging to a German prince, whom the fate of war had caused to flee from his possessions, does not appear; but certain it is that the trust was willingly accepted and nobly fulfilled. The confusion and alarm of the French invasion, and the various revolutions in Germany thence proceeding, extended to Frankfort. Many of the Jews were pillaged; for wealth being imagined synonymous with the word Jew, they were less likely to escape than any. The Jew we have mentioned was amongst the number, but so effectually were the prince's treasures concealed, that their existence was not even suspected. And when the tumult had ceased, and Frankfort was again left to its own quiet, the Jew's own little property had greatly diminished, but his *trust* was untouched. Some few years passed; the pillaging of Frankfort had reached the ears of the dispossessed prince, and he quietly resigned himself to the belief that his own treasures had shared the common fate, or at least had been appropriated by the Jew to atone for his own losses. As soon as he could, he returned to his country, but he was so fully possessed with the idea that he was utterly impoverished, that he made no effort at first even to inquire after the fate of his property. His astonishment—which, however, admiration and gratitude equalled—may be conceived when he received from the hands of the Jew the whole untouched; some assert with the full interest of certain sums which his necessities had compelled him to use; but this is traditional. We can only vouch for the truth as far as the immediate undiminished return of the whole property as soon as claimed. The *effects* of this honourable conduct can be traced to this day in the whole financial world.

The prince was not of that easy nature to be satisfied with the mere expressions of gratitude. He spread the tale—which, regarded as an utter contradiction to the imagined characteristic usurious practices of the Jews, appeared far more extraordinary than it really was—over all the courts of Germany. From them it spread to other kingdoms: the Jew found himself suddenly withdrawn from obscurity, and all his talents for financial enterprise—of the extent of which, perhaps, he had been ignorant himself till the *hour* found the *man*—called into play. Not only did he amass such wealth himself as perhaps sometimes to cause a smile at the treasures which had seemed of such moment to their owner, but his family, ennobled, accomplished, prince-like in their establishments and position, may be found under the famous name of *Rothschild*, scattered in almost every European court, and acknowledged on every Exchange as the great movers of the money-market of the world. But the widow of their founder refused all state or grandeur; and to her last years received the visits of her descendants in the same lowly dwelling that beheld the rise and growth of her husband's fortunes—in the old dilapidated Juden Strasse of Frankfort.

Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, shewed himself singularly harsh towards the Jews; in fact, his legislation, it has been said, almost throws us back into the middle ages. All manner of iniquitous and ridiculous taxes were laid upon them; only a certain number were allowed to reside in the country, and these were prohibited both from the most honourable and the most lucrative employments. This shameful state of matters was ended by the Prussian edict of toleration (1812), by which Jews were placed almost in an equal position as citizens with other Prussians. Since then, the tendency, on the whole, had been to enlarge their 'liberties'—until the revolution of 1848 finally gained them their full emancipation, although, owing to the subsequent periods of reaction, it has not as yet been entirely carried out. In the smaller German states, their full rights have likewise—gradually and grudgingly—been conceded to them at last; and the first German National Assembly held in Frankfort in 1848 and 1849 contained many prominent Jewish members, among whom was the vice-president, Riesser.

While Poland was an independent sovereignty, the Jews there had greater privileges than in any other European kingdom except Spain; and in fact many Spanish and Portuguese refugees fled to that country when expelled from their own. A charter is still extant, made by Duke Bodislas, who flourished in the thirteenth century, protecting them from oppressions of every kind, and breathing a spirit of toleration and benevolence strangely contrasting with the cruel enactments of contemporary sovereigns. The love said to be borne by Casimir, the great-grandson of Bodislas, for a Jewish girl, occasioned the confirmation of this deed. And even when, at a later period, and in the first heat of the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants, the latter faith was prohibited, the Jews still remained unmolested. They formed the only middle class of the kingdom, and, as such, were the sole engrossers of traffic, constituting in several towns and villages nearly the whole of the population. They had numerous academies, where, however, the rabbinical, more than general learning, was made a first object. Poland might at that time have been termed the seat of rabbinism, for nowhere were the traditions more considered, nor its teachers more revered. Jewish parents from all quarters sent their sons to the Polish schools, satisfied that there they must attain all the necessary knowledge.

With the dismemberment of Poland, the privileges of the Jews ceased. It was not likely that the Polish Jews, eminently patriotic, would be the favoured portion of the emperor of Russia's Polish subjects. Mr Herschel has graphically delineated their miserable condition after this great political crime had been consummated: 'They are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside. It not unfrequently happens that one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town not hitherto prohibited: this affords a reason for proscribing them. It is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that quarter of the city; and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss. They are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress. In the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning. The very children in the streets often throw stones at the most respectable Jews, and call them the most opprobrious names, unchecked and unrebuked.'

In 1805 and 1809, the Emperor Alexander issued decrees insuring them full liberty of trade and commerce; but of the liberties which he conferred upon them, they were deprived by the late emperor, Nicholas. Since 1835, a scheme of gradual emancipation has been under contemplation. In Denmark, since 1814, they have enjoyed the rights of citizenship; but not a Jew dared touch the soil of Norway till 1860.

In the Mohammedan kingdoms, indeed, they have often enjoyed toleration; the extreme indolence of the Mussulmans assisting in permitting them to obtain the almost exclusive trade of the Levant. Although exposed to the oppression of individuals—sultans and pashas needing wealth or excitement—still these are but temporary misfortunes, which they unhappily share with the native subjects of these rulers.

Scattered as they are all over the world, literally from north to south, and east to west, and in all the corners and islands of the globe, forming colonies, or being already domiciled in every newly discovered land, yet America now seems their central home. They have there privileges and freedom in common with any and every other faith, and are debarred from no social advantages.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom, such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalised in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal or Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity, and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionate and generously conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

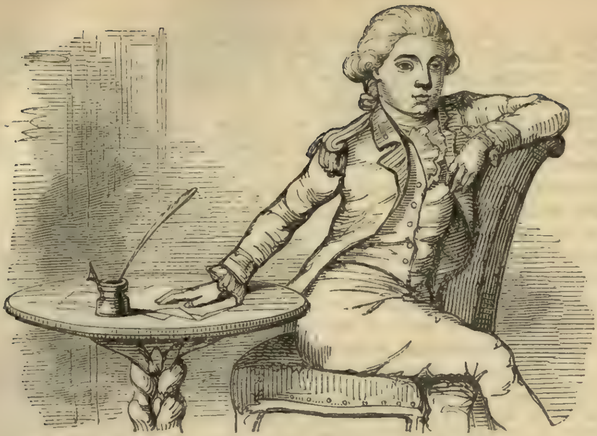
In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business, they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorised to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers; but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume; we have only space to mention one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailer as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when otherwise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks, gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to his jailer for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailer quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias' was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailer, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner, his humorous gaiety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers round him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to flee from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement; and not long after Garcias' summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to flee. So much secrecy and caution were necessary effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet-dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the 'question,' by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted; the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her horror and consternation, that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement story, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place;* and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards, the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long betrothed, long severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathise with the Jews as any class of the community.

Such is the history of a people who, though for so many years denizens and subjects of this free and happy land, are yet regarded as aliens and strangers; and still, unhappily but too often, as objects of rooted prejudice and dislike. To trace this prejudice to its origin might be difficult; for it would be hard to say it proceeded from ignorance, when it is so often found amongst the educated classes. Yet ignorance in reality it is. The peculiar religion of the Hebrews, and their habit of worshipping apart, keeps them strangers in a great degree to the community at large. But whenever it happens that the interdicted circle of a Jewish family is entered, and its inmates known, prejudice is sure to give way. The faults of the Hebrews, such as they are, may be traced, in a great measure at least, to the degrading influences of long-continued persecution, which they suffered from the bigotry of ancient barbarism in this and in other countries. Now, however, that the British empire has given the exiles of Judea not only a home of peace and freedom, but every right that a citizen can possess, it is to be hoped that they may feel towards her an affection and reverence as strong and undying as any of her native sons, and that the social prejudice against the Jews will ultimately disappear with the dawn of an era in which all Englishmen, however differently they may pray to the Great Father of all, shall yet, so long as they fail not in duty to their country and to each other, be regarded as the common children of one beloved soil.



ARNOLD AND ANDRÉ.

WE are about to relate one of the most remarkable incidents in the war which secured the independence of the United States of America, and for the time inflicted grievous ignominy on the British arms. This fatal war, which all Englishmen now deplore as unjust towards the colonists, began by an insurrection in Boston in 1773, and terminated in peace with Great Britain in 1783. The period to which our narrative refers is the latter part of 1780, when a British force, under Sir Henry Clinton, held possession of New York, and the confederated American army occupied the upper part of the Hudson River, under the command of General Washington. As yet, the fate of the war was doubtful. The Americans had fought with a degree of ardour and skill altogether unlooked for by the ministry of George III., and had effected a variety of startling and brilliant successes. The English, however, by retaining New York, possessed in some measure the power of blockading the coast, and of intercepting communication with the interior, by means of their vessels in the lower part of the Hudson. Each party may be said to have been at a pause, to consider what steps should next be taken to weary out and overcome its antagonist, when a scheme was devised by two officers of rank, one on each side, for the delivery to the British of some important posts on the Hudson River. This scheme, of course, involved treachery and treason on the part of the American; while, according to the convenient principle of all things being fair in war, it only inferred patriotic enterprise in the British officer. The parties engaged in this hazardous plot were Benedict Arnold, a major-general in the American army, and John André, adjutant-general in the British service, and who at the time resided at New York, in the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton.

Arnold's life is curious, and may first occupy attention. We gather the particulars of it from the well-written digest of Jared Sparks.

Benedict Arnold, descended from a respectable family who had settled in Rhode Island, was born at Norwich in Connecticut, on the 3d of January 1740. While yet a lad, he was apprenticed to a druggist; but the monotonous duties of the shop were unsuitable to his roving disposition, and smitten with the attractions of a military life, he enlisted as a soldier without the knowledge of his friends, and went off with a body of recruits. Released and brought back, he ran away and enlisted a second time. Tired, however, of garrison duty, he deserted, returned to Norwich, and resumed his former employment, in which he gave no small trouble to all who were connected with him. Fortunately for his parents, they died before he brought the stain of dishonour and crime on their name. After finishing his apprenticeship, young Arnold commenced business as a druggist in Newhaven. He was assisted by his former masters in setting up his new establishment, which at first was on a small scale; but by his enterprise and activity, his business was extended, and to the occupation of an apothecary he added that of a general merchant. At length he took up the profession of a navigator, shipped horses, cattle, and provisions to the West Indies, and commanded his own vessel. Turbulent, impetuous, presuming, and unprincipled, it was to be expected that he would raise up a host of enemies against him, and be involved in many difficulties. He fought a duel with a Frenchman somewhere in the West Indies, and was engaged in frequent quarrels both at home and abroad. His speculations ended in bankruptcy, and under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, left a stain upon his honesty and good faith. He resumed his business, and applied himself to it with his accustomed vigour and resource, and with the same obliquity of moral purpose, hazard, and disregard of public sentiment that had always marked his conduct.

About this period, the prospect of war with England agitated the colonies, and they took measures for raising a militia force for their defence. In a company, which was embodied in Connecticut in 1775, Arnold was chosen commander, from which it is apparent that he did not want ability, and was considered worthy of trust. Soon after the battle of Lexington, which spread abroad a fever of excitement, and when it was thought that the British forts might be easily captured by energetic movements, Arnold made offer to Massachusetts to subdue and take Fort Ticonderoga. The offer was accepted. Arnold received a commission as a colonel, and set off to execute his purpose, for which men were to be enlisted. To his great disappointment, he ascertained that a similar project was on foot by a party from Connecticut, aided by some volunteers from Massachusetts. Arnold hurried to lay his pretensions to the command before the combined forces; but he was not listened to, and, rather than forego the enterprise, he agreed to join the party as a volunteer, maintaining his rank, though exercising no command. By this small intrepid party, Ticonderoga was taken on the 10th of May 1775. After the capture, in which Arnold distinguished himself, he again attempted to assume the command, and was again unsuccessful. To a person of so imperious a temperament, the rebuff was acutely felt, and was treasured up in remembrance as a wrong that had been suffered, perhaps to be revenged. By the ruling authorities, Arnold's presumption and arrogance were themes of censure, and his complaints were treated with indifference.

Smarting under these discouragements, Arnold still pondered on means for signalising himself; and these soon offered themselves. Congress formed a plan for sending an expedition into Canada through the wilderness towards Quebec, and so seizing on the whole British provinces. This was an enterprise eminently suitable to the daring genius of Arnold, and he was selected for the command, notwithstanding that he had embroiled himself at headquarters. A very effective force of 1100 men was detached, and placed under his orders, and a party of carpenters was ordered to construct 200 boats, with which to carry the troops up the rivers to the borders of Canada, and then down the waters communicating with the St Lawrence. In the course of these proceedings, it would be necessary to take the boats from the rivers, and carry them over portions of land where falls and other obstacles occurred. On the Kennebec, the journey would be exposed to several serious interruptions of this kind; but for every difficulty Arnold was prepared, and he set out with a resolution to overcome all impediments.

The first difficulty encountered was at the Norridgewock Falls, where there was a portage of a mile and a half. The task of transporting the boats was slow and fatiguing; the banks on each side were uneven and rocky. It was found that much of the provisions, particularly the bread, was damaged. The boats had been imperfectly made, and were leaky; the men were unskilled in navigating them, and divers accidents had happened in ascending the rapids. The carpenters were set to work in repairing the most defective boats: this caused a detention, and seven days were expended in getting the whole line of the army around the falls. As soon as the last batteau was launched in the waters above, Arnold betook himself again to his birch canoe with his Indian guide, quickly shot ahead of the rear division, passed the portage at the Carritunk Falls, and in two days arrived at the Great Carrying-place, twelve miles below the junction of the Dead River with the eastern branch of the

Kennebec. Here he found the first two divisions of the army. Thus far the expedition had proceeded as successfully as could have been anticipated. The fatigue was extreme, yet one man only had been lost by death. There seem to have been desertions and sickness, as the whole number now amounted to no more than 950 effective men. They had passed four portages, assisted by oxen and sleds where the situation of the ground would permit. So rapid was the stream, that on an average the men waded more than half the way, forcing the batteaux against the current. Arnold wrote, in a letter to General Washington: 'You would have taken the men for amphibious animals, as they were great part of the time under water.' He had now twenty-five days' provisions for the whole detachment, and expressed a sanguine hope of reaching the Chaudière River in eight or ten days.

In this hope he was destined to be disappointed. Obstacles increased in number and magnitude as he advanced, which it required all his resources and energy to overcome. The Great Carrying-place extended from the Kennebec to the Dead River, being a space of fifteen miles, with three small ponds intervening. From this place the batteaux, provisions, and baggage were to be carried over the portages on the men's shoulders. With incredible toil, they were taken from the waters of the Kennebec, and transported along an ascending, rugged, and precipitous path, for more than three miles, to the first pond. Here the batteaux were again put afloat; and thus they continued, by alternate water and land carriage, through lakes, creeks, morasses, and craggy ravines, till they reached the Dead River, where Arnold encamped, and raised the American flag. Again the party pressed forward; but now the weather became exceedingly inclement. For three days it rained incessantly, and every man, and all the baggage, was drenched with water. One night, after they had landed at a late hour, and were endeavouring to take a little repose, they were suddenly roused by the freshet, which came rushing upon them in a torrent, and hardly allowed them time to escape, before the ground on which they had lain down was overflowed. In nine hours, the river rose perpendicularly eight feet. Embarrassments thickened at every step. The current was everywhere rapid; the stream had spread itself over the low grounds by the increase of its waters, thereby exposing the batteaux to be perpetually entangled in the driftwood and bushes; sometimes they were led away from the main stream into smaller branches, and obliged to retrace their course, and at others delayed by portages, which became more frequent as they advanced. With incredible toil, Arnold pushed on with his party, and at length reached the Chaudière, and then descended to the first Canadian settlement. The whole army arrived within four or five days, emerging from the forests in small and detached parties, and greeting once more with joy unspeakable the habitations of civilised men.

They were received in a friendly manner by the inhabitants, who supplied their wants with hospitable abundance, and seemed favourably inclined to the objects of the expedition, not being yet heartily reconciled to the burden of a foreign yoke, however light in itself, which the adverse fortunes of war had doomed them to wear since the brilliant victory of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham. Meantime Arnold proceeded down the river, to conciliate the attachment of the people, and make further preparations for the march of his army.

All Arnold's toils and arrangements proved unavailing. On arriving at Quebec, he made a strong military demonstration ; but the garrison had been strengthened, and all his threats and attempts at a siege were only a subject of ridicule. He could make no impression on the town or fort ; and finally, in one of the skirmishes that took place, he had the misfortune to be shot in the leg, by which he was for the time disabled. Although unsuccessful in his main object, Congress were so well pleased with his conduct that they promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general. When able to pursue his line of duties, Arnold proceeded to Montreal, and here he had the command of some military operations : these, however, as well as the continued attack of Quebec, proved unavailing, and at last he evacuated Canada ; shortly after which movement, we find him, along with a concentrated American force, at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain.

Up till this time, there appears to have been nothing to find fault with in Arnold's character on the score of moral deficiency. He had been sometimes troublesome, but there was no charge against his integrity. Now, he became involved in an affair which tarnished his character, and greatly soured his disposition. The particulars are as follow, and they afford a key to subsequent events. When it became evident that Canada would be evacuated, Arnold seized goods belonging to merchants in Montreal, which he said were intended for the public service. Certificates were given to the owners, who were to be paid according to their invoices by the United States. In many cases, however, they were taken away in such a hurry that there was no time for making out a list of the articles, and the only form of delivery was the owner's name written on each parcel. Arnold sent the goods across the country to Chambly, with the intention of having them forwarded to St John's, and thence by water to Ticonderoga. He instructed Colonel Hazen, who then commanded at Chambly, to take charge of them, and prevent their being damaged. Hazen, either not liking the manner in which the goods had been obtained, or from personal hostility to Arnold, refused for some time to meddle with them, and left them exposed to the weather, piled on heaps on the bank of the river ; and at last, when he took them in charge, they were guarded in so negligent a manner, that the packages were broken open and many of them plundered. The owners, not contented to part with their goods upon terms so vague and uncertain, followed the army to Crown Point. When they found what ravages had been committed on their property, they presented invoices, and claimed payment for the full amount. The blame fell upon General Arnold, as the first mover in the business, and he threw it back upon Hazen, who had refused to obey his order, and take care of the goods. The result was a court-martial, by which Colonel Hazen was tried for disobedience of orders. While the trial was in progress, the court declined accepting the testimony of Major Scott, one of Arnold's principal witnesses, on the ground of his being a party concerned, since he was the agent who received the goods at Montreal and conducted them to Chambly. This slight was too much for the hot blood of Arnold, and he wrote a disrespectful letter to the court in the form of a protest. To save their honour, the court demanded an apology, which was promptly refused in a tone of insult by their antagonist, with a broad intimation, that he should be ready, at a proper time, to give any or all of the gentlemen of the court satisfaction on that score; or, in other words, the letter was a sort of challenge to the whole court, either in the corporate or individual capacity of the members. This was so gross a violation of military rule, that the court had now no other resort than an appeal to General Gates, the commander-in-chief. The case presented difficulties which seemed to embarrass him, as Arnold was much in his favour, and he had resolved to appoint him to the command of the fleet then preparing to meet the enemy on the lake. In short, he dissolved the court-martial, and thus abetted the conduct of Arnold. In explaining this step to Congress, he said that he had been obliged to act 'dictatorially' when the court demanded the arrest of General Arnold, adding: 'The United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's services at this important moment.'

Screened from justice by the policy of a superior, Arnold did not escape public censure. There was an audacious unscrupulousness about the man that was disliked. It was more than suspected that his private interest was chiefly consulted in seizing the goods; and it seems to have been supposed that the seizure was upon his own authority. It has since been made apparent that Arnold was harshly judged in this respect; and it cannot be doubted that, had he treated the inquiry with proper temper and discretion, nothing beyond a charge of imprudence would have been brought against him. About the same period, he involved himself in a quarrel with a Major Brown, whom he accused of peculation. Brown petitioned for an inquiry into his conduct, and through the favour of General Gates towards Arnold, this was refused; whereupon Brown, finding himself shut out from legal redress, published a narrative of the whole affair. In this he reflected with severity on Arnold's character, and tended to confirm former suspicions of his dishonesty.

It was a most unhappy circumstance, that with qualities of a high military order—brave, resolute, and ready in expedients—Arnold was continually exposed to charges of moral imperfection, through a want of prudence and regard for public opinion. And in this manner, having provoked reports against his character, he, as will appear, actually resorted to criminal designs, as a justifiable reprisal for what he felt to be the scorn of the world.

While suffering under real or imaginary wrongs, Arnold eagerly plunged into a new military movement. Under the orders of General Gates, he took the command of a small armament of vessels on Lake Champlain, with the view of attacking the British squadron. The American force was considerably inferior to the British, and it was felt by the former that they would require to depend mainly on their bravery and certain advantages in their position. The two fleets came to an engagement on the morning of the 11th of October. While the British were coming round Valcour Island, Arnold had ordered his three galleys, and a schooner called the *Royal Savage*, to get under-way, and advance upon the enemy. On their return to the line, the schooner grounded, and was afterwards destroyed, but the men were saved. At half-past twelve, the action became general and very warm, the British having brought all their gun-boats and one schooner within musket-shot of the American line. They kept up a heavy fire of round and grape shot till five o'clock, when they withdrew from the contest, and joined the ship and schooner, which a head-wind had prevented from coming into action.

During the contest, Arnold was on board the *Congress* galley, which suffered severely. It received seven shots between wind and water, was hulled twelve times, the mainmast was injured in two places, the rigging cut in pieces, and the proportion of killed and wounded was unusually great. So deficient was the fleet in gunners, that Arnold himself pointed almost every gun that was fired from his vessel. The American force being greatly damaged, a consultation was held by the officers as soon as the engagement was over; and they agreed that, considering the exhausted state of their ammunition, and the great superiority of the enemy's force both in ships and men, prudence required them to return to Crown Point, and, if possible, without risking another attack. The British had anchored their vessels in a line within a few hundred yards of the Americans, stretching from the island to the main, apparently to frustrate any such design. The night was dark, but a favouring breeze blew from the north, and before morning Arnold had passed with his whole fleet through the British line entirely undiscovered. This manœuvre was not less bold in its execution than extraordinary in its success. Arnold himself brought up the rear in his crippled galley; and, before their departure was known to the enemy, they had ascended the lake ten or twelve miles to Schuyler's Island. Here they were obliged to cast anchor for half a day, in order to stop the leaks and repair their sails. Two of the gondolas were abandoned and sunk. In the afternoon they set sail again; but the wind had died away in the morning, and it now sprung up from the south, equally retarding the pursuit of the enemy and their own progress.

On the morning of the second day, the scene was changed. The *Congress* and *Washington* galleys, with four gondolas, had fallen in the rear, all being too much disabled to sail freely. The advanced ships of the enemy's fleet, in one of which was General Carleton, were found to be gaining upon them, under a press of sail, and in a short time were alongside. After receiving a few broadsides, the *Washington* struck, having been extremely weakened by the loss of men, and injury received in the first engagement. The whole force of the attack now fell upon Arnold in the *Congress* galley. A ship of eighteen guns, a schooner of fourteen, and another of twelve, poured forth an unceasing fire within musket-shot. The contest was kept up with unparalleled resolution for four hours, when the galley was reduced almost to a wreck, and was surrounded by seven sail of the enemy. In this situation, Arnold ran the galley and the four gondolas into a small creek on the east side of the lake, about ten miles from Crown Point; and as soon as they were aground, and were set on fire, he ordered the marines to leap into the water, armed with muskets, wade to the beach, and station themselves in such a manner on the bank as to prevent the approach of the enemy's small boats. He was the last man that remained on board; nor did he leave his galley till the fire had made such progress that it could not be extinguished. The flags were kept flying; and he maintained his attitude of defence on the shore till he saw them consumed, and the whole of his flotilla enveloped in flames. There are few instances on record of more deliberate courage and gallantry than were displayed by him from the beginning to the end of this action.

Being no longer in a condition to oppose the enemy, he proceeded immediately through the woods with his men to Crown Point, and fortunately escaped an attack from the Indians, who waylaid the path two hours after he had passed. The same night he arrived at Ticonderoga. All his clothes, papers, and baggage had been burned in the *Royal Savage* at Valcour Island. Notwithstanding the signal failure of this enterprise, the valour and good conduct of the commander and his officers were themes of applause throughout the country.

After this affair, Arnold was employed some time in Boston, concerting plans with the legislature for raising fresh forces. While engaged in this service, an incident happened which made him begin to talk of the ingratitude of his country, and which had an important bearing on his future destiny. In February 1777, Congress appointed five new major-generals, without including him in the list, all of whom were his juniors in rank, and one of them, General

Lincoln, was promoted from the militia. It may well be imagined what effect this tacit censure and public slight would have on a person so sensitive to military glory, and whose reputation and prospects rested on that basis alone. He was totally unprepared for such a testimony of the opinion of Congress, and his astonishment was not less than his indignation; but he had the self-command to conceal his emotions, and to demean himself with more moderation than might have been expected. Washington was surprised and concerned, as he feared the ill effects which such a proceeding might have upon the officers, knowing the extreme jealousy with which military men regard the subject of rank and promotion, and considering this feeling as essential to the vital interests of the army. He wrote to Arnold a soothing letter, begging him to take no hasty steps, and expressing his conviction that there was some mistake, which would in due time be rectified. He added assurances of his own endeavours to promote what he deemed in this case the claim of justice as well as of policy. Arnold was unwilling to submit to these temperate counsels, and he set out in person to challenge the procedure of Congress. While on the way, an occasion accidentally occurred for taking a part in attacking a detachment of British forces; and this he performed in so gallant a manner, that Congress at once promoted him to the rank of major-general. But unfortunately his relative rank was not restored, and he was left, by the date of his commission, below the five major-generals who had been raised over him. Still indignant at his misusage, he requested an inquiry into his conduct; and this being complied with, he was acquitted of all blame, and it was acknowledged that he had been groundlessly aspersed. Nevertheless, his rank was not restored; and thus matters remained very much where they were. Another circumstance gave fresh cause for irritation. He claimed a settlement of his accounts with Congress; and as it appeared, on examination, that he had introduced a series of extravagant charges in his own favour, settlement was refused, or at least delayed. Again he proposed to resign; but just at this crisis his services were required in a distant part of the country, and he set aside private considerations in favour of the public good. In this new career, he acquitted himself so satisfactorily, that Congress, retracting its unjust decision, gave him the full rank he had claimed, and General Washington presented him with a set of epaulets and sword-knot.

Arnold's next appointment was to the command of Philadelphia, which proved unfortunate; for he was brought into collision with the civil authorities, and charged with public oppression. Appealing to Congress in vindication of his conduct, he failed in procuring the anticipated redress (March 1779); and even a trial by a court-martial, which he insisted on, was postponed, on account of the present exigencies of the service. At length, however, a trial was granted, and the judgment of the court was, that, while innocent of the main charges, he had been guilty of certain irregularities meriting reprimand. He was reprimanded by Washington accordingly. The decision was received with an ill grace by Arnold; and concealing his resentment, he asked and received liberty to retire for a time into private life in Philadelphia.

The history of this extraordinary man now takes a downward direction towards ruin and infamy. In Philadelphia, he heedlessly indulged in a style of extravagant living far beyond his means; and had recourse to privateering enterprises, and various commercial speculations, to support his expenditure. On one occasion, he formed a copartnership with two other individuals for purchasing goods within the enemy's lines to the amount of £30,000 sterling. The results of these transactions were frequently unfortunate; and he thus contracted debts to a large amount. On one occasion, he attempted to borrow money from M. de Luzerne, the French ambassador in Philadelphia, with whom he had contracted an intimacy; but that gentleman refused to assist him, and pointed out the dangerous and improper course he was pursuing. This rebuff was acutely felt by Arnold, who now endured the mortification of having fruitlessly exposed his pecuniary difficulties. It was about this period that he formed designs of a decidedly treasonable nature. For some little time he had secretly carried on an intercourse with the British, without any definite aim; but now he had reached a point when it was necessary to form decisive resolutions, and follow out a line of policy seemingly the best calculated to promote his base and selfish ends. His mind was made up: he determined on betraying his country for gain.

Our authority in this strange narrative mentions that another circumstance contributed to the defection of Arnold. Shortly after coming to Philadelphia, he had married a young lady of charming accomplishments, who had been captivated with his splendid style of living and display. This lady's acquaintance lay chiefly among those inhabitants who were disposed to the British connection, and had no sympathy with the struggles of the Americans. By persons of this class with whom he now associated, Arnold's discontent was blown into a flame. They spoke of his ill-treatment, and persuaded him that nothing but ingratitude and injustice would be the reward of all his services. Brooding over his wrongs, and agitated by these dangerous expressions of sympathy, Arnold appears to have struck out a plan that would minister to his revenge, and bring him a rich reward. This plan consisted in his being appointed to take the command of West Point, a garrisoned post on the Hudson, and which was the key to some other posts of importance in possession of the Americans. By having West Point under his charge, he could deliver up a number of places to the British, and inflict a serious blow on the American cause.

To take the first step in this treasonous course, it was necessary to procure the appointment to West Point, and for this purpose he visited General Washington. The general was glad to see Arnold, for whom he could find work suited to his energetic character; and he was somewhat disappointed to find that Arnold spoke of being disabled from active duty, and that the command of West Point would probably be better adapted to him than any other. On this occasion, Washington did not accede to these overtures; but soon afterwards the desired appointment was conferred, and Arnold proceeded to his assigned post in the highlands of the Hudson.

We may now introduce the second personage of our history.

Mrs Arnold, as has been said, had formed intimacies among persons friendly to the British connection. Among these was a young English officer, Major John André, to whom she had become known during the occupancy of Philadelphia by a British army. After the departure of the English from the town, she carried on a friendly correspondence by letter with André. This correspondence continued after her marriage, and was ingeniously made use of by Arnold, without even exciting his wife's suspicions. Under cover of her letters, he entered upon and kept up an epistolary intercourse through André with Sir Henry Clinton. Fictitious names were employed on both sides. André affixed to his letters the signature of John Anderson, and Arnold assumed the name of Gustavus. They also wrote in a disguised hand, and used other devices to avoid detection.

André, who, on the part of the British commander, carried on this furtive correspondence, was descended from a respectable family from Geneva, which had removed from that place to London, where this son was born. Being designed for the mercantile profession, he entered the counting-house of a respectable establishment in London, where he continued three or four years. While thus entering on active life, he formed an attachment for a young lady, which was reciprocated; but the marriage was defeated by the opposition of the lady's father. The lady was afterwards married to another person; and from this time André became disgusted with his peaceful pursuits, and resolved to seek relief in the turmoils and dangers of war. He joined the British army in Canada, with a lieutenant's commission. In his first American campaign, he was taken prisoner. Afterwards released, he became aide-de-camp to General Guy; and from this officer he was transferred, in the same capacity, to Sir Henry Clinton.

Every account of André represents him as adding to a graceful and handsome person many accomplishments of mind and manners. He was passionately fond of the fine arts, and had attained very considerable skill in drawing and painting. A journal of his travels and campaigns in America, which he kept from the time of his first arrival in Canada, contained lively and picturesque sketches of the people, their dresses, houses, and other objects, illustrating the habits of life, customs, and amusements of the Canadians, Americans, and Indians, together with drawings of animals, birds, insects, trees, and plants, each in its appropriate colours. Landscapes, views, and plans of places were interspersed, and connected by a narrative and written descriptions. This journal was seen and perused in Philadelphia, while the British had possession of that city. To a taste for poetry he united a love of elegant letters; and his attainments in the various branches of literature were extensive. His epistolary writings, so far as specimens of them have been preserved, shew a delicacy of sentiment, a playfulness of imagination, and an ease of style, which could proceed only from native refinement and a high degree of culture. These attractions, connected with an affable deportment and the address of a perfect gentleman, gained him ready access to all circles, and won the hearts of numerous friends. A favourite in the army, and everywhere admired in the walks of social life, his merits were soon discovered by those who had power to reward them. So highly was he appreciated by Sir Henry Clinton, that he was successively raised in rank to major and adjutant-general, and treated by him in all respects as a bosom friend and counsellor.

Proud of these distinctions, and anxious to be useful in promoting the suppression of what he and his superiors considered an unjustifiable rebellion of the colonists, André does not appear to have had any scruples respecting his secret intercourse with Arnold. Each party in this lamentable war endeavoured to gain over friends and recruits from the enemy; both employed spies, without the slightest consciousness of doing a moral wrong. Speaking of a contemplated attack by the British, Jared Sparks observes, that 'intelligence of the preparatory movements for enterprise was instantly communicated to General Washington by his spies in New York.' If, then, the illustrious Washington—punctilious in matters of honour, and a paragon of moral worth—did not disdain to encourage and take advantage of acts of espionage, we may treat lightly the offence which stands chargeable against the youthful and unfortunate André. The truth is, all governments, all military commanders, endeavour to procure secret information; and in the special necessity of the case, they seem to find a justification for resorting to means which, according to ordinary rules of morality, are not strictly commendable. Governed by the common principles of the military code, André was glad of the opportunity to damage the enemy which fortune had thrown in his way. At first, neither he nor Clinton was certain that Arnold was their secret correspondent, although there was reason to think he was, from the circumstance of the communications being conveyed in his wife's letters. At length, it became apparent that no other than Arnold was the writer; and when it was learned that he had been appointed to the command of West Point, it became of the highest importance to buy him on his own terms; for if West Point and its subordinate posts were delivered up, the waters of the Upper Hudson would be open, and the British might at once join with the army in Canada. As a preparatory step to a seizure of the posts in question, Sir Henry Clinton designed to make a deceptive movement at New York, and at the same time to effect a secret interview with Arnold through a confidential agent. In a despatch to Lord St Germain, Sir Henry gives the following explanation of his position and intentions:

'At this period Sir George Rodney arrived with a fleet at New York, which made it highly probable that Washington would lay aside all thoughts against this place. It became, therefore, proper for me no longer to defer the execution of a project which would lead to such considerable advantages, nor to lose so fair an opportunity as was presented, and under so good a mask as an expedition to the Chesapeake, which everybody imagined would of course take place. Under this feint, I prepared for a movement up the North River. I laid my plan before Sir George Rodney and General Knyphausen, when Sir George, with that zeal for His Majesty's service which marks his character, most handsomely promised to give me every naval assistance in his power.

'It became necessary at this instant that the secret correspondence under feigned names, which had been so long carried on, should be rendered into certainty, both as to the person being General Arnold commanding at West Point, and that in the manner in which he was to surrender himself, the forts, and troops to me, it should be so conducted under a concerted plan between us, as that the king's troops sent upon this expedition should be under no risk of surprise or counterplot; and I was determined not to make the attempt but under such particular security.

'I knew the ground on which the forts were placed, and the contiguous country, tolerably well, having been there in 1777; and I had received many hints respecting both from General Arnold. But it was certainly necessary that a meeting should be held with that officer for settling the whole plan. My reasons, as I have described them, will, I trust, prove the propriety of such a measure on my part. General Arnold had also his reasons, which must be so very obvious, as to make it unnecessary for me to explain them.

'Many projects for a meeting were formed, and consequently several attempts made, in all of which General Arnold seemed extremely desirous that some person, who had my particular confidence, might be sent to him: some man, as he described it in writing, *of his own mensuration.*

'I had thought of a person under this important description, who would gladly have undertaken it, but that his peculiar situation at the time, from which I could not release him, prevented him from engaging in it. General Arnold finally insisted that the person sent to confer with him should be Adjutant-general Major André, who indeed had been the person on my part who managed and carried on the secret correspondence.'

It appears from these explanations, that although André had carried on the correspondence with Arnold, he had not proposed to undertake a secret and hazardous mission to meet him, but on this point had yielded to the wishes of Sir Henry Clinton. In other words, he did not voluntarily assume the character of a spy, nor did he at any time believe that the proposed interview with Arnold would invest him with that character. A spy, as he thought, is one who meanly insinuates himself within the enemy's lines for the purpose of carrying away such information as his employers may require; whereas he was to visit a certain spot by invitation, and under the sanction of a general officer in the enemy's forces, there to make arrangements advantageous to the service. The real arrangement to be made was to stipulate what sum was to be paid to Arnold for his treachery. Everything else was subordinate. In Arnold's letters, the language of which was disguised in the jargon of commerce, he spoke of the speculations that could be done with advantage with 'ready money.'

It was arranged that André should meet Arnold on the night of the 11th September 1780; and, to understand the nature and place of this meeting, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the scene of operations on the Hudson.

West Point, the principal American post, was situated in the midst of a hilly country, on the right or east side of the Hudson. Opposite to it was Fort Constitution, also an American post. About four miles below Fort Constitution, on the same side, was Robinson's House, the residence of Arnold. Fort Montgomery and Fort Clinton were situated lower down, on the right bank. Verplank's Point was still further down, on the left bank, at a place called King's Ferry. Smith's House was on the right bank, nearly opposite Verplank's Point. From two to three miles below Smith's House was the village of Haverstraw; and, two miles further down, the *Vulture*, an English vessel of war, lay in the river. This vessel was several miles in advance of the English lines, the British force generally not having any posts beyond a point called Dobbs's Ferry, several miles lower down. About half-way between the spot where the *Vulture* lay in the river and Dobbs's Ferry, was the village of Tarry Town, on the left or west bank; and about three miles from it was the village of White Plains. Salem, Pine's Bridge, and North Castle, were also places on the left or west side, but at a greater distance from the river. Such was the succession of military posts, ferries, and villages, on or near the Hudson, at the time of the proposed interview between Arnold and André. It may be further explained, that it was customary, during the progress of the war, to carry on communications between the two contending armies by means of small parties under flags of truce. These flags were generally respected; and the intercourse which they maintained between the hostile camps served materially to soften the horrors and inconveniences of war. There was another species of intercourse kept up between the two parties, to which allusion has been made; this consisted in secret interviews between the leading officers and spies from the enemy's camp; and, in point of fact, what with the one and what with the other kind of communication, each party pretty well knew what were the intentions and movements of the other. By taking advantage of these recognised usages, it would not be difficult for Arnold to arrange a meeting with André; all he required to do was to pass off the interview as a scheme to procure secret and valuable information respecting the position and designs of the British in New York.

In order to give this colour to his proceedings, Arnold wrote to Colonel Sheldon, the commander of a detachment of cavalry at Salem, that he expected to meet at his quarters a person from New York, with the prospect of opening up through his agency an important channel of intelligence. Should such a person arrive, he requested Sheldon to shew him proper civilities, and send information of the same to headquarters at Robinson's House. Arnold immediately wrote to André, making him aware of this arrangement; and André thereupon sent a letter to Colonel Sheldon, intimating that he would arrive at Dobbs's Ferry on the night of the 11th, to meet Mr G—— on private business. This letter he subscribed John Anderson. Sheldon, a little mystified, sent the letter to Arnold; and he proceeded to Dobbs's Ferry at the time appointed. No meeting, however, took place, in consequence of some unforeseen circumstance. Arnold returned up the river to Robinson's House, and André went back to New York.

It is unnecessary to entangle the narrative with certain letters and personal communications between Arnold and Washington at this period; and it need only be said that the traitor adopted various expedients to throw all parties off their guard respecting his communications with the enemy.

A second attempt to meet André was appointed on the 20th September, and on this occasion he was to be at Dobbs's Ferry. When André left New York, he was positively instructed by Sir Henry Clinton not to change his dress, as had been proposed by General Arnold, nor to go within the American posts, nor on any account to take papers. André, as well as Clinton, hoped that the interview would take place in the *Vulture;* but Arnold was too much afraid of his own safety to venture on such a step. His aim was to induce André to come on shore under night to a place where no third party was present. There were difficulties in carrying this plan into execution, but with the assistance of Joshua H. Smith, 'a respectable man,' who had acted as a spy in New York, and who lived near Dobbs's Ferry, he expected that all would go well. The meeting did not take place on the night anticipated, and André, who was on board the *Vulture*, felt considerable disappointment. Next night, Arnold contrived to induce Smith, with two brothers, Samuel and Joseph Colquhoun, to go to the *Vulture* in a boat, and bring a person on shore. It was only by being threatened with the charge of being disaffected to the American cause, that the two Colquhouns were induced, greatly against their will, to undertake this hazardous affair. As a protection to Smith, he was furnished with two papers signed by Arnold—one authorising him 'to go to Dobbs's Ferry with three men and a flag, to carry some letters of a private nature for a gentleman in New York, and to return immediately, he having permission to go at such hours and times as the tide and his business suit;' the other granting permission to Joshua Smith, Mr John Anderson, and two servants, to pass and repass the guards near King's Ferry at all times.

On the arrival of Smith on board the *Vulture*, he was conducted to the presence of Colonel Robinson, a royalist officer interested in the matter in question, and who, as the proprietor of the house which had been taken possession of by Arnold, had already had some correspondence with that personage. Robinson was decidedly opposed to any one going on shore with no other pledge of protection than the word of a man who was seeking to betray his country. He was, however, overruled by André, whose eagerness to accomplish the enterprise he had undertaken made him regardless of danger. At length, André, clothed in his uniform, but enveloped in a blue greatcoat, departed from the vessel with Smith, and entered the boat, which the Colquhouns had not left. 'Few words were spoken as they moved slowly towards the shore. They landed at the foot of a mountain, called the Long Clove, on the western margin of the river, about six miles below Stony Point. To this place Arnold had ridden on horseback from Smith's House, attended by one of Smith's servants on another horse. The exact spot for the rendezvous had been agreed upon, and, as soon as the boat landed, Smith went up the bank, groping his way in darkness, and found Arnold not only shrouded in the shades of night, but concealed among thick bushes and trees. He then returned, and conducted André to the same place. At Arnold's request, he left them together, and joined the men again at the boat.' Some hours were now spent by Arnold and André in arranging plans and terms for the delivery of the posts; and so long did they continue their consultation, that Smith's patience was exhausted, and he proceeded to warn them that daylight would shortly appear. Roused by this intimation, and not yet having entirely effected the object of their meeting, the conspirators consented that Smith and the boatmen should return up the river, while Arnold and André should go to Smith's House by land. In assenting to this proposal, André committed an irretrievable blunder. Mounting the servant's horse, he 'accompanied Arnold to Smith's

House, being a distance of three or four miles along the road leading through the village of Haverstraw. It was dark, and the voice of the sentinel demanding the countersign was the first indication to André that he was within the American lines. This circumstance was unexpected, and he now felt the real danger of his situation. It was too late to change his purpose, and he could only nerve himself with fortitude to meet whatever peril might await him. Just as the day dawned, they came to Smith's House; and in a little time Smith arrived, having brought the boat to Crom Island in Haverstraw Creek, where it was left.'

No sooner had the parties arrived at Smith's House, than a cannonade was heard down the river. It was the firing of the fort at Verplank's Point against the *Vulture*, which was too near the shore; and the vessel accordingly dropped down the river till she was beyond the reach of the shot. André beheld the scene from the windows of Smith's House with anxious emotion. At length the firing ceased, and he resumed his wonted spirits and composure. He was in an upper apartment of the house, where he remained throughout the day. After breakfast, Smith left André and Arnold together; and here the plot of treachery was concocted, the conditions settled, and the modes of future action explained and determined. As all this was done in secret, the details have never been fully brought to light. It is well ascertained, however, that, in case of success, Arnold was to be paid a very large sum of money. In his letter to the ministry on the subject, Sir Henry Clinton said, he thought the plan of such vast importance, that it ought to be pursued 'at every risk, and *at any expense*.' Arnold well knew the nature of the posts which he was about to surrender; and money being with him the stimulating motive in the transaction, it may be presumed his demands were in proportion to the advantages expected from his guilt. Nor is it probable that he consented without a price to barter the brilliant reputation he then possessed for a name of ever-enduring infamy. The arrangements being agreed upon for the execution of the plot, it is understood that the day was also fixed. André was to return to New York, and the British troops, already embarked under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready to ascend the river at a moment's warning. The post at West Point was to be weakened by such a disposition of the troops as would leave but a small force for its defence. As soon as it should be known that the British were coming up the river, parties were to be sent out from the garrison to the gorges in the hills, and other distant points, under pretence of meeting the enemy as they approached; and here they were to remain, while the British troops landed and marched to the garrison through different routes in which they would meet no opposition. With an accurate plan of West Point and its environs, these details were easily settled. The general principle, which served as a basis of the whole manœuvre, was, that the troops should be so scattered, and divided into such small detachments, that they could not act in force, and would be obliged to surrender without any effectual resistance. By previous movements, Arnold had, in fact, prepared the way for this scheme. Sir Henry Clinton and many other British officers were acquainted with the localities at West Point and in its neighbourhood, they having been there for several days after the storming of Fort Montgomery. Hence it was not difficult to concert a plan of operations which should be equally intelligible to both parties, and hold out the fairest prospect of a successful result.

These preliminaries being finished, André was supplied with certain papers, explanatory of the military condition of West Point—another grievous blunder; for he was within the enemy's lines, and nothing could be more dangerous than charging himself with writings that might be found on his person. André, to do him justice, insisted on being put on board the *Vulture*, so as to return to New York as he came; but Arnold presented obstacles to this course, and suggested a return by land as more safe and expeditious. It was finally arranged that André should be taken across the river, and conducted by Smith to the British lines, below White Plains; and before Arnold's departure, he gave Smith and André passes, to shew in case of need. That to André was as follows: 'Permit Mr John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.' It was dated—'Headquarters, Robinson's House, Sept. 22, 1780,' and subscribed—'B. ARNOLD, *M.-gen.*'

Before setting out, André exchanged his military for a citizen's dress; and thus disguised, with dark greatcoat buttoned close to the neck, he was conducted by Smith and a negro servant across the river, and so on to the works at Verplank's Point. Some miles on, they were stopped by a Captain Boyd, the commander of a party; but the passports relieved them, and after a night spent at a house in the neighbourhood, they went on their way. After passing Boyd's patrol, the travellers had little to fear from any regular military body. The parties to be dreaded were the loose volunteer marauders, who hovered about the neutral ground between the contending forces, and, like banditti, made a prey of whatsoever fell into their hands. These loose depredators assumed to fight on different sides: those who attached themselves to the Americans being called Skinners, while the partisans of the British were known as Cow-boys. With real or pretended fear of these guerrilla bands, Smith and his servant declined going beyond a certain point with André: having brought him this length, they left him to his fate, and returned to give Arnold an account of their proceedings.

From the place where he was thus abandoned, there were two roads to New York: one through White Plains; the other, nearer the Hudson, by Tarry Town. This latter André adopted, because he understood that the Lower Party, or Cow-boys, prevailed in this direction. It happened, that the same morning on which André crossed Pine's Bridge, and struck towards the Hudson on his right, a party of seven persons, who resided on the neutral ground, agreed to go out on a marauding excursion. Their object was to watch the road, and intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be seen passing towards New York. Four of this party were stationed on a hill, where they had a view of the road for a considerable distance. The three others, named John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were concealed in the bushes at another place, and very near the road. About half a mile north of the village of Tarry Town, and a few hundred yards from the bank of Hudson's River, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, at that time covered with trees and underwood. Eight or ten rods south of this brook, and on the west side of the road, these men were hidden; and at that point André was stopped, after having travelled from Pine's Bridge without interruption.

The following are the particulars of the capture, as given afterwards by Paulding on the trial of Smith:[*] 'Myself, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarry Town, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently, one of the young men who were with me said: "There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him." On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand; and then I asked him which way he was going. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you belong to our party." I asked him what party. He said: "The Lower Party." Upon that I told him I did. Then he said: "I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute;" and to shew that he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch. Upon which, I told him to dismount. He then said: "My God, I must do anything to get along," and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains, and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he: "Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the general's business;" and said he was going to Dobbs's Ferry, to meet a person there, and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that, I told him I hoped he would not be offended; that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people, who were going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one.' When further questioned, Paulding replied, that he asked the person his name, who told him it was John Anderson; and that, when Anderson produced General Arnold's pass, he should have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer. Paulding also said, that when the person pulled out his watch, he understood it as a signal that he was a British officer, and not that he meant to offer it to him as a present.

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[*] Smith, on his trial, was acquitted; and Paulding and the other captors were rewarded by Congress.

All these particulars were substantially confirmed by David Williams, whose testimony in regard to the searching of André being more minute than Paulding's, is here inserted. 'We took him into the bushes,' said Williams, 'and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking next to his foot; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot, within his stocking. Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said: "Yes," and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr Paulding answered: "No; if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step." I then asked the person who had called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered: "Yes, I would." I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all. He was dressed in a blue overcoat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret colour, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button-holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings.'

The nearest military post was at North Castle, where Lieutenant-colonel Jameson was stationed with a part of Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. To that place it was resolved to take the prisoner; and within a few hours he was delivered up to Jameson, with all the papers that had been taken from his boots.

Unsuspicious of any treason, Jameson directed that the prisoner should be taken to Arnold, whose passport he presumed to be a forgery. He likewise sent a letter to Arnold, narrating the circumstance of the capture, and stating that he had forwarded the papers that had been found on the prisoner to General Washington. After André had been thus sent away in charge, he was recalled by Jameson, in consequence of certain representations of Major Tallmadge, who had the shrewdness to guess that Arnold had entered into treasonous projects. The letter, however, from Jameson to Arnold was forwarded, with an additional note explaining that the prisoner was detained. But for this strange mismanagement of Jameson, there can be no doubt that Arnold would have been secured before becoming aware of the capture of his confederate. As it happened, Arnold made the narrowest possible escape. The letter from Colonel Jameson reached him on the second morning after being despatched, and just as he was about to sit down to breakfast with a party of officers who had been accompanying Washington in a tour of inspection. The general himself was not present, having gone to examine some redoubts in the neighbourhood, with a promise that he would shortly join the party.

Breakfast was over; but before the party rose from the table, a messenger came in with a letter for Arnold, which he broke open and read in presence of the company. It was the letter from Colonel Jameson, and contained the first intelligence received by Arnold of the capture of André. His emotion can be more easily imagined than described. So great was his control over himself, however, that he concealed it from the persons present; and although he seemed a little agitated for the moment, yet not to such a degree as to excite a suspicion that anything extraordinary had happened. He told the officers that his immediate attendance was required at West Point, and desired them to say to General Washington when he arrived, that he was unexpectedly called over the river, and should very soon return. He ordered a horse to be ready, and then, leaving the table hastily, he went up to Mrs Arnold's chamber, and sent for her. With a brevity demanded by the occasion, he told her that they must instantly part, perhaps to meet no more, and that his life depended on his reaching the enemy's lines without detection. Struck with horror at this intelligence, so abruptly divulged, she swooned, and fell senseless. In that state he left her, hurried downstairs, mounted a horse belonging to one of his aids that stood saddled at the door, and rode alone with all speed to the bank of the river. He there entered a boat, and directed the oarsmen to push out to the middle of the stream. The boat was rowed by six men, who, having no knowledge of Arnold's intentions, promptly obeyed his orders. He quickened their activity by saying that he was going down the river and on board the *Vulture* with a flag, and that he was in great haste, as he expected General Washington at his house, and wished to return as expeditiously as possible to meet him there. He also added another stimulating motive, by promising them two gallons of rum if they would exert themselves with all their strength. As they approached King's Ferry, Arnold exposed to view a white handkerchief, and ordered the men to row directly to the *Vulture*, which was now in sight, a little below the place it had occupied when André left it. The signal held out by Arnold, while the boat was passing Verplank's Point, caused Colonel Livingston to regard it as a flag-boat, and prevented him from ordering it to be stopped and examined. The boat reached the *Vulture* unobstructed in its passage; and after Arnold had gone on board, and introduced himself to the captain, he called the leader of the boatmen into the cabin, and informed him that he and his companions were prisoners. The boatman, who had capacity and spirit, said they were not prisoners; that they came on board with a flag of truce, and under the same sanction they would return. He then appealed to the captain, demanding justice and a proper respect for the rules of honour. Arnold replied, that all this was nothing to the purpose; that they were prisoners, and must remain on board. The captain, disdaining so pitiful an action, though he did not interfere with the positive command of Arnold, told the man that he would take his parole, and he might go on shore and procure clothes and whatever else was wanted for himself and his companions. This was accordingly done the same day. When these men arrived in New York, Sir Henry Clinton, holding in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness, set them all at liberty.

Having finished his inspection at the redoubts, Washington arrived with his suite at Arnold's house soon after his precipitate flight to the river. When Washington was told that Arnold had been called over to the garrison upon some urgent business, he took a hasty breakfast, and concluded not to wait, but to cross immediately to West Point, and meet him at that place. The officers attended him, excepting Hamilton, who remained behind at the house. It was their arrangement to return to dinner. On arriving at West Point, Washington learned with surprise that Arnold had not been there for two days. Returning across the river to Robinson's House, the mystery was revealed. The papers forwarded by Colonel Jameson had arrived, and Arnold's defection was manifest. An officer was immediately despatched to stop him, if possible; but he had already reached the *Vulture*, and was safe from pursuit.

Washington remained in consultation during the day at Robinson's House; and here his feelings were severely tried by the afflicting situation of Mrs Arnold. She seemed on the verge of distraction; one moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father. It was a curious circumstance in this extraordinary affair, that Arnold, on getting on board the *Vulture*, had the audacity to write to Washington, desiring that his wife might be permitted to go to her friends in Philadelphia, or to join him, as she chose. For himself he asked no favour, having 'too often experienced the ingratitude of his country to attempt it.'

Having issued all proper orders respecting the security of the posts in the vicinity, the next step was to inquire into the guilty participation of the prisoner, the true character of whom was now known to Washington by means of the following candid confession, addressed to him by André:

'SALEM, *24th September* 1780.

SIR—What I have as yet said concerning myself was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

I beg your Excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest—a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant-general to the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held, as confidential (in the present instance) with His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favour it, I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army a person who was to give me intelligence: I came up in the *Vulture* man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being here, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your Excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarry Town by some volunteers.

Thus, as I have had the honour to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honour of an officer and a gentleman.

The request I have to make to your Excellency—and I am conscious I address myself well—is, that in any rigour policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonourable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor.

Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who, being either on parole or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.—I have the honour to be, with great respect, sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adjutant-general.*'

No way moved by this honourable explanation, Washington proceeded to put the prisoner on his trial. After being marched to different places, André was ultimately lodged in security at Tappan. Already, the unfortunate young Englishman had made known his name and rank to others as well as Washington, and he was treated with every mark of respect consistent with his situation. The question was now to be debated, whether André was a spy, and what should be his fate. An attempt was made by Colonel Robinson, and also by Sir Henry Clinton, to reclaim him, as improperly captured and detained. The whole proceedings will be found at length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780. From this chronicle we copy the following letters:

'VULTURE, *September* 25, 1780.

SIR—I am this moment informed that Major André, Adjutant-general of His Majesty's army in America, is detained as a prisoner by the army under your command: it is therefore incumbent on me to inform you of the manner of his falling into your hands. He went up with a flag, at the request of General Arnold, on public business with him, and had his permit to return by land to New York. Under these circumstances, Major André cannot be detained by you, without the greatest violation of flags, and contrary to the custom and usage of all nations; and, as I imagine you will see this matter in the same point of view as I do, I must desire you will order him to be set at liberty, and allowed to return immediately. Every step Major André took was by the advice and direction of General Arnold—even that of taking a feigned name, and of course not liable to censure for it.—I am, sir, &c.

BEV. ROBINSON, *Col. Loy. Americ.*

His Excellency General Washington.'

'NEW YORK, *September* 26, 1780.

SIR—Being informed that the king's adjutant-general in America has been stopped under Major-general Arnold's passports, and is detained a prisoner in your Excellency's army, I have the honour to inform you, sir, that I permitted Major André to go to Major-general Arnold, at the particular request of that general officer. You will perceive, sir, by the enclosed paper, that a flag of truce was sent to receive Major André, and passports granted for his return. I therefore can have no doubt but your Excellency will immediately direct that this officer has permission to return to my orders at New York. —I have the honour to be, &c. H. CLINTON.

His Excellency General Washington.'

A letter, strengthening this view of the case, was addressed by Arnold to Sir Henry Clinton. In this letter he says: 'I commanded, at the time, at West Point—had an undoubted right to send my flag of truce for Major André, who came to me under that protection, and having held my conversation with him, I delivered him confidential papers, in my own handwriting, to deliver to your Excellency. Thinking it much properer that he should return by land, I directed him to make use of the feigned name of John Anderson, under which he had, by my direction, come on shore, and gave him my passports to go to the White Plains on his way to New York. This officer, therefore, cannot fail of being immediately sent to New York, as he was invited to a conversation with me, for which I sent him a flag of truce, and finally gave him passports for his safe return to your Excellency. All which I had then a right to do, being in the actual service of America, under the orders of General Washington, and commanding-general at West Point and its dependencies.'

Arnold further wrote to General Washington, offering similar explanations of what he considered to be André's true position, as that of an English officer who had been under the shelter of a flag of truce. He says: 'If, after this just and candid representation of Major André's case, the Board of General Officers adhere to their former opinion, I shall suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if that gentleman should suffer the severity of their sentence, I shall think myself bound, by every tie of duty and honour, to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power, that the respect due to flags and to the law of nations may be better understood and observed. I have further to observe, that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives, which have hitherto been spared by the clemency of His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, who cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer if Major André suffers, which, in all probability, will open a scene of blood at which humanity will revolt. Suffer me to entreat your Excellency, for your own and the honour of humanity, and the love you have of justice, that you suffer not an unjust sentence to touch the life of Major André.'

All these attempts failed in their intended effect. The case was referred by Washington for investigation to a Board of General Officers, which met at Tappan on the 29th of September. The prisoner being brought in, and the court constituted, the following letter from Washington was produced:

'GENTLEMEN — Major André, Adjutant-general to the British army, will be brought before you for your examination. He came within our lines in the night, on an interview with Major-general Arnold, and in an assumed character, and was taken within our lines, in a disguised habit, with a pass under a feigned name, and with the enclosed papers concealed upon him. After a careful examination, you will be pleased, as speedily as possible, to report a precise state of his case, together with your opinion of the light in which he ought to be considered, and the punishment that ought to be inflicted. The judge-advocate will attend to assist in the examination, who has sundry other papers relative to this matter, which he will lay before the Board. G. WASHINGTON.

The Board of General Officers convened at Tappan.'

The names of the officers composing the Board having been read to Major André, he, on questions asked, acknowledged his letter to General Washington, and stated:

'That he came on shore from the *Vulture* sloop of war, in the night of the 21st of September instant, somewhere under the Haverstraw Mountain. That the boat he came on shore in carried no flag, and that he had on a surtout coat over his regimentals, and that he wore his surtout coat when he was taken. That he met General Arnold on the shore, and had an interview with him there. He also said, that when he left the *Vulture* sloop of war, it was understood he was to return that night; but it was then doubted, and, if he could not return, he was promised to be concealed on shore in a place of safety, until the next night, when he was to return in the same manner he came on shore; and when the next day came, he was solicitous to get back, and made inquiries in the course of the day how he should return; when he was informed he could not return that way, and he must take the route he did afterwards. He also said, that the first notice he had of his being within any of our posts was being challenged by the sentry, which was the first night he was on shore. He also said, that the evening of the 22d of September instant, he passed King's Ferry, between our posts of Stony and Verplank's Points, in the dress he is at present in, and which he said was not his regimentals, and which dress he procured after he landed from the *Vulture*, and when he was within our posts; and that he was proceeding to New York, but was taken on his way at Tarry Town, as he mentioned in his letter, on Saturday the 23d September instant, about nine o'clock in the morning.'

The papers taken on the person of André were also produced and verified; likewise his letter to Colonel Sheldon, with the signature of John Anderson. We would here observe, that the investigation, as thus conducted, left the accused scarcely a chance of escape. It is true he was informed that he might or might not answer questions; but it was clear that his excessive candour in criminating himself was taken advantage of. He had no legal adviser, and acted throughout as if engaged in a familiar conversation, without regard to consequences. His own confessions, indeed, afforded the principal evidence against him. The Board having interrogated him as to his conception of coming ashore under the sanction of a flag of truce, he replied to this, as we consider it to be, unfair question, 'that it was impossible for him to suppose he came on shore under that sanction;' and added, 'that if he came on shore under that sanction, he certainly might have returned under it.'

Having considered these and other facts, the Board proceeded to 'report to His Excellency General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant-general to the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.'

The result being made known to André, he did not shrink from the fate that appeared to await him. He had, as he considered, acted throughout from a love of glory and a wish to aid the king's service, and had nothing to reproach himself with, unless it might be the imprudence of trusting to the promises and schemes of a traitor. It may well be supposed that in every officer in the two contending armies the critical position of André excited the liveliest sympathy. Cold and unimpassioned as Washington was, he felt embarrassed with the deliverance of the court, for on him lay the final determination of punishment or acquittal. 'Washington,' observes Sparks, 'never shrunk from a public duty, yet his heart was humane, and his mind revolted at the thought of being the agent in an act which wounded his sensibility, although impelled by the laws of war, a sense of right, and an approving conscience. The treachery of Arnold had been so atrocious, so unexpected, and artfully contrived, and the example was so dangerous, that the most signal punishment was necessary; not more as a retribution due to the crime, and a terror to others who might harbour similar designs, than as a proof to the people that their cause was not to be left to the mercy of traitors, nor sacrificed with impunity. In this view of the subject—the only one in which it could be regarded by wisdom, prudence, or patriotism—there was but one possible mode of saving André; and that was, to exchange him for Arnold, who should himself be held responsible for the criminal transactions, which had originated with him, and in which he had been the chief actor. That the enemy would give him up, was hardly to be expected, nor could a formal proposition of that kind be advanced; yet there was no reason why the opportunity should not be offered, or at least why it should not be intimated to them, that in such an event André would be released.'

An attempt, through the agency of a confidential officer, was accordingly made to exchange André for Arnold; but this Sir Henry Clinton would on no account consent to, as being in violation of honour and every military principle. A correspondence now took place, in the hope of inclining the American commander to the side of mercy. He was addressed by Colonel Robinson and Sir Henry Clinton, drawing his attention to the special circumstances of the case, and requesting that, as a matter of justice and policy, André might be released: a threat of reprisals was even held out. But to all these representations, Washington only pointed to the plain fact of André being proved to be within the American lines in the disguise and quality of a spy; and that, as such, he had rendered himself responsible for the consequences.

While in confinement, André conducted himself with a singular degree of composure. He wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, of which the following is a copy:

'TAPPAN, *September* 29, 1780.

SIR—Your Excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and possibly of the serious light in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination that is impending.

Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter—the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my own intentions, as they were to your orders; and the circuitous route which I took to return was imposed—perhaps unavoidably—without alternative upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in mind, and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for my king's service may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to your Excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me. With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your Excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare, which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your Excellency's goodness.

I receive the greatest attention from His Excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed.—I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adj.-gen.*

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, K.B.'

After having thus relieved his mind by communicating with his commanding-officer and friend, the only thing which gave André concern was the mode of his death; and that it might be altered, if possible, he wrote the following letter to Washington:

'TAPPAN, *October* 1, 1780.

SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency, at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN ANDRÉ.'

To this and a previous request on the subject, no answer was given, it being deemed more humane to evade a reply than to cause the painful sensations which a positive refusal would inflict. Still shewing no signs of dejection, André passed his time in familiar converse with the officers of his guard; all were charmed with the winning gentleness of his manners, and deeply affected by the dreadful fate that awaited him. His regimentals had been brought from New York by his servant, and he now appeared in the military uniform of a British officer. To occupy his time, he sought amusement from his pencil; and it is from a sketch of himself sitting at a table that the likeness which is prefixed to this sheet has been taken. Only a few days at most, however, were granted to André. His capture took place on the 23d of September; his trial, if it can be called such, occurred on the 29th of the same month; and his execution, by orders of Washington, was appointed to be at noon on the 2d of October. He was, therefore, only from nine to ten days altogether in confinement.

A forcible and minute account of the closing scene has been given by Dr Thacher, who was an eye-witness.

'The principal guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed: "Leave me till you can shew yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual; and having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers: "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting His Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.

'I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major André walked from the stone house in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. "Why this emotion, sir?" said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said: "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

'While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon; and at this moment he appeared to shrink, but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost-marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks not only of his servant but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner. Colonel Scammell now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man!" The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired.'

'When life had departed,' adds our American authority, 'the body was taken down and interred within a few yards of the place of execution. The coat and other regimentals were given to his servant, who faithfully attended him to the last, and saw the grave close over his mortal remains.'

After a lapse of upwards of ninety years, the fate of André has not ceased to be deplored, nor will it be while aught honourable and piteous is held in remembrance and respect. Nor will this sentiment suffer from the more enlightened view which is now taken of the nature of judicial punishments. It would be a waste of words to attempt an exculpation of André. He was doubtless a spy, but there were extenuating circumstances in the case. He was seduced by a general-officer of the enemy into a position of danger; and, should this be insufficient, let it be recollected that his condemnation came from the guileless and excessive candour of his own confessions. That he might have been tried and condemned under his feigned name, and in ignorance of his rank, is unquestionable; still, the explicit course he adopted was so noble and confiding, that, if anything could avail, it merited a merciful consideration. All things considered, therefore, we are sorry we cannot unite in honouring Washington for suffering André to be led to the gallows, as if he had been a base and mercenary villain who habitually traded in treachery. Considering the extenuating circumstances of the case, the culprit might at least have been so far indulged as to be left a choice in the mode of his execution. Such, we believe, will now be the verdict of all who are uninfluenced by feelings of nationality or partisanship. If there be the slightest tarnish on the character of the great Washington, it is that of having, under a too peremptory sense of duty, put the gallant and unfortunate André to an ignominious death.

The intelligence of the melancholy event sent a chill through the British nation, and by none was the fate of André more acutely felt than by George III. By order of his majesty, a handsome marble monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, bearing the following inscription:

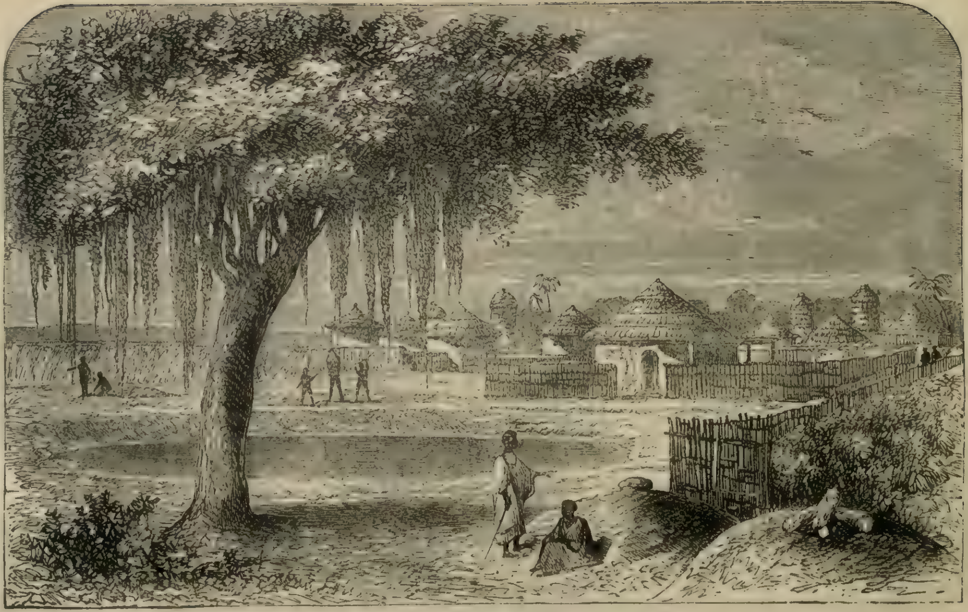
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ,
WHO, RAISED BY HIS MERIT, AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF HIS LIFE, TO THE RANK OF
ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA,
AND EMPLOYED IN AN IMPORTANT BUT HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE,
FELL A SACRIFICE TO HIS ZEAL FOR HIS KING AND COUNTRY,
ON THE 2D OF OCTOBER 1780, AGED 29,
UNIVERSALLY BELOVED AND ESTEEMED BY THE ARMY IN WHICH HE SERVED,
AND LAMENTED EVEN BY HIS FOES:

HIS GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, KING GEORGE III., HAS CAUSED THIS
MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED.

At the same time, a pension was bestowed on the mother of André; and, in order to wipe away all stain from the family, the honour of knighthood was conferred on his brother. It may be further stated, that the remains of André, which had been buried at the place of execution, were taken up in 1821, and being removed to England, were deposited near the monument in Westminster Abbey.

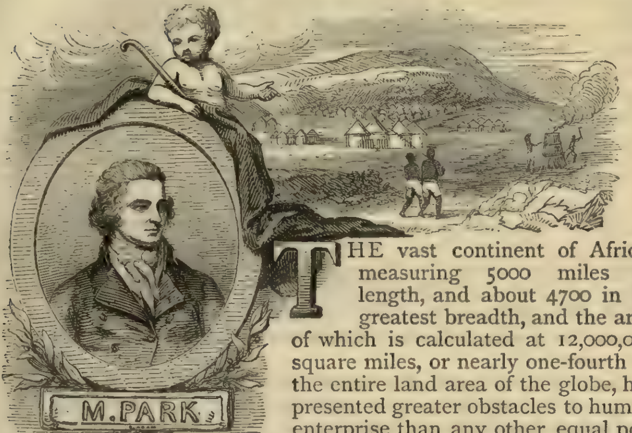
It is not without a feeling of pain that we close our account of the fate of André, and turn to that of the wretch who had inveigled him to his doom. Arnold was received with favour by the British authorities, as an officer of rank who had seen fit to quit the service of the 'rebels,' and resume his allegiance. He was confirmed in his station of major-general, and was employed shortly afterwards in some military operations in Virginia. The last exploit in which he was concerned was that of attacking and destroying his native town; and it is said he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing it burned to the ground.

At the end of the war, Arnold felt that the States were no longer safe as a home, and he removed with his family to England, where he lived unnoticed for a number of years. Subsequently, he took up his residence in St John's, New Brunswick, and carried on a trade with the West Indies. Finally, he returned to England, and died in London in 1801, aged sixty-one years. Despised by the world, and no doubt conscious of his guilt as a traitor, it is worth mentioning, as an instructive revelation of human inconsistency, that Arnold, till the last, spoke and wrote as an ill-used man. Congress had never settled his accounts, from which he certainly suffered an inexcusable injury; the error of not promoting him according to his standing as an officer, was a second ground of complaint; and to extend his catalogue of wrongs, he declared that he could not but feel offended by the alliance of the Americans with the French—a thing not reckoned upon at the beginning of the war! Such are the kind of excuses by which intense Selfishness ordinarily seeks to justify a departure from rectitude.



A VILLAGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.



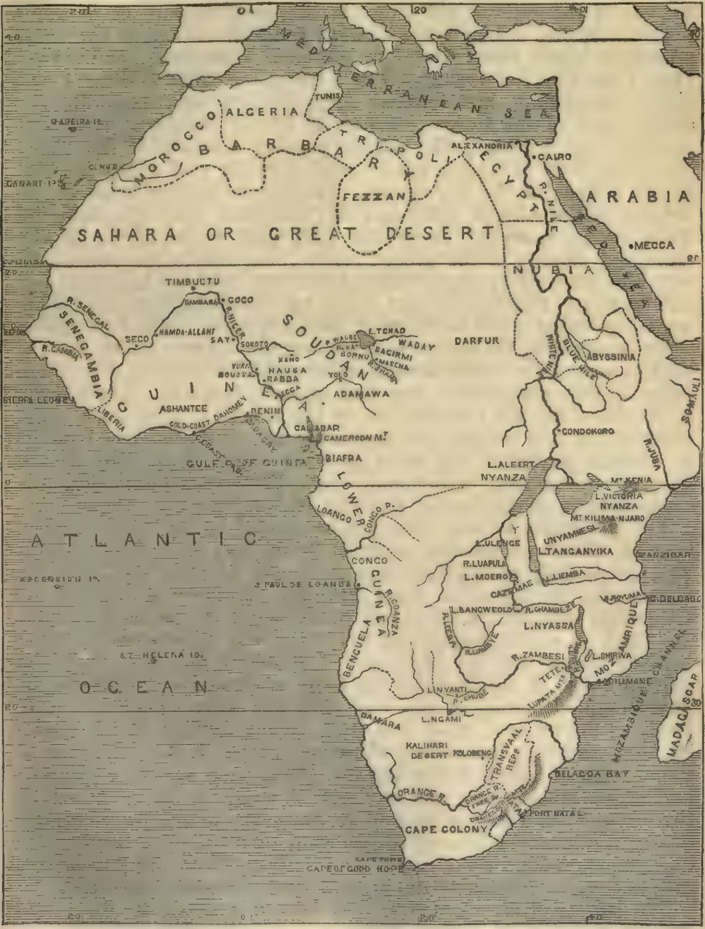
THE vast continent of Africa, measuring 5000 miles in length, and about 4700 in its greatest breadth, and the area of which is calculated at 12,000,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, has presented greater obstacles to human enterprise than any other equal portion of the earth's surface. The peculiar physical condition of Africa has operated as one cause of her isolation from the rest of the world. The other portions of our earth situated under the tropics consist generally either of sea, or of narrow peninsular tracts of land, and clusters of islands blown upon by the sea-breeze. Africa, on the other hand, presents scarcely one gulf or sea-break in its vast outline. A consequence of this compact geographical shape of a continent, the greater part of which is within the torrid zone, is its subjection, throughout its entire extent, to the unmitigated influence of the sun's heat. All that is noxious in climate we are accustomed to associate with Africa.

Notwithstanding the difficulties which lie in the way, Africa has at all times been an object of curiosity and interest to the inhabitants of the civilised parts of the earth; and scientific zeal, the desire of extending traffic, and even the mere thirst for adventure, have prompted many expeditions for the purpose of exploring its coasts and making discoveries in its interior. The ancients appear to have acquired much knowledge of Africa, which was afterwards lost, and had to be re-acquired by the moderns for themselves. The African coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were not only familiar to the ancient geographers, but were inhabited by populations which performed a conspicuous part in the general affairs of the world, and ranked high in the scale of civilisation—the

Egyptians, Carthaginians, &c. Nor, if we may believe the evidence which exists in favour of the accounts of the circumnavigation of Africa by ancient navigators, were the other coasts of the continent —those, namely, which are washed by the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—unvisited by northern ships. Regarding the interior of Africa, too, the knowledge possessed by the ancients, although very meagre in itself, was nearly as definite as that possessed by their modern descendants, until within a comparatively recent period. As far as the northern borders of the Great Desert, their own personal observation might be said to extend; and respecting the wandering tribes of black and savage people living farther to the south, they had received many vague notices. The Nile being one of the best-known rivers of the ancient world, its origin and course were matters of great interest, and the African geography of the ancients, in general, may be said to consist of speculations respecting this extraordinary river. The first mention made of the other great African river, the Niger, is by Ptolemy, who lived seventy years after Christ. Ptolemy believed that this river discharged itself ultimately into the Nile; others, however, did not admit this conclusion, and acknowledged that the real course of the Niger was a mystery.

Such are some of the more prominent points in the ancient geography of Africa. How wild and inaccurate must have been the notions entertained respecting the shape and total extent of the African continent, may be judged from the fact, that one geographer describes it as an irregular figure of four sides, the south side running nearly parallel to the equator, but considerably to the north of it! Others, again, held forth the fearful picture of Central Africa as a vast burning plain, in which no green thing grew, and into which no living being could penetrate; and this hypothesis of an uninhabitable torrid zone became at length the generally received one.

The invasion of Africa by the Arab races in the seventh century wrought a great change in the condition of the northern half of the continent. Founding powerful states along the Mediterranean coasts, these enterprising Mohammedans, or Moors, as they were called, were able, by means of the camel, to effect a passage across the Desert which had baffled the ancients, and to hold intercourse with the negroes who lived on its southern border along the banks of the Niger and the shores of Lake Tchad. In some of these negro states the Arabs obtained a preponderance, and with others they carried on an influential and lucrative commerce. The consequence was a mixture of Moorish and negro blood among the inhabitants of the countries of Central Africa bordering on the Great Desert, as well as a general diffusion of certain scraps of the Mohammedan religion among the negro tribes. Hence it is that, in the innermost recesses of interior Africa at the present day, we find the negroes partly professing paganism, partly Mohammedanism, but all practising ceremonies and superstitions in which we observe the pagan spirit with a slight Mohammedan tincture.


MEDITERRANEAN SEA
TUNIS
ALGERIA
MOROCCO
BARBARY
TRIPOLI
FEZZAN
ALEXANDRIA
CAIRO
EGYPT
R. NILE
ARABIA
MECCA
RED SEA
MADEIRA IS.
CANARY IS.
SAHARA OR GREAT DESERT
NUBIA
TIMBUCTU
GOGO
R. SENEGAL
SENEGAMBIA
R. GAMBIA
HAMDA-ALLAHI
SECO
SAY
SOKOTO
R. NIGER
SOUDAN
L. TCHAD
KUKA
BORNU
WADAY
BAGIRMI
MASCNA
R. SHARI
DARFUR
KANO
HAUSA
YURI
BOUSSA
RABBA
YOLO
ADAMAWA
GUINEA
SIERRA LEONE
LIBERIA
ASHANTEE
COLD-COAST
DAHOMEY
BENIN
CALABAR
CAMEROON MT.
BIAFRA
GULF OF GUINEA
WHITE NILE
BLUE NILE
ABYSSINIA
SOMAULI
GONDOKORO
R. JUBA
L. ALBERT NYANZA
MT. KENIA
L. VICTORIA NYANZA
MT. KILIMA-NJARO
LOANGO
LOWER GUINEA
CONGO R.
CONGO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
ASCENSION IS.
ST. PAUL DE LOANDA
R. COANZA
BENGUELA
ST. HELENA ID.
UNYAMWESI
L. ULENGE
L. TANGANYIKA
ZANZIBAR
R. LUAPULA
L. MOERO
CAZEMBE
L. LIEMBA
R. ROVUMA
C. DELGADO
L. BANGWEOLO
R. CHAMBEZE
L. NYASSA
R. LEEBA
R. LIAMBYE
R. ZAMBESI
TETE
L. SHIRWA
MOZAMBIQUE
QUILIMANE
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
MADAGASCAR
LINYANTI
R. CHOBE
LUPATA MTS.
DAMARA
L. NGAMI
KALIHARI DESERT
KOLOBENG
TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC
DELAGOA BAY
ORANGE R.
ORANGE R. FREE ST.
DRAKENBERG MTS.
PORT NATAL
CAPE COLONY
CAPE TOWN
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
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Outline Map of Africa, shewing the most recent discoveries.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the career of modern European discovery in Africa commenced. The Portuguese, leading the van of the nations of Europe in the great movement of maritime enterprise, selected the western coast of Africa as the most promising track along which to prosecute discovery. In the year 1433, Cape Bojador was passed by a navigator called Gilianez; and others succeeding him, passed Cape Blanco, and, exploring the entire coast of the Desert, reached at length the fertile shores of Gambia and Guinea. The sudden bending inwards of the coast-line at the Gulf of Guinea gave a new direction and a new impulse to the activity of the Portuguese. Having no definite ideas of the breadth of the African continent, they imagined that, by continuing their course eastward along the gulf, they would arrive at the renowned country of the great Prester John, a fabulous personage, who was believed to reign with golden sway over an immense and rich territory, situated no one could tell exactly where, but which some contended could be no other than Abyssinia. The Portuguese, while prosecuting their discoveries along the African coast, did not neglect means for establishing a commercial intercourse with those parts of the coast which they had already explored. Settlements or factories for the convenience of the trade in gold, ivory, gum, different kinds of timber, and eventually also in slaves, were founded at various points of the coast between Cape Verde and Biafra. Various missionary settlements were likewise founded for the dissemination of the Roman Catholic faith among the natives.

The chimera of Prester John was succeeded by the more rational hope of effecting a passage to India by the way of Southern Africa. This great feat, accordingly, was at length achieved by Vasco da Gama, who, in 1497, four years after the discovery of America by Columbus, persisted in his course to the south so far as to double the Cape of Good Hope, and point the way northward into the Indian Ocean. By his voyages and those of his successors, the eastern coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope through the Mozambique Channel to the Red Sea, was soon defined as accurately as the western coast had been by the voyages of his predecessors; and thus the entire outline and shape of the African continent were at length made known. This great service to science and to the human race was rendered, it ought to be remarked, by the Portuguese, who may be said to have conducted the enterprise of the circumnavigation of Africa from its beginning to its end; and this is perhaps the greatest contribution which the Portuguese, as a nation, have made to the general fund of human knowledge.

The outline of Africa having thus been laid down on the maps, and the extent of its surface ascertained, the attention of discoverers was next turned to its interior. The efforts made by the Portuguese to explore Nigritia in search of Prester John have been already alluded to; but it was by the other nations of Europe, especially the English, the French, and the Dutch, who, on the decline of the Portuguese power, began to compete with each other in this field of enterprise, that the greatest advances were made in the knowledge of the geography of the various parts of Africa, and of the races which inhabit it. For these last two hundred years, discoverers and travellers of various nations have been adding to our information respecting this vast continent; and in consequence of their joint labours, some in one part, some in another, we are now able to form an idea, very general, it must be admitted, but still tolerably distinct, of Africa and its inhabitants. In presenting a summary view of the progress of African discovery, from the period of the final circumnavigation of the continent, and its correct delineation in outline, down to the present time, it will be advantageous to take up its various divisions in the following order: Western Africa, Southern Africa, Eastern Africa, Central Africa, and Northern Africa, including the Great Desert.

WESTERN AFRICA.

The Portuguese, as we have already mentioned, were the first to plant factories along this coast. Allured by the profits of the slave-trade, other European nations hastened to occupy stations on the same coast; and towards the end of the eighteenth century, the number of European forts and factories round the shores of the Gulf of Guinea were said to be forty in all: of which fifteen belonged to the Dutch, fourteen to the English, four to the Portuguese, four to the Danes, and three to the French. Deriving its principal commercial importance from the trade in negroes, which this chain of forts was intended to guard, Western Africa has, since the abolition of the slave-trade, fallen considerably out of view.

Proceeding from north to south, let us briefly notice the various countries of the western coast. The most northerly is Senegambia, the name applied to the district watered by the two rivers Senegal and Gambia, commencing from the Desert, and extending as far as the Grain Coast.

The tract of country adjoining Senegambia on the south, and stretching along the Gulf of Guinea from the Grain Coast to the Bight of Biafra, has been named Upper Guinea. It includes, along the coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Grain Coast, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, Slave Coast, Calabar Coast; and, in the interior, several native states or kingdoms, the chief of which are Ashantee, Dahomey, Yarriba, and Benin. Sierra Leone is a British colony, founded in 1787, and since maintained with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade in Western Africa. The negroes liberated from slave-ships by British cruisers have been landed and settled here. The population is under 50,000. The settlement has never been very successful, owing, partly at least, to the unhealthiness of the climate.

Its maintenance is said to have cost Great Britain nearly £8,000,000. Liberia was formerly a dependency of the United States of America; it was founded in 1823, and was recognised as an independent republic in 1847. The ruling class of the population consist of immigrant negroes from the United States and their descendants, numbering about 18,000; the native tribes over whom they exercise sway are stated at 700,000. The cultivation of sugar and of coffee has been introduced; but the chief article of export is still palm-oil. The state is well supplied with churches and schools, and progress seems to be made in converting the indigenous negroes. Liberia has attained to the dignity of a national debt, and to a place in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Altogether, something may be hoped from Liberia as a civilising influence in Western Africa. Eastwards from Liberia, the coast of the Gulf of Guinea is studded with European establishments, the greater number belonging to Great Britain. The chief of the British stations is Cape Coast Castle, on the Gold Coast. Since the suppression of the slave-trade, the native products are palm-oil, gold-dust, ivory, cotton, &c.

Our information regarding the native states of the interior is derived partly from missionaries, but chiefly from envoys sent by the British government to the sovereigns of these states, with a view to establish commercial relations, and, latterly, to endeavour to put an end to the traffic in slaves. Among these envoys may be mentioned Mr Norris, who undertook a journey to the court of the king of Dahomey in 1772; Mr Bowditch, who took part in a mission to the king of Ashantee in 1817; Captain Adams, who visited Benin at a later period; F. E. Forbes, Commander R.N., who executed two missions to the king of Dahomey in the years 1849 and 1850; and Captain R. F. Burton, who spent ten weeks at the court of Dahomey in 1863-4. Our knowledge of Ashantee was also increased by the war with Great Britain in 1873-4.

Ashantee is described as a hilly country, well watered by numerous streams, and covered almost entirely with that rich vegetable luxuriance, the labour of removing which, it has been observed, is as severe for the agriculturist as the opposite labour of fertilising barren lands. The Ashantee negro clears the land by means of fire—thus both removing the rank vegetation, and spreading the soil with a rich manure, which yields two crops a year. Besides innumerable kinds of fruit and flowers, and all the giant trees of the tropics, the productions are sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams, and potatoes. All kinds of tropical animals likewise swarm in Ashantee. The human inhabitants of the whole region or empire are estimated at a million, and though possessing, in a marked degree, some of the worst negro characteristics, they are, upon the whole, more advanced than most of the African tribes, not only practising a regular and tolerably skilled agriculture, but shewing considerable ingenuity in several mechanical arts—as dyeing, tanning, pottery, weaving, and the manufacture of instruments and ornaments out of gold, iron, &c. They are also cleanly and well clad, and pay some attention to the building and decoration of their houses. Their government is an absolute monarchy, or nearly so; the classes of society under the monarch being caboceers—a corruption of a Portuguese word signifying a captain—gentry, traders, and slaves. Polygamy is allowed, but no one but the king possesses many wives. The royal number of wives is said to be precisely 3333, who, however, act also in other capacities; as body-guards, &c. The most horrible of the Ashantee customs is that of sacrificing a number of persons on the death of every man of rank, the number of victims being regarded not only as indicating the dignity of the deceased in this world, but as determining his rank in the next. This practice, and also the institution of female warriors, or Amazons, as they are called, seem to be common to Ashantee and Dahomey. No part of Africa is believed to be richer in gold than Ashantee.

The kingdom of Dahomey, situated eastward from Ashantee, resembles it in the general aspect of the soil, and in many other particulars. It is a recent negro state, formed by the conquest of a number of tribes by a powerful race from the interior. The government of the Dahomans, like that of the Ashantees, is an absolute monarchy; but the Dahoman king seems to be still more despotic in practice than his Ashantee neighbour. When, in obedience to some superstitious freak, he wishes to send a message to some of his deceased relatives in the other world, he delivers the message to some attendant negro, whose head is immediately cut off, as a means of forwarding him to his destination; and if the monarch has forgot any part of his communication, he immediately adds a postscript by a second messenger. But the chief scenes of human sacrifice take place at what are called the 'Customs,' which are of two kinds—the 'Grand Customs,' performed after the death of a king, in order to provide him with a proper retinue of ghostly attendants; and the 'Yearly Customs,' which furnish periodically a fresh supply. These rites are horrible enough in reality, but, according to Captain Burton, the accounts of them current in Europe have been greatly exaggerated. 'Human sacrifice in Dahomey is founded upon a purely religious basis, which not only strengthens but perpetuates the custom. It is a touching instance of the king's filial piety, deplorably mistaken, but perfectly sincere. The Dahoman sovereign must, as I have said, enter "Deadland" with royal state, accompanied by a ghostly court of wives, eunuchs, singers, and drummers, fetichers, bards, and soldiers. This is the object of what we have called the "Grand Customs," when the victims may amount to a maximum of 500. We find the same process extending through the continent to the south-eastern country of the Cazembe, who shews an equal veneration for his muzimos, or ancestral ghosts. Every year, moreover, decorum exacts that the first-fruits of war and that all criminals should be sent as recruits to swell the king's retinue. Hence the ordinary annual customs.' Captain Burton was present at an annual custom, and estimates the victims at eighty at the most. They were all either captives of war or criminals. 'But although the Dahoman customs have been greatly exaggerated, and admit of some palliation, the annual destruction of human life is terribly great. However trivial an action is done by the king, such as inventing a new drum, being visited by a white man, or even removing from one place to another, it must be dutifully reported by some male or female messenger to the paternal ghost. I can hardly rate the slaughter at less than 500 in average years of the annual customs, and at less than 1000 during the year of the Grand Customs.'* Benin would appear to be even worse than Dahomey in regard to this practice.

As regards religion, the inhabitants of these regions have not risen to the notion of a Supreme God. 'Africans, as a rule,' says Burton, 'worship everything except the Creator.' The religion of the Dahomans is mainly *fetichism*, which consists in worshipping actual objects, animate and inanimate. 'Some powerful and indescribable influence residing in the elements, in beasts (mostly the destructive), and even in man (generally human benefactors), enables them to work present weal and woe, and wins for them propitiation or deprecation.' Three orders of fetiches or nature-gods, forming a kind of trinity, enjoy a pre-eminence at Whydah, the port of Dahomey, whence their worship has spread over the rest of the kingdom; namely, snakes, trees, and the ocean. Thunder is also a chief object of veneration. Worship is also paid to rude images symbolising fertility, like the Siva worship of the Hindus. This shews a tendency to rise from mere fetichism to idolatry. The fetichers are a privileged class, and very influential.

The women soldiers, or 'Amazons,' of Dahomey have attained great celebrity. Like everything else connected with that kingdom, their numbers and discipline have been greatly exaggerated. When Captain Burton saw them they were not more than 2500, though they were probably rather more numerous in the previous reign. Among rude nations generally, and among the negro races in particular, the female sex is much less inferior to the male in point of robustness than among civilised races; hence, female troops are to be found in many parts of Africa. In Dahomey, however, the institution has been more regularly organised than elsewhere. They are considered as the king's wives (though he has a multitude of wives besides, who are not soldiers), and are thus virtually condemned to celibacy. Owing partly to this cause, and partly to the system of depopulating warfare constantly waged against neighbouring tribes, the region is fast becoming a desert, and the kingdom threatens to collapse. There is yet little productive industry to take the place of the profits of the slave-trade.

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* Burton's *Mission to the King of Dahomey.* 1864.

Passing from Upper Guinea, of which Ashantee and Dahomey are the principal territories, we come next to Lower or South Guinea, which extends from the Bight of Biafra to the commencement of Southern Africa, and includes the provinces or districts of Loango, Congo, Angola, and Benguela. The whole of this tract of coast presents the aspect of a country degraded and deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, to a condition worse than its original negro barbarism. Here, more than three centuries ago, the Portuguese established themselves partly as missionaries of Christianity, and partly as traders in slaves; and while their efforts in the former capacity, directed as they are by the most absurd and wretched bigotry, produced almost no beneficial effect, the curse of the slave-traffic which they imported has adhered to the country with a tenacity which all the rigours of modern philanthropy have hardly yet overcome.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Occupied with their lucrative commerce on the fertile coasts of Western Africa, the Portuguese scarcely bestowed a thought on the southern extremity of the continent, the aspect of which was less promising; and accordingly, for a century and a half after the famous voyage of Vasco da Gama, the district round the Cape of Good Hope remained a blank waste to Europeans. The prudent and enterprising Dutch, however, having embarked in the East India trade, soon discovered the importance of the Cape as a commercial station, and in the year 1650 they founded Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, the most flourishing of all the European settlements in Africa. Encroaching, without the least scruple, on the territories of the natives, the Dutch extended their possessions so as to include an area of upwards of 120,000 square miles, some spots of which were cultivated and planted with vines, or laid out in corn-fields, but the greater part was converted into immense grazing farms. Under the Dutch the natives suffered dreadfully, numbers of them being reduced to bondage, and others driven into the interior to find subsistence as they best could. In 1795, the colony was taken by the English; it was again restored to the Dutch in 1802; a second time, however, it was taken by the English, to whom it was finally ceded in the year 1815, and is now, accordingly, an English possession. A portion of the east coast has been formed into the separate colony of Natal; and north-west from this, discontented descendants of the original Dutch settlers have formed two independent settlements, called the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Republic. Both before and after the cession of Cape Colony to the British, various travellers have undertaken journeys among the tribes inhabiting this extremity of Africa; and no accounts are more full and interesting than those of the various missionaries who, since the beginning of the present century, have employed themselves in the arduous task of carrying the doctrines of Christianity into the heart of the native tribes. The native races of Southern Africa are two in number—the Hottentots and the Kaffirs; the former, so far as not extirpated, living within the colony and on its confines towards the west coast; the other occupying tracts on the east and north.

Of the Hottentots of the colony and its vicinity, it is said that they have become noted and almost proverbial for presenting man in his lowest estate, and under the closest alliance with the inferior orders of creation. The intercourse of the Hottentots with the Dutch settlers both degraded them and diminished their numbers. Many of the tribes parted with their flocks and herds to procure spirits, and eventually they became the absolute slaves of the Boers. From this condition they have been delivered by the more humane policy of the British government; and as free labourers they make excellent herdsmen. The Hottentots are more akin to the Mongolians, or even the Esquimaux, than to the negroes, having broad foreheads, high cheekbones, oblique eyes, and a dirty olive-coloured complexion. The most degraded tribe of the Hottentots are the Bosjesmen or Bushmen. There is but little notion of religion among the Hottentots in their wild state; but they have proved very susceptible of religious instruction by Christian missionaries.

The name Kaffir (from an Arabic word signifying 'unbeliever') is generally understood to apply to the tribes inhabiting the coast country on the east side of South-east Africa; but ethnologists now extend it so as to include all the tribes living in the region south of 18° of south latitude, and reaching to Cape Colony. They are more or less akin, and form one family, divided into three groups—(1.) the east-coast Kaffirs, speaking the Zulu language; (2.) those of the central region, speaking the Sichuana language, and known by the general name of Betjuans; and (3.) the west-coast tribes, speaking the Ovampo language.

In physical conformation, the Kaffirs are described as modified negroes. They are tall, well made, and generally handsome, of a dark-brown or bronze colour, and hair in short woolly tufts. As we proceed to the north, they gradually become more assimilated to the negro type, until at last the two races seem to blend together. They are brave, and, in times of peace, kind and hospitable to strangers, affectionate husbands and fathers; and their minds have a peculiarly acute and logical turn, which, in discussions with Europeans, often give them the best of the argument. They are an honest people, except, perhaps, in the article cattle. Although their idea of God appears very indistinct, and their feelings of veneration but small, yet they are very superstitious, and dread the influence of wizards and sorcerers. The general rule of the chiefs is patriarchal. Polygamy is allowed, and wives are generally purchased for cattle. The chief has absolute power over the property of his whole tribe, although he seldom exercises it. They practise, in common with all other African nations, circumcision and many peculiar rites of purification, many of them analogous to those prescribed in the Mosaic law; but these rites appear, both in Africa and Asia, to have been generally practised at an earlier period even than the Jews adopted them. The number of the Kaffir races has been estimated at three millions, scattered over an area of about a million square miles.

EASTERN AFRICA.

With the exception of the countries bordering on the Red Sea—Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia—which cannot be included in so general a survey as the present, the eastern coast of Africa is the least-known portion of the whole circuit of the continent. The tract of country extending from the northern extremity of Kaffirland to Cape Guardafui, and including the territories of Sofala, Mozambique, Zanguebar or Zanzibar, and Ajan, was early visited by the Portuguese in their voyages to India; and in the course of the sixteenth century, various settlements were planted in it by them, similar to those which they planted along the Guinea Coast. The most conspicuous difference was, that here the ruling race were not pure negroes, but men of Arabic descent, and vehement Mohammedans. It was from these that the Portuguese wrested the immense line of coast-territory which they once held in this part of Africa, and of which they made Mozambique the capital. On the ruin of the Portuguese power in India, their settlements in Eastern Africa declined. Ajan is now held by the Somali, a people of Arabic descent, and is known as Somaliland. It was explored in 1854 by Burton and Speke. Zanzibar, extending from 2° N. lat. to Cape Delgado, in 10° 42′ S. lat., was taken possession of in 1784 by the Imaum of Muscat, and in 1854 became a separate kingdom under one of his sons. The Portuguese possessions are now confined to the tract from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay. Even here they have only a few stations, and their authority in the country is inconsiderable. Traffic in slaves is still covertly carried on, though not to the same extent as at one time. The country is rich in a variety of products; but the climate is unhealthy, and the people are in a very degraded condition.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Under the general name of Central Africa may be included the whole of the interior of the continent south of the Great Desert. Our narrative of the gradual exploration of this vast region will be better understood if we begin with a sketch of its general features as they are now known. The whole African continent is, with few interruptions, bordered by a mountainous tract of greater or less elevation. The chief breaks in this chain are from the Delta of the Nile to Tunis, and, again, from Morocco to Senegambia; but between these there is the long and lofty Atlas range, rising to the height of 11,400 feet. The border highlands begin again in Senegambia, and are continued in the Kong and King William Mountains, lying north from the Guinea Coast. The Cameroons, west from the Bight of Biafra, are 13,000 feet high; and the chain continues along the coast of Lower Guinea and Damaraland to Cape Colony, where, in the Sneeuwberg and Drakenberg, it reaches 9000 feet. In Mozambique it is known as the Lupata range; and in Zanzibar, the peaks of Kilima Njaro and Kenia are estimated to be 20,000 feet high. The mountains of Abyssinia rise to nearly 16,000 feet; and a series of rocky hills continues the range along the Red Sea to the Delta of the Nile.

Between the coast and the border-range runs a belt of lowlands, varying from 50 to 300 miles in breadth, and usually rising in successive stages towards the mountains. In Cape Colony, these terraces are called *karroos;* the Great Karroo is a barren, waterless plain, 200 miles long, and 50 broad. In Algeria, the coast lowland constitutes the 'Tell.'

The triangular portion of the continent, south of Cape Guardafui and the Gulf of Guinea, presents, in the interior, an elevated plateau or table-land, to which the border range gives a trough-like aspect. The mountains form, as it were, a crest on the edge of this table-land before it begins to slope to the coast. Abyssinia is the eastern prolongation of this great plateau with its elevated crest. The limits of the central parts of the plateau towards the north are not yet determined, although it seems to extend at least 3° or 4° north of the equator. Its north-eastern portion constitutes the remarkable Lake Region, in which lie the sources of the Nile, and perhaps of the Congo. The general elevation of the plateau is 3500 feet; but it is by no means a plain. On the whole, it slopes from the east towards the west; and it is hollowed out in the wide valleys and depressions that contain its great rivers and lakes. It is further diversified by numerous undulations and hilly and mountainous tracts. Until recently, the greater part of this vast tract was marked as unexplored territory, and was conceived to be a riverless, sandy, uninhabited waste. It is now known to be very much the reverse. It is, upon the whole, well watered. The equatorial zone is characterised by dense forests and a luxuriant growth of vegetation generally. South of the forest zone is a belt of less wooded country, merging gradually into open, cultivated, or pasture lands. The population is abundant—in many places even dense. One tract, indeed, 600 miles long by 350 broad, lying north of Cape Colony, is called the Kalihari Desert; it is sandy, and destitute of running streams, and almost of springs; but it is mostly covered with trees, shrubs, and other vegetation affording subsistence to vast numbers of the large game for which South Africa is famous.

But the exploration of Central Africa did not begin with this southern plateau, but with the region lying between it and the Great Desert, called Soudan or Nigritia. From the earliest times, this part of Africa attracted attention, as being the country through which the famous Niger flowed, on whose banks the great city of Timbuktu, of the wealth of which vague accounts had reached the shores of the Mediterranean, was reputed to be situated. To ascertain the course of this river, and to reach this celebrated negro city, were the leading objects of all who engaged in the enterprise of African discovery. In the year 1618, an English company was formed for the purpose of opening up a communication with Timbuktu, and not long afterwards a similar company was formed in France. For a century and a half the two nations continued to compete with each other in the enterprise; the English trying to make their way up the river Gambia, which they imagined to be the outlet of the Niger; the French, on the other hand, persevering along the Senegal. It was clearly ascertained, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Gambia could be identical with the Niger, supposing the traditionary accounts of that river to be true. Three distinct opinions respecting this river began to be entertained. Some said that there was no Niger at all, such as the ancients had described it, but that some river branching off into the Senegal and Gambia was alluded to. Others believed that the ancient accounts of the Niger as a river flowing towards the east were correct, and that it was to be considered one of the upper branches of the Nile. A third party maintained that the supposition of the Niger being identical with the Nile was untenable, considering the immense breadth of the continent, and that the true Niger was some stream rising in the interior of Africa, and flowing into the sea at some point of the western coast farther south than the Senegal and the Gambia. A subsequent modification of this opinion was, that the Niger did not flow into the sea at all, but terminated in some great marsh or lake in the interior of Africa, resembling the Caspian Sea.

Such was the state of information, or rather of doubt, with respect to the course of the Niger, when, in the year 1788, a number of spirited men of science, including Lord Rawdon, Sir Joseph Banks, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr Beaufoy, and Mr Stuart, formed themselves into an association for the purpose of prosecuting this and other questions of African geography to an issue. The first travellers whom the society sent out were cut off by death. It was at this juncture that the celebrated Mungo Park presented himself to the society. Born in the county of Selkirk, in Scotland, in the year

1771, and having been educated for the medical profession, Park had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies in the capacity of assistant-surgeon on board one of the East India Company's vessels, when he offered his services to the association, through Sir Joseph Banks. After due inquiry into Mr Park's character and qualifications, the offer was accepted.

The ship in which Park sailed reached the African coast in the end of June 1795. After remaining about five months in the village of Pisania, situated on the northern bank of the Gambia, at a considerable distance from the coast, preparing for his journey into the interior, and acquiring information respecting the western parts of Africa, Park launched upon his perilous enterprise on the 2d of December 1795. For three months he toiled on, passing through various negro kingdoms, and numberless towns and villages, almost everywhere received with kindness and respect, although the cupidity of some of the negro sovereigns stripped him of most of the articles of value he had brought along with him, as a tax for allowing him to pass through their dominions. For a detailed account of all his adventures during the journey, we must refer to his own narrative, which has long and justly been regarded as one of the most interesting books in the English language. Suffice it to say, that after having pushed on till he found himself near the southern borders of the Great Desert, he was carried away captive by a Moorish chief to Benown, a village on the margin of the Desert, where he was detained for nearly three months, enduring incredible hardships from the cruelty of his keepers, who persecuted him both as a stranger and as a Christian.

Escaping at length from the hands of his tormentors, Park continued his journey in a south-easterly direction, passing, as before, through several negro kingdoms, where, however, the Moors seemed to exercise a powerful influence, and where, consequently, he underwent much suffering and insult, although, even in the depths of his distress, he always found sympathy and compassion from some poor negro. On the 21st of July 1796, he was approaching a large town called Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, in company with a party of negroes, who were proceeding thither, and who entertained him on the way with accounts of the traffic which went on at this town, and of the Great Water, or Joliba, which flowed past it. This stream Park had no doubt was the Niger, of which he was in search; and so it proved. 'We rode together,' he says, 'through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out: "*Geo affilli!*" ("See the water!") and looking forward, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward.* I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great

Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.'

Having thus been successful in reaching the banks of the long-sought Niger, Park would have pursued his journey along them so as to ascertain its farther course, and even trace it to its termination; but his entire destitution of everything necessary for such an enterprise, and the reports which he received of the bigotry of the Moors who ruled in the districts through which he must pass, prevented him from advancing farther than Silla, a town considerably to the east of Sego. Accordingly, having collected all the information he could respecting the course of the river beyond this point, Park returned to the coast along the banks of the Niger, and consequently by a route different from that which he had adopted on his journey inland. He reached Pisania on the 10th of June 1797, having thus been absent a year and a half in the interior of Africa. He arrived in London on Christmas-day in the same year; was received with great enthusiasm by all classes; prepared the narrative of his journey for publication; and at length, in 1800, having in the meantime married, he settled as a medical practitioner in Peebles.

Park's success gave an impulse to the spirit of discovery, and some unsuccessful attempts were made shortly after his return to follow up what he had begun. At length Mr Park—who, notwithstanding the public respect and domestic comfort which he enjoyed in the situation in which he had settled down, still hankered after a life of wandering in Africa, avowing, it is said, to Sir Walter Scott, who was one of his most intimate friends, that he preferred it to any other—consented, on the invitation of government, to undertake a second journey. On the 30th of January 1805, Park set sail from Portsmouth. He was accompanied by four or five artificers from the dockyards, and also by his brother-in-law, Mr Anderson, and a friend, Mr Scott. On arriving at the mouth of the Gambia, nearly forty volunteers from the garrison joined the party.

Park's intentions with respect to this second journey were stated to government before his departure from England. He said that 'he would proceed up the Gambia, cross the country to the Niger, and travel down that river *to its termination*.' Sailing up the Gambia as far as Kayee, Park and his party commenced their land journey from that point on the 27th of April, in high spirits, and amply provided with all necessaries. 'At Kayee he was able, for the first time, to perfect his preparations for the route, by attaching a few of the natives to his party. Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, and one well inured to long inland journeys, engaged himself to act as guide to the expedition, and to give it the assistance of several negroes, his own personal attendants.' Unfortunately, it was the worst season of the year for travelling, and the journey was one of continued toil and sickness. Before the 19th of August, more than three-fourths of the party had died, or been left behind to die.

On that day, after leaving a place called Toniba, 'coming,' says Park, 'to the brow of a hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain!' This was a pleasant sight for Park's companions. Several more of them, however, died before Sego, the capital of Bambarra, was reached. Here, being kindly received by Mansong, the king of the Bambarras, he got a vessel for navigating the Niger fitted up, and named it his Britannic majesty's schooner the *Joliba*. At Sansanding, a town a little below Sego, on the 28th of October, Mr Anderson underwent the fate of so many of his companions.

At this point the authentic account of Mungo Park's second journey ends. Isaaco's engagement here terminated, and the papers given to him by the traveller, and carried back to the coast, constitute the only records of the expedition which came from Park's own pen. These papers were accompanied by several letters, the most interesting of which is one (dated Sansanding, November 17) addressed to Lord Camden. In this letter, Park says: 'I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive; namely, three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself. From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you I am far from despairing. With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream, but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end nowhere but in the sea. My dear friend, Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half-dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last *die on the Niger*.'

These were the last words which Park sent to Europe; the next intelligence was a vague rumour of his death. For five years, however, no authentic information of the event was received; but from the exertions of Isaaco, Park's former guide, who was induced, in 1810, to make a journey with a view to ascertain the traveller's fate, it appeared that his prophetic words had been accomplished, and that he had died 'on the Niger.' Isaaco obtained the particulars from Amadi Fatouma, who acted as guide to the party onward from Sansanding. They were as follows: Passing Jenné and Timbuktu in safety, the little schooner, with Park and his surviving companions (eight in number) on board, reached Yaour (Yuri), in the kingdom of Housa. Not willing to delay his progress by landing, Park sent Amadi Fatouma, whose engagement as guide terminated here, on shore with presents to the king. These presents being treacherously appropriated by the inferior chief to whom Amadi delivered them, the king of Housa, thinking his dignity insulted, sent an army after the schooner. The army came upon the schooner at a part of the river called Boussa. 'There is before Boussa a rock extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock, until Park came up to it, and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing everything in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed, and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma, on being freed from his irons three months afterwards, ascertained these facts from the native who had survived the catastrophe.'

From 1805 to 1822, various attempts were made to penetrate after Park into the heart of Nigritia, but without any considerable result. About the year 1819, attention was drawn to the possibility of penetrating into Central Africa by a route not yet tried—namely, from Tripoli through the Great Desert. The first expedition failed; but in April 1822, three new adventurers, Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr Oudney, with several companions, followed the same route. 'A caravan, belonging to a great native merchant named Boo Khaloom, was on the point of starting for Soudan on the Niger, and with this band the travellers were to cross the Desert in company.

'Boo Khaloom, a Moor or Arab of remarkable abilities, and of a liberal and humane disposition, had a retinue on the journey of above two hundred Arabs, and with this company performed their dreary marches, under a burning sun, across the sands of the interior. The most extraordinary sight on this route was the number of skeletons strewed on the ground, the wrecks of former caravans. Sometimes sixty or seventy lay in one spot, and of these some lay entwined in one another's arms, as they had perished! For fourteen days, hills of sand and plains of sand constituted the only objects in sight of the travellers. At the end of that time they again beheld symptoms of herbage, being now on the northern borders of the kingdom of Bornu. Shortly afterwards, on reaching a town called Lari, the British travellers beheld a sight which made up for all they had undergone. This was the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tchad, the existence of which had been so often canvassed, and which now lay before them "glowing with the golden rays of the sun."

'Lake Tchad, one of the most interesting points of Central African scenery, is a vast triangular sheet of water, about one hundred and eighty miles long from east to west, and above one hundred miles in extent at its greatest breadth. It lies betwixt 12° and 14° of north latitude, and 13° and $15\frac{1}{2}$° of east longitude. Two large streams flow into it—the one called the Waube, from the west, and the other the Shari, from the south. Lake Tchad is situated about five hundred miles to the east of the Niger. The kingdom of Bornu lies immediately to the west of the lake. Major Denham spent a considerable time here. He found the kingdom of Bornu in a very peculiar position as to government.' Its history and condition have since been more thoroughly explored by Dr Barth.

'Major Denham found an opportunity of travelling round nearly the whole of Lake Tchad, and thus satisfied himself that the waters of the Niger did not enter this inland pool. After eighteen months' stay in Bornu, Denham was joined by Captain Clapperton, who had separated from him in order to explore other parts of Negroland—an excursion on which Dr Oudney unfortunately perished from fatigue, and the diseases incidental to the climate. Clapperton was well received at Soccatoo, or Sokoto, then the capital of Housa. The Fellata sultan, Bello, was extremely anxious that an English consul should be sent to Sokoto, and that a trade should be opened up with the English. Before the travellers left either Housa or Bornu, however, they found the rulers of these places to cool in their desire for British intercourse. This arose, without doubt, from the intrigues of the Arabs, who were afraid that the traffic through the Desert from the Mediterranean might be superseded by the commerce of the British from the Atlantic or western coast. The Arabs, therefore, artfully placed before the minds of the African princes the consequences which had resulted to India and other countries from a connection with Britain.'*

Having spent in all about three years in the interior of Africa, Denham and Clapperton returned to Tripoli, which they reached on the 26th of January 1825. 'Ere he had rested many months at home, Clapperton, one of the bravest of the many brave men who had risked their lives on the same dangerous adventure, was again on his way to Africa at the head of an exploratory party. His companions were Dr Morrison and Captain Pearce, besides a faithful servant of Clapperton, Richard Lander. It was resolved on this occasion to enter the interior from Badagry, a district on the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, from which Clapperton believed the Niger might be soonest reached.'

In the course of their arduous journey, all of the party died except Clapperton and his servant Lander. They persevered, nevertheless, passing through many populous negro towns situated between the coast and the Niger. In April 1826, they reached Boussa, on the Niger, the place where Park had been killed; they saw the spot where the traveller had met his death, and heard that some relics of him were still preserved, but could not obtain a sight of them. After staying some time at Boussa, Clapperton crossed the Niger, and paid another visit to the territories of his former acquaintance, Sultan Bello, who, however, seemed less friendly to him than on the previous occasion, apparently suspecting the motives which actuated the British in their efforts to procure information respecting a part of the world so remote from their own. Wearied out by his toils, Clapperton became ill at Sokoto, and died there on the 13th of April 1827, in the arms of Richard Lander, who, with great difficulty, made his way alone back to the coast, which he reached in November. He immediately set out for England, carrying Captain Clapperton's papers with him, and a journal of his own proceedings subsequent to Clapperton's death.

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* Life of Park and Account of African Discovery appended to Chambers's People's Edition of his *Travels*.

'Meanwhile the British government were making another attempt from the Mediterranean. About the time that Clapperton set out on his second journey, Major Laing, an able officer, who had already travelled on the African coasts, entered the Desert by way of Tripoli, under the protection of a personage who had resided twenty-two years at Timbuktu. When in the middle of the Desert, the party was attacked by a band of wild Tawareks, and Major Laing was left for dead, with twenty-four dreadful wounds on his person. He recovered, however, by the care of his surviving companions, although numerous portions of bone had to be extracted from his head and temples! When able to do so, he pursued his journey, and on the 18th of August reached the famous city of Timbuktu. Several letters were received from him, dated at this place, which he described as having disappointed him in point of extent, being only about four miles in circuit, but that he had found its records copious and interesting. Major Laing never had the opportunity, unhappily, of making these valuable discoveries known, being murdered, three days after leaving Timbuktu, by a wretch who had undertaken to guide him to the mouth of the Senegal, or its neighbourhood. What became of the ill-fated traveller's papers is not yet known.'

The next light thrown upon African geography came from René Caillié, a Frenchman, who, starting with a native caravan from Senegambia, succeeded in reaching Timbuktu in April 1828. After a short sojourn, he made his way across the Desert to Tangier. He cannot be said to have added much to our knowledge of the geography of Africa.

The mystery of the Niger was at last disclosed by Clapperton's faithful follower, Richard Lander; who, along with his brother John, starting from Badagry in the end of March 1830, and following the route pursued by Clapperton, arrived at Boussa on the Niger on the 17th of

June. 'At Boussa, notwithstanding that aversion always evinced by the natives to speak about Park, the Landers found an old nautical publication belonging to that traveller, with a loose paper or two between the sheets—one of them an invitation card to dinner. The man who possessed this book regarded it as his household god—every written paper being of magical import in the eyes of the natives. The *tobe*, or surtout-dress, of rich crimson damask, which Park had worn, was also recovered at Boussa by the Landers; but no distinct account was got of the mode in which these articles came into the hands of their owners.'

After making all inquiries, so as to rescue any relics of Park, and obtaining for their trouble a double-barrelled gun which had belonged to the traveller, the Landers, on the 20th of September, embarked in a canoe on the Niger.

'On the 7th of October they arrived opposite Rabba, having passed a number of islands and towns on the river, which was always a magnificent stream, but varying considerably in width. The ruler of Rabba being dissatisfied with the presents made to him, the travellers were reluctantly forced to give him Park's *tobe*, and they subsequently had the misfortune to lose his gun. Egga, another famous market-town on the river, and Kacunda, were afterwards passed; and the mouths of two large tributaries, the Coodoovia and the Tchadda (Benué), were also seen. The Landers had now arrived at a region where signs of European intercourse were seen, and where the natives had been tainted by the demoralising consequences of the slave commerce. At a place called Kirree, the travellers suffered a heavy misfortune. They were attacked by a number of canoes, seized, and their property taken from them. The travellers expected nothing but death at this time themselves; but their lives were saved, that they might be carried down the river to Eboe Town, where the king of the Eboe people resided, and by whose subjects the attack had been made.

'On their way to Eboe Town, they passed a large lake on the river, which afterwards divided itself into three broad streams, flowing at different inclinations to the south-west. From this, and previous branchings of the stream, the Landers felt convinced that they were close by the termination of the Niger in the Gulf of Guinea. Obie, the Eboe king, resolved to detain them, however, till a ransom was got from the English; but King Boy, a monarch residing farther down the river, and who was then in Eboe Town, became bound for the ransom of the Landers, and carried them down (what proved to be the stream commonly called the Nun River) to Brass Town, his father's capital.' It was not without considerable difficulty and danger that the bold adventurers at last reached Fernando Po, where they experienced the warmest reception from the British residents. Shortly after, they found a passage homewards, and reached Britain on the 9th of June 1831, after an absence of a year and a half.

'The solution of the great African mystery by the Landers was justly felt by their countrymen as a national triumph. But the matter, when explained, looked so simple, as in the case of Columbus with the egg, that men wondered how they could have been so long in the dark with respect to it. The splitting of the Niger into numerous branches near its close, some of them a hundred miles distant from others, was the real cause of all the difficulty. Like the Nile, the Niger has a large delta (so called from the shape of the Greek letter Δ, *delta*), and each of its branches bore the look of an independent stream. The delta of the Niger is partly inhabited, but is extremely marshy.'

After the completion of Park's great discovery by the Landers, there was at first a general belief that now a communication had been opened up with Central Africa, and that, by means of the Niger, an easy and speedy intercourse could be held with the negro tribes living south of the Great Desert. Accordingly, two steamers, one of them entirely iron, were fitted out in 1832, at the expense of some individuals in Liverpool anxious to commence the new trade. The expedition was a failure; four-fifths of the crews fell victims to the pestilential climate, and the traffic obtained was trifling. Richard Lander, who had joined the expedition, was mortally wounded in a scuffle with the natives.

A second expedition, consisting of three iron steamers, commissioned by government, set sail for the Niger in May 1841. The object of this expedition was to open up such an intercourse with the native princes on the banks of the Niger as might serve to assist in suppressing the African slave-trade, and to plant the seeds of civilisation in the centre of the continent. Besides being amply manned and furnished, the vessels carried with them all that was necessary for establishing a little colony or model farm on the banks of the Niger. The entire number of individuals connected with the expedition was 301, of whom 145 were Europeans, and 156 persons of colour. The vessels commenced the ascent of the Niger on the 20th of August. On the 10th of September, the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda was reached; and here it was determined to establish the model farm. One of the steamers advanced as far as Egga, about 350 miles from the sea. But again the climate proved an insuperable bar; by the 16th of October, all the vessels had quitted the river, and only 15 of the 145 white men had escaped the fever, and 53 were dead. The labourers on the farm were removed, and the undertaking given up.

In 1854, the steamer *Pleiad*, under the conduct of Dr Baikie, sailed up the Niger, and entering the Tchadda, or, properly, the Benué, advanced 300 miles along that river to the country of Adamawa. Friendly relations were established with the natives, and a correct chart of 600 miles of inland navigation from the mouth of the Niger was constructed. It is expected that this noble river, the Benué, will yet prove an important channel of communication with Central Negroland.

But the most extensive and thorough exploration of Soudan yet made is that accomplished by Dr Barth in the years 1850-55. Henry Barth, a native of Hamburg, born in 1821, had already made himself known as an explorer in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, when he was invited—along with Dr Overweg, another German savant—by the British government to join Mr Richardson, then charged with a political and commercial mission to Central Africa. Starting from Tripoli in March 1850, Dr Barth and his companions crossed the Great Desert amid much difficulty and danger. They soon separated, pursuing their investigations apart, and only meeting occasionally. Mr Richardson succumbed to the climate in March 1851, and Overweg in September of the following year. Dr Barth now pursued his career alone; and when he returned to Tripoli in September 1855, his explorations had extended over 24° of latitude and 20° of longitude, from Tripoli in the north to Adamawa in the south, and from Bagirmi, east of Lake Tchad, to Timbuktu in the west. The five volumes of his *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*, published in 1857, contain a full and trustworthy account of the natural productions, the political and commercial relations, the languages and affinities of the tribes, and their religious and moral condition, such as no previous traveller had the opportunity or the necessary qualifications to give. And not only did he fill up the almost blank outlines of the kingdoms already vaguely known, but he penetrated into tracts before unvisited. Starting (May 1851) from Kukawa (Kuka), the capital of Bornu, he travelled southward nearly 250 miles to Yola, the capital of a new Mohammedan kingdom called Adamawa, founded by the conquering Fulbe or Fellata on the ruins of several small pagan kingdoms. It is nominally a dependency of the Sultan of Sokoto. Yola, though not less than three miles long, has not above 12,000 inhabitants, each clay hut having a large courtyard sown with grain. In this country, Dr Barth discovered a great river coming from the east, which he identified with the Tchadda, then known only in a small part of its lower course. The real name of the river is Benué or Benuwé (*be*, water, *nuwe*, mother—mother of water). Since Barth's discovery, it has been explored by the *Pleiad* expedition already mentioned. The point where Barth crossed the river is where it is joined by a large tributary coming from the south.

'The principal river, the Benuwé, flowed here from east to west, in a broad and majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty-five, and in some places to thirty feet, while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Faro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me, in thought, upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantika. The river, below the junction, keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north, ran along the northern foot of Mount Bagele, and was there lost to the eye, but was followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Bachama and Zina to Hamarruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Kororofa, till it joined the great western river the Kwara or Niger, and, conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean. . . . Hence I cherish the well-founded conviction, that along this natural high-road European influence and commerce will penetrate into the very heart of the continent, and abolish slavery, or rather those infamous slave-hunts and religious wars, destroying the natural germs of human happiness, which are spontaneously developed in the simple life of the pagans, and spreading devastation and desolation all around.'

In the following year, Dr Barth made an excursion from Kukawa, by the north side of Lake Tchad, to the country of Bagirmi, whose capital, Masena, lies more than a hundred miles to the south-east of the lake, and which had never been visited by a European. The population of the kingdom may be about a million and a half. They are nominally Mohammedans; but 'their adoption of Islam is very recent; and the greater part of them may, even at the present day, with more justice be called pagans than Mohammedans.' They are abjectly superstitious; the sultan, when giving Dr Barth an audience, kept himself concealed by a screen, lest the traveller should bewitch him. The strength and riches of the country consist in the slaves derived from the tributary pagan tribes. The same is the case with Adamawa, where some private individuals have as many as a thousand slaves. In fact, slavery is the great institution of Negroland; and the suppression of the ocean-traffic in human flesh does but partially abate the evil, which, so long as it continues, must keep the people in a state of barbarism, and the country a comparative waste.

Our traveller's next excursion from Kukawa was to Timbuktu. Leaving Bornu, the oldest, and once the most extensive empire of Negroland, but now in a dilapidated condition, he proceeded westwards through the Housa or Hausa states towards the Niger. The dominant people in those regions are the Fulbe, Fellani, or Fellata, the most intelligent and energetic race in Central Africa. They seem to have come to their present seats from the west in Senegambia, though at an earlier period they may have had an eastern origin. They are strongly—even fanatically Mohammedan. In their migratory conquering progress, they have absorbed and assimilated various other tribes; so that their physical type is very varied, some being black, and others red or brown. They lived at first widely scattered in various settlements, and without political influence, until the beginning of the present century, when a religious reformer of the name of Othman, giving them a new religious impulse, enabled them to throw off the yoke of the pagan rulers under whom they lived, and laid the foundation of a vast empire. His son and successor, Mohammed Bello, did much to reduce it to order; but his less energetic son seemed to Dr Barth in danger of allowing the yet uncemented structure to go to pieces. The largest city of his dominions is Kano, with a population of 30,000 to 40,000, situated in the eastern part of the empire, which once belonged to Bornu. It is the chief emporium of commerce in Central Negroland, and is famous for the manufacture and dyeing of cloth. The capital of the empire is Sokoto. The western portion of the great Fellata empire, founded by Othman, is held by a descendant of his brother as a separate kingdom called Gando.

Dr Barth reached the Niger at the town of Say, in about 13° north latitude. Instead of following the course of the river to Timbuktu, he held straight north-west, through an utterly unknown country, thus cutting off the great north-eastern bend of the river. He arrived at Timbuktu, September 7, 1853; and, owing to the distracted state of the country, was unable to leave it until May 17th of the following year. During these eight months of enforced residence, he was constantly harassed, and frequently in imminent danger of his life amid the jealousies and strifes of the surrounding tribes, who in turn dominate over the city. Whatever mystery rested over the famous City of the Desert, Dr Barth has at last dispelled. Timbuktu, which has figured in Europe as the centre and capital of a great negro empire, has never been other than a kind of provincial city, under the dominion of various neighbouring potentates, one after another. It owes its importance to its having become the seat of Mohammedan learning and worship, and to its favourable commercial position on the nearest point of the Niger to Morocco. It was founded about the end of the eleventh century by the Desert tribes of the Tawarek. In the early part of the fourteenth century, it became subject to the king of Melle, whose empire lay south-west on the Upper Niger, under whom it became a market-place of the first rank. In the latter half of the fifteenth century, it belonged to the great empire of Songhay, which had been founded a century and a half before at Gogo, on the Niger, and which, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, under the great negro king, Askia, extended over an immense territory east and west both of the Upper and Lower Niger. This vast empire was ruled by the descendants of Askia until it was overthrown, in 1591, by an army sent against it by Mulay Hamed, emperor of Morocco.

The Moorish chiefs and garrisons established in the different towns and provinces, intermarrying with the natives, continued for about a century to rule the country with little or no regard to Morocco; but all unity in the Songhay dominions was henceforth at an end, and the different parts had fallen a prey to the aggressions of neighbouring powers. The all-pervading Fulbe or Fellata having, in 1816, established an extensive empire, with its centre at Hamda-Allahi, on the Upper Niger, occupied Timbuktu in 1826, and have since held a kind of sovereignty over the city, which is from time to time disputed by the Tawarek tribes of the Desert to the north. It was from the mutual jealousies and conflicts of those rival powers that the traveller's difficulties and dangers arose. The Fulbe, like the Wahabis of Arabia, are Mohammedan Puritans, and look upon the Mohammedanism of the Moors and Arabs as little better than heathenism. To the prohibition of wine and spirits, which is common to all Mohammedans, they add that of tobacco. They were furious that the Holy City should be desecrated by the presence of an accursed unbeliever, and threatened to send an expedition against it if the traveller was not expelled. It required all the influence and management of his friend El Bakáy, a powerful sheikh, or religious chief, to protect him, until an opportunity could be got of escorting him down the river through the dangerous Tawarek tribes.

The city of Timbuktu is at present between two and three miles in circumference. It is laid out in pretty regular streets, which are unpaved. The houses, as elsewhere in Central Africa, are of clay. The settled inhabitants number about 13,000, and the floating population from 5000 to 10,000. The commerce is trifling, if judged by European standard. Gold forms the chief staple ; although Dr Barth estimates its yearly value at not more than £20,000. Salt and the guro or kola nut are next in importance. Timbuktu is not a place of manufactures; the greater part of the native cloth in its markets comes from Kano.

On departing from Timbuktu, Dr Barth followed the course of the Niger down to Say, and thence retraced his steps to Kukawa. Wherever he went, he has left a luminous track in what was before utter darkness, or at best hazy twilight.

In the exploration of *Southern Central Africa*, a beginning was first made in 1798 by two Portuguese gentlemen, Lacerda and Pereira, who, starting from Tete, a Portuguese settlement on the Zambesi, penetrated to the town of the Cazembé, in the middle of the country, in S. lat. 8½°. In 1802, two native Portuguese traders made their way from Angola on the west, to the Portuguese possessions on the east coast, and returned by the same way in 1814, being the first travellers who crossed the continent. The route from Tete to Cazembé was again explored in 1830 by Major Monteiro. But little certain information resulted from these expeditions, and that little had hardly been heard of in Europe; so that when Livingstone entered on the field in 1850, it was, with the exception of Monteiro's route, almost a blank.

David Livingstone, the greatest traveller of modern times, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1817, and began his career in

1840, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, as a medical missionary among the Bechuanas (or Betjuans) north of the Orange River in South Africa. His first proceeding, on arriving at his destination, shews the character of the man—sagacity in discerning the right means to his end, and resoluteness to do in the best manner whatever he set his hand to. 'Here, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, I cut myself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws and language, of that section of the Bechuanas called Bakwains, which has proved of incalculable advantage in my intercourse with them ever since.'

Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, and a man of great intelligence, became a convert, and learned to read. Seeing Livingstone anxious that his people should also believe, Sechele proposed a novel method of converting them. 'Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our litupa' [whips of rhinoceros-hide], 'we will soon make them all believe together.'

While stationed at Kolobeng, in the Betjuan country, Livingstone crossed the Kalihari Desert in 1849, and discovered Lake Ngami, the centre of the internal drainage of the country between the Orange and Zambesi rivers. The following year, he made a journey still farther north, to visit the chief of the Makololo, a Betjuan tribe, who, some years before, had emigrated to the basin of the Zambesi, and there established an extensive dominion over the indigenous negro tribes. Their capital was at Linyanti, on the Chobe, which falls into the Zambesi near the point where this river bends eastwards in S. lat. 18°. Livingstone and his companions were the first white people that had been seen in the valley of the Upper Zambesi; and the extension of the river so far west had previously been unknown. The little commercial intercourse the inhabitants had with the Portuguese colonies on the west was through the Mambari, an intermediate tribe, who had begun to introduce the slave-trade, by tempting them with guns and other articles of European manufacture, but refusing to take ivory or cattle—the only exchangeable native products—in exchange, and insisting on having boys. To counteract this pernicious movement, and to promote the gradual civilisation and christianising of the region, Livingstone resolved on seeking out a route of direct commercial communication with the coast, without the intervention of the slave-dealing Mambari. Returning, accordingly, to Cape Colony, he prepared for his expedition, and arrived again at Linyanti in May of 1853. He now spent several weeks in company with the Makololo chief Sekeletu, in exploring the Zambesi valley as far north as S. lat. 14°, to the confluence of the Leeba and Liambye; the latter, flowing from the north-east, is probably the head stream of the river. The country is fertile beyond description, the pastures seeming to be inexhaustible. The Makololo are great rearers of cattle. The chief grain cultivated is the *Holcus sorghum*, or doura; maize and beans are also raised, and a variety of vegetables. The hoe (a native manufacture of iron) is the implement of culture. The number of large game is prodigious—elephants, buffaloes, the magnificent eland and other antelopes, zebras, &c.; while the rivers swarm with hippopotami. One great drawback is the tsetse, a fly which infests certain circumscribed localities, and whose bite is fatal to domestic animals—the horse, the ox, the sheep, and the dog; while it is harmless to all kinds of game, and also to the mule, the ass, and the goat, as well as to man.

Returning to Linyanti, Livingstone now made ready to set out on his great expedition. Sekeletu and his people entered warmly into his views, and twenty-seven Makololo men were appointed to escort the traveller. Proceeding in canoes, they soon reached the confluence mentioned above, and then followed the Leeba, which comes from the north, until a waterfall obliged them to leave the boats, and continue their journey by land. On leaving the kingdom of the Makololo, they came into the country over which the Muata Yanvo, as he is called, is the paramount chief. The country is generally flat; some tracts being woody, others consisting of meadow-like valleys. At the water-parting between the Leeba and Kassabi rivers, the elevation was 4700 feet. It rained incessantly; and the traveller had to pass through a flooded country, and suffered greatly from fever. The Balonda tribes, which inhabit this region, are much more superstitious than the tribes farther south. Livingstone and his party were travelling in company with Manenko, a female chieftain. 'We had to cross, in a canoe, a stream which flows past the village of Nyamoana. Manenko's doctor waved some charms over her, and she took some in her hand and on her body before she ventured upon the water. One of my men spoke rather loudly when near the doctor's basket of medicines. The doctor reproved him, and always spoke in a whisper himself, glancing back to the basket, as if afraid of being heard by something therein. So much superstition is quite unknown in the south, and is mentioned here to shew the difference in the feelings of this new people, and the comparative want of reverence on these points among Caffres and Bechuanas.' Again: 'They' [the Balonda] 'are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves, rather than take it from a neighbour. I believe much of this arises from superstitious fears. In the deep, dark forests near each village, as already mentioned, you see idols intended to represent the human head or a lion, or a crooked stick smeared with medicine, or simply a small pot of medicine in a little shed, or miniature huts with little mounds of earth in them. But in the darker recesses we meet with human faces cut in the bark of trees, the outlines of which, with the beards, closely resemble those seen on Egyptian monuments. Frequent cuts are made on the trees all along the paths, and offerings of small pieces of manioc-roots, or ears of maize, are placed on branches. There are also to be seen every few miles heaps of sticks, which are treated in cairn fashion, by every one throwing a small branch to the heap in passing; or a few sticks are placed on the path, and each passer-by turns from his course, and forms a sudden bend in the road to one side. It seems as if their minds were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the forest, and that they were striving to propitiate, by their offerings, some superior beings residing there.'

Livingstone's progress was now much impeded by petty chiefs, who extort presents as the price of permission to pass through their districts, and thus bar the intercourse between the interior and the coast. This system, which is more or less followed by kings and chiefs all over Africa, of interposing vexatious delays, and levying black-mail in the shape of presents, constitutes the chief difficulty and danger of African travel. At last the expedition reached the Coanza, in S. lat. 10°, and, passing through the colony of Benguela, arrived at the capital, Loanda, on the 31st of May 1854. Livingstone was so exhausted by fever and dysentery, that he was unable to commence his return journey till the 20th of September. The astonishment of the Makololo men at everything they saw was unbounded. In afterwards describing to their countrymen their feelings on first coming in sight of the sea, they said they had always believed that the world had no end; 'but all at once the world said to us: "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' Being taken on board an English ship of war, they exclaimed: 'It is not a canoe at all; it is a town!' After witnessing the performance of mass in the cathedral, Dr Livingstone overheard them, in talking to each other, remark that 'they had seen the white men charming their demons.'

Returning by the same route, the expedition reached the Makololo country in September 1855, after an absence of two years. Many of Livingstone's native companions found their wives married again; but as most of them had more wives than one, they were easily consoled.

Livingstone now resolved to try whether the course of the Lower Zambesi eastward would not furnish a better commercial route. To descend the river by boats was impossible, owing to the great falls of Mosioatunya, at some distance below the confluence of the Chobe. These falls, which Livingstone visited, and called the Victoria Falls, are the wonder of South Africa. The mighty river is precipitated into a rocky fissure of unknown depth; columns of vapour ascend, which, when the river is full, are seen at a distance of ten miles; and the roar is heard at an equal distance.

Accompanied by 114 Makololo, sent by Sekeletu to carry a consignment of elephants' tusks to the coast, Livingstone started, November 20th, on his eastward journey. Owing to the difficult nature of the country, he did not at first keep by the river-side, but struck north-east to the confluence of the Kafue, which flows from the north. From this point, he followed the north bank of the Zambesi to Teté, and thence to Quilimane, on the coast, which he reached in May 1856. In the meantime, a Portuguese trader, Silva Porto, leaving Benguela in June 1853, and arriving at Kalongo, on the Upper Zambesi, struck eastward along the northern border of the basin of the Zambesi, and reached the east coast near Cape Delgado in August 1854, being thus the second to cross the entire continent. Livingstone, leaving his Makololo men at Teté to wait his return, paid a visit to England, where he arrived in December 1856, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. In 1858, he was sent out to Quilimane as British consul, and entering (1859) the Zambesi with his little steamer, *Ma Robert*, he sailed 100 miles up the Shiré, an important tributary from the north. Being impeded by cataracts, Livingstone and Kirk penetrated north-east through a mountainous region to Lake Shirwa, the most southern of the great group that studs the central plateau. The travellers now traced the Shiré to its exit from the great Lake Nyassa—the Maravi of the old maps. Crossing now from the Shiré to Teté, they conducted Livingstone's Makololo men to their home, making this time a complete survey of the Zambesi between Teté and the Victoria Falls. The years 1861–3 were spent in various explorations of Lake Nyassa, one object being to determine whether any large river enters its upper end, it being then the prevalent view that the vaguely known Lake Tanganyika had its outflow southwards.

Some years before this (1857–8), the well-known travellers Burton and Speke had been sent by the Geographical Society to ascertain the truth about the great inland sea reported to exist in the equatorial region. Crossing the border mountains from Zanzibar, they explored the great plateau inhabited by the Unyamwesi tribes, and discovered Lake Tanganyika, without, however, being able to ascertain whether the outflow was north or south. At Ujiji, on Tanganyika, the travellers heard of another and larger lake lying to the north-east; and Speke, leaving his companion at Tanganyika, discovered the southern part of the Great Victoria Nyanza, which he believed to be the head reservoir of the Nile.

Bent on following out his discovery, Speke, in company with his companion Grant, set out again from Zanzibar in the end of 1860, and, in January 1862, again reached the western shores of the lake. Proceeding along the northern side, which almost coincides with the equator, he found the outlet, which he called Ripon Falls; the issuing river he called the Somerset. This river he traced for some distance; but being obliged to part with it where it bent westward, he held northward, and came on the White Nile above Gondokoro, which he believed to be identical with his Somerset. At Gondokoro, Speke and Grant met the daring traveller, Mr (now Sir Samuel) Baker, coming to their relief. To him they related their discoveries, and also that they had learned from the natives the existence of another lake, named Luta Nzige, lying west of their route as they descended, and which they conceived to be a kind of back-water stretching westward from the Somerset at the part of its course they had been unable to visit. This lake, Baker, along with his heroic wife, explored in 1864, and named it the Albert Nyanza. He found it to be a vast inland sea, upwards of 300 miles long, and 90 broad, situated in a deep basin, and fringed with precipitous cliffs, rising in some peaks to 5000 and 10,000 feet. The Somerset enters the lake near its northern end; and at a point some fifty miles farther north, the Nile issues from it. Although the connection has not yet been traced, there is hardly a doubt remaining that Lake Tanganyika discharges its waters into the Albert Nyanza; and thus the Victoria Nyanza was deprived of the honour of being *the* source of the Nile, as Speke deemed it.

The solution of this great African problem—the true source of the Nile—was now undertaken by Dr Livingstone, who in 1866 began that great journey from which he never returned. Ascending the Rovuma river, he intended to make for the north end of Lake Nyassa, and from that to the south end of Tanganyika. After a long period of silence, a report was brought to the east coast by some of his men who had deserted him, that he had been murdered, a report which happily proved to be false. By subsequent letters received from the traveller himself, we learned that he had gone round the south end of Nyassa, and then struck into the upper basin of the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, coming from the north. In a letter dated from Lake Bangweolo, 8th July 1868, and describing his previous proceedings, he says: 'Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea. This upland may be roughly stated to cover a space, south of Tanganyika, of some 350 miles square. It slopes to north and west, but I have found no part of it under 3000 feet of altitude. The country of Usango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland.' The Chambeze flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley. It is known to form three lakes, changing its name at each outflow. 'I crossed the Chambeze in 10° 34′ S., and several of its confluents, north and south, quite as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster, and having hippopotami in them.' Proceeding northward, he discovered, on the northern slope of the upland, Lake Liemba, with precipitous sides 2000 feet down. 'Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks. . . . The lake is from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 35 to 40 miles long. It goes off to north-north-west, in a river-like prolongation, two miles wide—it is said to Tanganyika.'

From this Livingstone visited Cazembe's Town and the lakes Bangweolo and Moero. Speaking of the river Luapula, he says: 'On leaving Moero at its northern end, by a rent in the mountains of Rua, the river takes the name of Lualaba, and passing on north-north-west, forms Ulenge in the country west of Tanganyika. I have only seen it where it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua.' The next letter from the traveller is from Ujiji, on the east side of Tanganyika, and is dated May 1869. The work he had then set himself was to make sure of the connection of Tanganyika with the Albert Nyanza—a point, however, which is yet involved in doubt—and then to determine the course of the Chambeze (Luapula, Lualaba) after it leaves Lake Ulenge. If it is found to flow northward into the basin of the Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, then the Chambeze is the Upper Nile, and the long-sought source is a little to the north of Lake Nyassa. But it is thought much more likely that the outflow of Lake Ulenge turns westward, and that the Chambeze and its three lakes are the source of the Congo. In this case, Lake Liemba is the most southern reservoir of the Nile; and, when its longest feeder has been traced to its head, the great African problem will be finally solved.

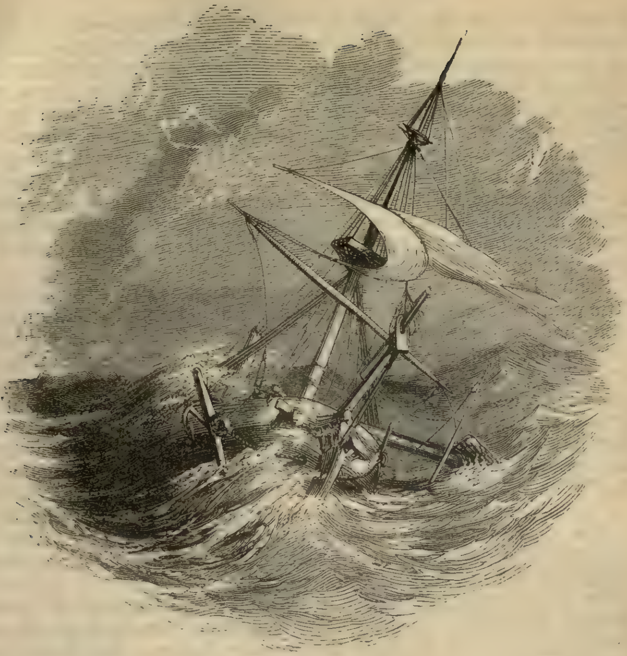
The news of the discovery of Dr Livingstone at Ujiji, in November 1871, by Mr Stanley of the *New York Herald*, sent a thrill of joy through the civilised world. After remaining some time in his company, Stanley left Livingstone to return home. Livingstone, however, resolved not to return until he had determined the still unsettled question of the source of the Nile. He considered the current belief that it was to be sought for in the basin of the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika erroneous, and devoted himself to exploring a region some degrees to the westward, through which flow three large rivers, all called Lualaba, and which unite to form a great lake, named by Livingstone Lake Lincoln, in honour of the late president of the United States. Out of this a river runs northward, which he conceived to be the main branch of the Nile. Death, however, put an end to the investigations of the intrepid traveller; he was cut off by fever in May 1873, at Ilala, near Lake Bemba. His body was embalmed, and brought by his faithful followers to the coast. It was thence taken to England, where it arrived in April 1874, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps the most formidable exploring expedition ever sent into any country was that organised in 1869 by the Pacha of Egypt, under the conduct of Sir Samuel Baker, for the purpose of suppressing slavery in the interior of Africa. It was accompanied by a considerable military force, so as to repel the opposition of hostile tribes, and was provided with prepared sections of iron steamers, to be set up on the Albert and other lakes. Sir Samuel returned in

September 1873, and states that, in spite of numerous difficulties, he has completely succeeded in his undertaking. Slavery, he says, is suppressed, and the whole valley of the Nile, as far as the Victoria Nyanza, is brought under the sway of the Egyptian monarch. If so, we may expect erelong a great development of European commerce in this long-hidden region.

Besides those whose tracks we have thus briefly followed, there are many other recent explorers well deserving of mention, did our space permit—Dr Vogel, a young and promising German savant, who was sent out by the British government to continue the researches of Barth, but who was murdered, February 1856, on his way from Bornu to the Nile valley, by the Sultan of Waday; Paul B. Du Chaillu, a French traveller, who (1855–65) thoroughly explored a large tract of the west coast lying on both sides of the equator, and extending 240 miles inland, adding largely to our knowledge of the geography, natural history (the gorilla, for instance), and social condition of the native tribes; Baron von der Decken, who, 1861, determined the height of the great volcanic mountain Kilima Njaro (20,000 feet), and who was murdered by the natives while exploring the river Juba in Somaliland; Schweinfurth and Nachtigall, both travellers in North Africa; Lieutenant Cameron, who explored Lake Tanganyika, discovering an outlet on its western side in 1874, and who achieved the feat, never before accomplished by any European, of walking across tropical Africa—from east to west, a distance of 3000 miles—taking a series of important scientific observations, and all but determining the source of the Congo.

From the general survey which we have taken of Africa, and of the progress of African discovery, it appears that, while there is scarcely a point in its vast circuit where Europeans have not attempted to settle, scarcely any of the settlements have flourished. For the purposes of trade, such establishments will no doubt be maintained at a vast sacrifice of life—the consequence of the pestilential effects of the climate on European constitutions; but it is not likely that any settlements of a permanent description will be effected except at the southern and northern extremities of the continent. Cape Colony, as yet, is the most prosperous, indeed the only settlement worthy of the name in Africa: whether the French will be able to make anything of Algeria, remains yet to be seen. As for the centre of the continent, it seems quite hopeless to suppose that Europeans can ever operate there directly. The utmost that can be anticipated is, that they shall be able to act upon the continent through native agents. By establishing a commerce with Central Africa, they may stimulate whatever tendencies to civilisation exist among the negro races; they may create an activity through the continent resembling that caused by the slave traffic, but every way nobler and more beneficial.



THE HOPE OF LEASCOMBE: A TALE.

I.

NEWTON-ALNWAY is a village in Devonshire, close on the coast, and wholly inhabited by fishermen and such like—that is, men who get their living from the sea. Standing on a slight eminence above the water's edge, it is again backed by green hills, while below are cliffs and the sandy shore. On these were drawn up one spring morning the half-dozen boats of the village, the crews being engaged in the repairs necessitated by a severe gale which they had recently experienced. Above, in the hamlet, the women were mending nets, all save one couple, Dame Lester and her daughter Sophy, who lived in a small hut on the edge of the village. Widow—at all events supposed to be—for her husband had departed sixteen years back on a long voyage, and never returned, the poor woman had no other means of educating and bringing up her child than £10 a year, which had been granted by the owners of the ship of which he had been captain, when, after a long delay, the insurance had been paid. With this she had retired to this Newton, hired a small cottage for £2 a year, and at once commenced working for her living. She took in sewing, shirts, and other articles, which the laborious fisherwomen could not find time from their regular avocations to make; and shortly after opened a school, where she educated the children of the hamlet in company with her own child.

Sophy Lester was, however, much in advance of the rest of her little companions, who, destined to be fishermen and wives of fishermen, had no pretensions to aim at any very elaborate education. She, in fact, from the very first, materially assisted her mother, and at sixteen took the whole of this part of the duty off her hands. She was a mild, gentle girl, thoughtful and high principled. Her mother's example struck her much, for she could well remember the day when they had a nice house and a servant in Plymouth town. Mrs Lester had brought away from her better days a good many books, which Sophy eagerly devoured. The consequence was, that at eighteen her thoughtful tone had become rather melancholy, and she began to aim at something above the station she was placed in. Any idea of marrying a rude fisherman was to her out of the question, so that the future was not very brilliant.

On the morning in question, it was calm and tranquil all around. Nature appeared reposing. The sea was blue and placid, and everything seemed to serve the workers below. Mrs Lester and Sophy were standing in front of their cot, looking on, it not being yet time for the urchins and lasses of the village to come up to class. The house had really but one story; but a kind of high loft formed a very good bedroom, from which there was a magnificent view of the sea. It was not used by the family, but had once been let to a young coast-guard whose duty called him to the neighbourhood.

Below, there were two rooms. One, a large one, served for schoolroom, workroom, and kitchen; while that behind was the bedroom of mother and daughter. A small garden was situated on one side of the house; while in front was a wooden bench, on which Mrs Lester and Sophy would often sit in sunny weather to work. In front of this passed a footpath, the only road by which Newton-Alnway was reached from above, there being no carriage-road. It lay in a hollow, in fact, with hills around it too steep for vehicles.

'Do you see yon Indiaman, mother?' said Sophy, suddenly arousing herself from a reverie. 'How tranquilly it rides along in the soft breeze!'

'Yes, my love,' replied Dame Lester with a deep sigh, 'it moves as slowly as the hours did when I had still hope of your father, and he came not.'

'Pardon me, mother dear; I did not mean to awaken painful thoughts. What a lovely day! How bright the sun is! I can fancy, as I gaze on the waters now, the pleasure of being a sailor.'

'A fair sailor indeed would you make!' said a manly voice near at hand; 'an' perhaps you will not refuse a rest to a blue-jacket who is weary.'

They turned, and saw a young sailor about twenty, handsome, genteel-looking, but tall and hardy. His sunburnt face seemed to give token of long travel; while his dusty clothes, stick, and bundle, denoted his having walked hard, and apparently all night. His face was handsome, we have said, but there was at this moment a sternness of expression about it that was perhaps not native. He looked, in fact, as if he had just passed through a scene of great excitement.

'Sit you down,' exclaimed the mother in half-trembling accents: 'no sailor was ever refused shelter in my humble home.'

'Thankee; that 's hearty,' said the young sailor, seating himself. 'I am terribly tired. My trade ain't long walks, and I 've trudged twenty miles, I do believe, this night; though where I started from is not five miles away. I suppose I mustn't, though I offer to pay for it, ask for breakfast?'

'Most certainly,' continued Dame Lester; while Sophy, who as yet had not spoken, entered the house to prepare breakfast, which, in consideration of the sudden arrival of a hearty man, she thought necessary to make more abundant than usual. She fried a goodly dish of bacon and eggs, which, with a large jug of cider and a bowl of milk, brown bread and dried fish, afforded a meal uncommonly enticing to a hungry man. She then invited them in, and the sailor began to do honour to the fare in a way that said much for his appetite and health.

'I never enjoyed a meal so in my life before,' he said, while adding a bloater to his already somewhat large share of the repast.

'You put me in mind, sir,' replied Mrs Lester sadly, 'of my poor dear husband. When he came home from a voyage, he had always an appetite, that—God forgive me!—used to make me laugh then.'

'You are a widow, madam?' said the sailor gently.

'Yes,' continued Mrs Lester—while Sophy quite liked him for his tender tone, and the way in which he laid down his fork to listen—and she briefly told her story.

The sailor looked very grave, and did not speak for some minutes; then he resumed his meal, and after a while addressed the widow. 'Dame Lester—since that is the name you are called by in the village—I am a sailor, just off a long voyage; I have money to spend, which, under other circumstances, I should have spent perhaps foolishly; I want a good rest. Will you take me to board and lodge at a pound a week? I could thus manage a good year's rest, which would be better than broiling myself directly in a hot sun, or freezing myself up in the north seas. I have received a good education, and would help to teach the boys. I won't be in your way. I can fish, I can shoot sea-gulls, to pass the time; besides, I have books in my chest, which I will send for, and I can read. So come here—ten weeks in advance: done's the word. Is it so?'

Mrs Lester scarcely hesitated. She saw in the offer of the sailor something likely to be advantageous to her daughter. A pound a week was a munificent sum for her, but she felt that it was too munificent.

'I should be tempted to accept, sir,' said Mrs Lester, 'because certainly what you propose would be useful and agreeable to me; but a pound a week is too much for the accommodation I can give.'

'You will give me enough to eat, plenty of good cider; and you can let me swing my hammock aloft, I suppose. What more can I ask? Be sure I'll have my pound a week out of you. Come, ma'am, give me your hand, and let us say it is done.'

'But a total stranger'——

'I'm a jack-tar, rated on the ship's books as William Harvey. I choose to sail in a merchant-vessel instead of a man-of-war; and here I am pretty safe from the press. If you want my character, I'll get a written one from a parson.'

'No. I will take you on your looks,' said Mrs Lester, 'and trust to your word. You can send for your chest as soon as you like.'

And so it was settled. The same day, William Harvey wrote a letter, which he sealed up carefully, and sent by one of the young fishermen to a neighbouring town. In the evening, the lad returned with a box that had been brought as far as the edge of the cliff in a cart. William Harvey went up to assist him, and even then the driver had to help them. It was a large iron-bound chest. With great difficulty they got it up-stairs; but then the sailor paid them liberally, and they departed.

The young man at once brought down a collection of well-bound books, many of them works on navigation, but others consisting of poems, works of fiction, well selected and choice, with several historical productions, the whole desultory enough, but all good. A large family Bible finished the collection. Then Harvey produced a small box of rare tea, which was a great treat to Mrs Lester, and a thing she had scarcely tasted since her reverses. The house was now much changed. The school-hours, which were short, were generally spent by Harvey in roaming with a rod, a gun, or a book; then he would return, and if they could spare time, he would take them out for a walk, returning to supper; after which, they came out to their bench to gaze upon the sea, sometimes stormy, and at other times beautifully calm. Then they would sew for an hour or two, while William Harvey would read to them. At eleven, they retired to rest. On Sundays, they all walked to a little church in a village at no great distance; and after dinner, they would join the villagers of Newton, amongst whom, one or two young men excepted, the sailor was very popular.

Mrs Lester soon became aware that it was her daughter's deep-blue eyes, sweet mild countenance, and amiable manners, that had decided the resolve of the young sailor. At a dance one evening, he refused to give up his partner to any one, and shewed to a rival claimant, for an instant, such fierce passion as to alarm the widow. She saw that beneath the calm surface lay concealed a volcano, and she could not help feeling some indefinite dread of the future. She called her daughter to her side that night, and warned her affectionately but earnestly against allowing the young sailor to win her affections.

'Why, mamma?' said Sophy, blushing deeply.

'Because he is a violent and passionate man, with whom no woman could ever be happy,' she replied, watching her child most anxiously.

'William! O no, mamma: he is the gentlest and kindest of human beings; and I am sure any woman might be happy with him. Besides—he means to ask your consent to-morrow,' added Sophy timidly.

'To what?' said Mrs Lester anxiously.

'To our marriage on his return from his next voyage,' replied Sophy.

'I have spoken too late. Of course, if he has charged you to say this, he has already won your consent. Ah me, in three months he has gained more power over my child than I in nineteen years!' said the widow sadly.

'My dear mother, if it pains you, I will not consent.'

'My dear child, I do not say it by way of reproach. I myself left father and mother to wed my husband after but a brief acquaintance. I have no objection to William Harvey—on the contrary, I am sure, from his superior education and manners, that he will rise. But I fear his temper, and the mystery that surrounds him.'

'He will explain all that, mother, when he returns. He says that he must make another voyage, and try to get rated mate, when we might be married comfortably.'

Mrs Lester smiled—she could not help it. She saw in the brief courtship of the young people so much of the usual routine, of the sage plans, of the sanguine belief in the future which is its usual attribute, that she could not but smile.

'It is all settled then,' she said. 'Why, you naughty girl, to say never a word to me!'

'I asked him to speak: I didn't like myself.'

This was natural. William Harvey, so lately a stranger, had, by his gentle manners, his knowledge and conversation, joined with his frank open face, completely won the heart of the simple young girl;

and this once owned by her, she became more free in some things with him than with her mother. By that time she could sooner have told him point-blank that she loved him, than have owned the fact to her mother unasked.

Next day, they all came to an understanding. William Harvey declared himself, was accepted, and then stated his intentions. He had £150 to begin the world with. This would suffice to furnish a house, and make a start in life. Besides, he expected to bring home something from his next voyage, and to qualify himself for mate. He said he should now go as soon as he got a ship, that he might return the sooner; and a few days after, went away to Plymouth, where his smart appearance at once obtained an engagement. The ship, however, was not to sail for three months, during which time he was to lie at Newton, out of reach of the press-gang, who were just then particularly active.

William Harvey spent the three months wholly in the society of his future wife and her mother. They took a girl now to do the household work, as their income permitted this little extravagance. The lovers had thus much more time for communion and study, in which they were indefatigable—perhaps because they read together; and thus time passed rapidly. The three months were nearly up before they thought they had commenced. The villagers, who now regarded him as the future husband of Sophy, gave him a farewell dance in the general store-room of the place. But the last evening he spent at home alone with his friends. After tea, he went up to his loft for a few minutes; and they were suddenly startled by his returning in the dress of a midshipman in the navy.

'Do not be surprised,' said he smiling; 'before I went, I wished you to know that I am an officer and a gentleman. Why I appear to be a common sailor, you shall know at my return. But remember this, my dear friends—I shall in future be only what I can make myself. I mean to carve my own fortunes, and owe nothing to favour.'

At this instant, there was a knock at the door.

'Who is there?' asked Sophy.

'Annie,' said the voice of the servant-girl.

'Come in,' replied William himself.

'O my!' cried the girl, starting back; 'why, they're here before me.'

'Who? what?' said William Harvey quickly.

'What, sir, is it you? Why, our Bill has just a come in from the town, and an officer gentleman there asked him a lot of questions—if he had seen a man like you, sir. Bill is foolish, and said yes; so they promised him ten pounds to keep all quiet until they came down—and they're coming to-night.'

'They shall never take me alive!' said the young man fiercely. 'I must away. First let me doff this hated dress.'

'But what have you done?' asked the mother anxiously.

'Nothing dishonourable. When I return, I will tell my story; but until then, you must put faith in me.'

In ten minutes more, William had said adieu, and set forth, with Bill for a guide, by a path only known to the fisherman. An hour later, six soldiers and a sergeant, with a peace-officer, reached the village, and were furious when they found that the young man had gone to return no more. The soldiers, however, staid a week in the village, keeping strict watch; but at length they departed, convinced that further stay was useless. The day after their departure, Bill returned with a packet of letters and little presents.

II.

Again Mrs Lester and her child were alone; and the mother regretted more than ever having consented to her being affianced to a sailor. But Sophy never desponded; she simply regretted that William had selected this occupation, and hoped that circumstances might enable them to live without his going to sea. Her ambition was to keep a school of a higher grade than the one she now had; and this with a view to render it unnecessary for her future husband to go any longer to sea. She accordingly spent all her leisure time in study. William Harvey had left in her hands his £150, with strict injunctions to use any part of it they thought proper. But both Mrs Lester and herself had at once determined not to break upon this sum under any circumstances. Of the money paid by him for his board and lodging, there remained a few pounds, besides tea and other necessaries. They, therefore, had a little before them.

At the end of two months, they received a cheerful, hopeful letter from William, who was then far advanced on his way to the line, being bound for China; and Sophy was full of joy and thankfulness—when Mrs Lester fell ill. The illness was sudden, and at the same time serious. It was an illness scarcely definable. She felt weak, and coughed. It became necessary to send for the doctor, who came round on certain special occasions to the village, rarely troubled with other invalids than those whose interesting state was matter rather of congratulation than otherwise. He came, and his dictum was decisive. She required to be taken away from the immediate vicinity of the sea, and to receive unremitting attention. For this purpose, he suggested removal to his own town, offering to attend her gratuitously, and to supply her with the medicines she required at a mere nominal price. He declared, however, that a little milder air and good nourishing food were the chief requirements in her case. So they gave up their cottage, and went away from dear Newton-Alnway, to live in a lodging in a town. This was comfortless enough; but then, they had now only their £10 a year. Mrs Lester could do nothing: her eyes were bad. All fell on Sophy. Assisted by the doctor, she found work. He had long noticed her superior education and lady-like manners; and, with his wife, did all he could to aid her, without hurting her pride. But, work hard though she did, she earned, after all, but a shilling or eighteenpence a day. Still, this was of great assistance, and enabled her to make her mother tolerably comfortable; for it is wonderful on how little moderate and careful women will exist.

This lasted two months, and Sophy had got used to the new state of things, when one day Dr Morris called the young girl into his private room, where sat a lady a few years older than herself, in deep mourning.

'My dear Miss Lester,' said the doctor kindly, 'I do not know whether my offer will suit you or not, but I have been speaking of you to Mrs Desmond of Leascombe Park, who is in want of a nursery-governess—a young lady to take care of a little boy, two years old, and a little girl, four, to teach them the rudiments of education. Now, as you have been used to this, I have taken upon myself to recommend you—ahem!—forty pounds a year, board, lodging—in fact, a happy home.'

'I know not how to thank you, sir; I am deeply grateful; but I cannot leave my poor mother,' faltered Sophy.

'Ah, Mrs Desmond, I told you so—deep knowledge of human nature—wouldn't leave her poor mother. I knew it. Good girl—clever—excellent principles. But do not alarm yourself, my dear young friend. Your room is four times as large as that you live in now, and Mrs Desmond offers to give it up to you. Mother an invalid—take your meals together in the nursery.'

'Then, madam, if I am thought worthy of the post, I am most happy to accept it; and be assured, madam, I will seek, by doing my duty, to prove my gratitude.'

'I am sure of it,' said Mrs Desmond gently. 'I shall be glad to see you next Saturday. As you may have some preparations to make, pray allow me to pay you your first quarter in advance.'

'Take it, my dear friend,' continued the good doctor, rubbing his hands. 'There—there! no thanks; tell all that to Mrs Morris: good-bye, my dear.' And pressing the £10 into her hands, he hurried poor Sophy out of the room.

The young girl was enraptured, but suddenly she recollected something, turned pale, and went back. She knocked timidly at the door.

'Come in,' said the doctor. 'Ah! you; but why so pale and trembling? Sit down, my dear.'

'I cannot accept this excellent offer; I forgot something. I am engaged to be married in about a year'—— she began timidly.

'Bravo! excellent! Good girl, 'pon my word. But to whom?' laughed the doctor, while Mrs Desmond turned very pale.

'To William Harvey—a young sailor.'

'That is but another recommendation, young girl,' said Mrs Desmond, in a voice of deep emotion. 'I am a sailor's widow myself, young as you see me. He sailed away only six months ago, to die in a month. I have a brother, an only brother, too, a sailor. You shall tell me the history of your fortunes another day;' and she herself, this time, led her kindly to the door.

O how grateful was that little heart now! She was quite happy. She loved the handsome young widow already; and so delighted was she, that on entering her humble home, her mother quite started.

'What good news bring you, my child? Have you had another letter from William?'

'No, mother; but I have good news.' And she told her story.

Mrs Lester was as much pleased as her child, if not more so. It hurt her feelings much to watch Sophy bending for hours over needle-work; and she saw in this new position, supposing any accident happened to William, some hope for the future career of her daughter: she thanked God, then, in her heart for His goodness, and felt deep gratitude to man. She was surprised at being herself so readily received, and perhaps justly ascribed this indulgence to the sympathy awakened in Mrs Desmond by her own recent affliction. They now set their whole energies to work to be ready by the day appointed; and on the Saturday they went up to Leascombe Park in a coach with their boxes. They were very kindly received by Mrs Desmond, and shewn by herself in person to their room, which they found to be on the third story, beside the nursery. The two children were nice little things, and Sophy was quite pleased at the prospect of their companionship.

The house was picturesquely situated in the centre of a vast park. It was not Mrs Desmond's own house. She resided with Sir Edward Templeton, Bart., and Lady Templeton, her parents; to whom, in the evening, the children being in bed, and Mrs Lester also asleep, Sophy was introduced. They were a grave and serious couple. Sir Edward was a little above fifty, gray-haired, and slight in figure. Benevolence and gentleness were indicated in his countenance; but there were tokens, likewise, of severe mental struggle. Sir Edward, in fact, had been a passionate and violent man; but in the middle passage of his life he had suffered so much from giving way to his feelings, that he had vowed to conquer them. He had now succeeded almost wholly, and for years had never allowed the old spirit to conquer him—that spirit which had been productive of so much misery. The house was not, indeed, a lively one for a young girl to come to. All its inhabitants were weighed down, it was clear, by sorrow. But the presence of so interesting a stranger seemed to rouse them; and in her cheerful society they shook off insensibly a little of the weight that bowed them down.

At the end of a week, Sophy was a general favourite. She was pleasant-spoken, cheerful, and amiable; and, somehow or other, no one explained it to themselves, or were hardly conscious of it, but she shed a warming influence around. The house was far less sad since she had come in to it. They wished her to join them at meals; but her mother was unable from weakness to come down-stairs, and Sophy would not leave her; so this idea was abandoned.

Meanwhile, she began her trial of the children. They were gentle little creatures, brought up under a mother's eye, but not spoiled, so that Sophy's task was easy. They gave very little trouble. The girl was quite proud of learning to read; and even little Henry prattled his letters. Then they took agreeable walks in the park and in the lanes; sometimes a long ride in a carriage. Mrs Desmond generally accompanied them when she could leave her parents, but oftentimes they went out alone. Thus several months passed on, during which Sophy received two letters from William. He was already impatient to return, called her his dear little wife, and said a hundred things to prove his earnest and true affection. Mrs Lester, too, warmly clad, with good and wholesome food, and the object of unremitting care and attention, was a little better in her health, so that this was truly a golden period in Sophy's life.

About six months after their arrival at Leascombe Park, little Harry fell ill—very ill. The malady was a fever; and he was instantly removed to a retired part of the house. Sophy at once constituted herself his nurse and guardian; but Mrs Desmond would not give up her mother's right. They both, therefore, remained with him night and day, taking now and then a little sleep in an arm-chair. It was on the third night, about midnight, and the danger was said to be passed. The little sufferer was in a sound and encouraging sleep; and Mrs Desmond, wearied and exhausted, had gone to sleep likewise. Sophy remained awake, and, to pass the time, had taken out her packet of William's letters from her pocket, and was reading them. She had nearly got through them once more, when she was startled by the voice of Mrs Desmond. On looking up she saw the young widow, who was now awake, gazing at her earnestly.

'What are you reading so intently?' said she.

'William Harvey's letters,' replied Sophy, blushing, and yet smiling faintly.

'You remind me of happy days, Miss Lester,' continued Mrs Desmond, 'when I as gladly pored over my poor Arthur's letters. What sort of hand does your betrothed write?'—Sophy quietly handed her an open letter.

'Merciful God! what do I see?' cried Mrs Desmond with a half-shriek. 'O Sophy, it is no common curiosity that urges me:

may I read these letters? It is matter of life and death—to you—to us—to all!'

'There is nothing I wish to hide in them,' said the amazed girl. 'Read them if you will.'

Mrs Desmond drew the lamp near to her and read them through. This done, she rose. 'Miss Lester, I will explain all to you presently; but I must go wake my father and mother. Will you watch the boy for half an hour? You must trust me with your letters. Fear not: they are as precious to me as to you; but they shall be returned;' and Mrs Desmond hurried away, leaving Sophy alone.

The girl was so thunderstruck, that she could not even endeavour to explain to herself the mystery. What could William Harvey be to them? It was useless racking her brain, so she turned to watch the child.

An hour passed, and Mrs Desmond had not returned. Sophy felt quite ill from anxiety. Suddenly, Mrs Desmond came softly into the room, accompanied by Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. The first act of the young widow was to run up to Sophy and fold her in her arms.

'My sister, my dear sister!' said she.

'What mean you, madam?' cried Sophy in amazement.

'Dear girl! that you have brought hope and happiness to this house. William Harvey is Henry Templeton, my brother, lost to us, we thought, for ever; but now restored by you.'

'William Harvey is your brother?'

'Listen!' said the father, taking her hand, and motioning for all to be seated. 'I was in my youth, and I fear am still now upon occasion, a headstrong and violent man. My boy, doubtless, has inherited a portion of my character. Sad events in years gone by induced me to attempt the cure of so radical a defect. I succeeded almost wholly, grieving much, however, to see that my Henry had inherited my fault. I tried by every art to cure him, but in vain. He was a good, generous, noble boy, but at times passionate and headstrong. He chose the sea as a profession, against my desire and command. I was sure that, with his character, he would never suit the service. But he would go; and for four years matters went on well enough. But it is now about a year ago, or a little more, that I was sitting taking my wine after dinner, when I heard a violent ring at the door, and in a few minutes my boy entered in the dress of a common sailor.

"My Harry!" exclaimed I; "but in what a costume!"

"I have left the service. Captain Elton put me in irons for twenty-four hours for mutiny, as he called it, because I told him that he wasn't speaking to a dog. He then reprimanded me before the whole crew, and released me. That night I got my chest ashore, with the connivance of the crew, ran away, and here I am, father."

"Good God!" cried I, "you a deserter! Return, sir, at once to your ship—I command you. I will use my influence to have your punishment made as slight as possible. But return, sir, on the instant to your ship."

"I will never return," he said firmly.

'My old temper got the mastery of me. "Do you dare to disobey me?" I exclaimed, advancing towards him with my hand raised.

"Do you wish to kill me, as you did your brother?" he replied with flashing eyes.

'My passion was now ungovernable; but it suffocated me, and I sank on a chair. Yes, in a fit of passion, I did strike a brother, who died a year later—I always thought from the effect of that blow. But it was cruel of my child to remind me of so fatal an act; and yet it calmed me; and a minute later, I opened my eyes to speak gently to my bad boy: he was gone; and from that hour I have never seen him, and probably never should, had it not been for you. I know him. He has made up his mind never more to see a father who threatened to strike him. Severely, then, have I been punished for an instant of passion; but God is good, and has directed your steps this way. In you we put our trust. Will you restore to us our child?'

'I will do anything in my power to serve you, sir,' said the wondering Sophy timidly.

'Understand me, child. You are our daughter henceforth. I would not thwart my boy again. He is a man, and has chosen for himself. We heartily approve his choice. Besides, we owe you a debt of eternal gratitude: we leave it to Henry to reward you.'

'But I am not worthy'—— began Sophy.

'Hush! my child,' said Lady Templeton; 'you are in every way worthy. You are gentle, kind, and sensible—just the wife for a man like Harry. Besides, he has chosen you: in you we put our trust to restore him to us.'

'Shall I write to him?' asked Sophy.

'Yes, my dear,' continued Sir Edward; 'but as William Harvey the sailor. Give him no suspicion of where you are, or of your knowing who he is. We must have him safe here by some means before he makes any discovery; we might else lose him again. And now recollect, you are no longer a governess: you are the companion and friend of Helen.'

'But I may teach the children?'

'Certainly; but we will get them a nursery-governess all the same, dear child. There must be no mistake as to your position in the house. Besides, if you do not object, you might spend the time previous to his return in learning many things that may be useful to you. Harry is passionately fond of music.'

And so they went on talking for an hour, until Mrs Desmond feared they would disturb the child, and sent her parents gently to bed. She, however, and Sophy remained awake all night, the young girl telling the whole story of her acquaintance with William Harvey, whose chest had, on its arrival with their luggage, excited surprise by its weight, though, despite its resemblance to that of the young sailor, no one for a moment imagined it to be his.

III.

Next day, a room adjacent to that of Mrs Desmond—a charming room, beautifully furnished—was given to Sophy, or Miss Lester, as she was usually called. She had, too, a lady's-maid placed entirely at her orders. Her mother's apartment was selected as near to her as possible. Mrs Lester felt as if in a dream. She could hardly be brought to understand the truth at first, so bewildering were the circumstances. But how the poor widow rejoiced when she became a little calmer! Her dearest hopes were more than realised, and the future of her Sophy was now brilliant indeed.

Mrs Desmond herself undertook the finishing of Sophy's education. They devoted nearly the whole day to study in common; and the widow was surprised to find, that if she could teach Sophy some things, she in return could teach her many others. In return for music and singing, she imparted to her a taste for certain authors, which had hitherto been to her as sealed books. It was doubly delightful to read them, since they were Henry's!

Another letter came from him, dated Calcutta, saying that he was going a voyage as second-mate to the South Seas; and in this there occurred the following singular passage: 'Should you have an opportunity, make inquiries as to the health of a Sir Edward and Lady Templeton, and their daughter, Mrs Desmond. But as you love my peace and happiness, do not betray my having evidenced any interest in them. They were kind to me when I was young; but I shall never see them again, for reasons known only to myself. Still, I should be glad to know that they are well.' This paragraph caused deep grief to all—to Sophy more than any one, as it seemed to denote a feeling somewhat difficult to be conquered, and a headstrong character of rather unpromising tone. Still, they all lived in hope.

Sophy pursued her accomplishments with activity, taking a great delight especially in music, for which she had an excellent ear. She did not neglect the children, although they had, for form's sake, another governess. They were in a great degree a happy and united family, though anxiety for the return of the young Hope of Leascombe caused many moments of pain and sorrow; the more that from that day they had no more letters, nor any tidings of the vessel in which Henry had sailed from Calcutta. They made every inquiry—they wrote to merchants and agents; and then, at the end of sixteen months, the ship was reported missing. Again there were sorrow and mourning in that house. No one gave up all hope, but they could not have much faith in the future. They began to fear at last, that either Henry was lost, or that he had been captured by some of the roving privateers of our neighbours the French.

IV.

The schooner *William Pitt* left Calcutta with an assorted cargo to trade in the South Seas. It was not a large vessel, and had few hands. There was the skipper, a mate, a second-mate, and four men, a boy serving as steward and cook. They were well armed, as they expected to deal with the natives, who were then very apt to take violent possession of articles intended for barter. Besides, they intended to do a little smuggling on the South American coast, if possible—this being in fact the real, the other rather the ostensible object of the voyage. But this was known only to the skipper and an illiterate sailor, who owned his post of first-mate to his being the skipper's brother. Harvey had been taken more for his scientific knowledge than for anything else. His place, therefore, was pleasant enough; as the others, having to trust their movements entirely to him, shewed him great deference and attention. He had none of the hard labour of the shipboard duties, being, in fact, more like the captain than the owner himself.

They sailed from Calcutta just after the April monsoon, along the coast of Sumatra and Java, worked round by Borneo, and then made for New Zealand, touching at all these places; they afterwards visited the Tonga and Marquesas Islands—the whole occupying about five months. At this juncture—they were about to sail from one of the Society Islands—the skipper called a solemn cabinet council; present himself, his brother, and William Harvey, as he was here called.

'Now, messmates,' said he, 'fill your pannikins, and stand by for a bit of a yarn. You see we've been a-knocking about these last five months, a-doing just nothing at all—but that's neither here nor there. It ain't cost much for victuals, as I've done a pretty good trade with the savages. But now I've got upon fresh ground, I'm a-going to do a stroke of serious business. The Spaniards aren't easy to trade with, because they have laws and a lingo I don't understand; but I've got a good cargo below of tobacco, silks, tea, coffee—things as all do, some for one place, and some for another. But if I goes and pays duty for these things, it ain't worth my while: I might as well sail for Lunnun. But now, my boys, I once was mate in a slaver—but that's not new—and I learned a deal at that trade. I know one or two nice little bays where we can run in and lie snug, and do a little business. Here's my brother speaks Spanish better than e'er a Don of them. So what say you, William? Will you go with us, and lead the men?'

'I will go myself, and I answer for the men,' replied Harvey quickly. 'I'm not fond of any governments; and I can see no harm in doing business against the laws of Spain.'

'Spoken like a man, say I!' exclaimed the skipper, by name Red Thorn. 'But why are you so confident about the men?'

'Because they would follow me anywhere. Didn't I pick the crew myself? They'd throw you overboard if I told them to do so,' said William Harvey quietly.

'The deuce they would!' cried the startled skipper. 'Ha! ha! ha! I like that, though; hang me if I don't. You're the sort of chap for us. So, now, just push off the course to Valdivia. Hanged if I know where it is; but I know it when I see it.'

'Very good, sir,' said William Harvey quietly; 'I'll see exactly to-morrow. How's her head?' This was shouted to the man at the wheel.

'Sou'-west, sir.'

'Put her at south until midnight, and then south-east,' replied William Harvey.

'What a head he has got!' exclaimed the skipper, holding up his hands in amazement, and opening his eyes wide; for he himself, Harvey was already aware, knew nothing of navigation. This was his first voyage; and how he ventured out under such circumstances was a mystery. Harvey had shipped mysteriously. He had left his own vessel from some difference with his captain, and was doing nothing, when one night a man called upon him, and declared himself to be in want of a second-mate who knew navigation well, and could, in fact, take charge of a vessel at need. He had heard that William Harvey was his man, and offered him good wages for himself and any four men who would join. He wished, he said, to sail secretly, to avoid certain formalities and dues; so he lay concealed in a creek, known only to himself. If, then, the young man accepted his offer, he must come on board at midnight.

Harvey agreed at once. The affair pleased him. He was pleased at the secrecy, and even by the suspicious aspect of the whole matter: it looked piratical. But since the young man, in a fit of passion, had thrown off the yoke of discipline, he tried to blind himself to his own errors, by throwing the blame on the captain, the government, the laws—on anything rather than his own headstrongness. He took a kind of fierce delight in defying the law. At midnight, he was at the boat with four of his comrades, whom he had tempted away from the ship he had himself left. They found the skipper waiting for them. No words passed; they entered the boat, and pushed off. The four men began at once to pull, while the stranger steered. Harvey, who had taken a brace of pistols under his top-coat, sat near the skipper. It was a dark and windy night; but the man seemed to know his way. For four hours he advanced, until at last he bade them pull gently, and suddenly entered a narrow creek, the entrance to which was all but invisible. It was very narrow indeed. They did not proceed far before they saw a light, and then heard a cry.

'Who goes there?'

'Red Thorn,' replied the skipper, 'with a jolly crew. All right.'

In an instant, they were alongside a schooner, which rode with bare poles in that secluded spot, surrounded by trees and jungle. They were glad enough to get on board; and as soon as they had enjoyed a hearty supper, they retired to rest. At a very early hour, however, they were roused up to haul the vessel out of its strange dock. This was effected with some difficulty; but all was happily got over, and at length they were in the open sea.

The ship-boy was about sixteen, and a greater slave never trod a deck. The captain was brutish in his manners, but evidently a coward; so he lavished his ferocity on the poor lad, who was driven hither and thither by his master like a patient dog. He worked night and day, and never grumbled. The captain would constantly threaten to shoot him like a dog. William Harvey pitied him; but he knew himself. He knew that if he interfered, and the captain hesitated to acquiesce in his desires, there would be a scene and a quarrel, and he could not trust his own temper; so he shut his eyes to the other's bad conduct, and contented himself with the feeling, that he was exercising a laudable self-denial in not interfering with the captain, whom he had no right to school. He was himself uniformly kind to the lad, by whom he was beloved as by the men.

This was the state of affairs at the moment when they turned their heads towards Valdivia, a place they were never destined to reach.

V.

A few days later, the wind suddenly increased to a gale, and they found themselves obliged to take in nearly all sail. It was clear to William Harvey from the first that they were about to pass through a severe storm—and he told the skipper so. Thorn turned very pale. Although an old sailor, he was obviously a coward; at least, although he had scarcely ever shewn any unmanly fear before, during the whole of this voyage he seemed afflicted by a sudden and unaccountable timidity. 'I leave it all in your hands,' he said quickly.

'I will do what is in my power,' replied William Harvey.

Thorn did not reply, but went below with his brother, drank with him nervously whole goblets of raw rum, and then they both turned in, leaving everything to our young hero, the four men, and the boy.

'A bad-looking sky, sir,' said the boy timidly. He was standing by Harvey on the quarter-deck.

'Very bad, Bob; I don't half like it; but, please God, we'll get over it.'

'I don't know. I never thought we'd ever end this voyage well,' mused the boy.

'Why so, Bob?'

'I don't know. I suppose it's only idear. But I never do.'

'Nonsense. Because you get blowed up a bit, you think it must end badly. Mind your helm, Peters; keep her straight before it.'

The gusts increased, grew more violent every moment, and soon became almost a hurricane. The sky was as black as night, although lurid flashes of lightning illumined the scene every five minutes, seeming to burst from clouds over their heads. The sea came rolling on now in vast billows, then breaking in short waves. Some of these swept the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch, to preserve their footing. The wind howled demoniacally in the rigging, and came with sudden gusts or blasts that threatened to lay the schooner every moment on her beam-ends.

William Harvey kept his eye about him everywhere, and looked anxiously now at the masts working wildly in their sockets, now at the shrouds and stays. 'We must lie-to close hauled,' he said to Peters. At that instant, a wave of vast dimensions came rushing madly on, dashed against the starboard bulwarks, broke and fell with awful force on the deck, blinding Harvey for a moment, and forcing him to look only to his own preservation. He shook himself, and stood erect to view the evil done. The main-mast was over the side; the vessel had been almost submerged by the mere weight of the wave; and Bob lay senseless in a flood of water by the lee-scuppers. Having raised him up, his next act was to rush with an axe to the larboard rigging, which he cut away, so that the mast lay completely free overboard, dragging behind. He then turned to Bob, who was recovering from the stunning blow he had received. He laid him down on a spare sail, and examined his wound. It was simply a great bruise, but not likely to be dangerous.

'I know'd it, I know'd it,' he muttered, as he recovered himself. 'We shall never get home: murder never prospers!'

'Murder! What mean you?' cried Harvey in a low tone.

'I don't care if he does kill me—I will tell,' groaned the boy. 'I've always wished to, but he swore he'd murder me too.'

'Peters, keep a sharp look-out. That puff was, I think, the worst of it. I shall go below for half an hour with Bob in the forecastle. Call me if there's the least change.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said Peters. Harvey saw at once that the worst of the gale was over. He wished to have taken measures to have saved the main-mast, but he deferred that until he had heard the boy's confession. He aided him, then, below, and laying him in his berth, bade him speak. And this was the boy's story:

The real name of the schooner *William Pitt* was the *Ganges*, and she was usually devoted to the coasting-trade. She had been built for commerce between Calcutta and Bombay, and was the property of one Matthew Finlayson, who also, like a thrifty Scotchman, commanded his own vessel. He had made in his time much money, and purposed retiring shortly from active business, and giving up the concern to Thorn, the mate. But it seemed this did not suit that worthy's purposes. He knew that Finlayson always kept his cash about him, and conceived a desire to obtain possession, not only of the other's vessel, but his fortune. For this purpose, he allied himself with his brother, who was always his companion, and together they determined to effect their purpose, no matter by what means. The *Ganges* was fitted out for the voyage to Bombay in the creek already alluded to—her conduct not being exactly within the strict letter of the law—and her crew was already chosen, and had received orders to join their vessel at a certain fixed date. Three days before, Thorn rose early one morning and went ashore, accompanied by his brother. They made for the cabin inhabited by Matthew Finlayson, and knocking, were admitted. The boy rose himself and let them in, while the skipper asked them what they wanted.

'You!' said Thorn, giving him a sudden blow upon the head with a heavy stick, that stretched him lifeless on the floor. The brother gave him a second blow as severe, and the victim never moved afterwards.

'Let us kill the youngster,' said the brother.

'No! I want him. He's a good cook,' said Thorn. 'Now, you young rascal,' added he, 'none of your nonsense. If ever you speak of this, I'll serve you as I have served him.'

The boy vowed to be true and faithful, frightened as he was, and then went on board with them. Thorn set out immediately for Calcutta, while his brother remained behind to guard the ship and the lad. The next night the new skipper returned with her crew, and the schooner sailed.

VI.

William Harvey sat like one in a dream when the boy had finished his story. And this was the end of his youthful career! His headstrong folly had brought him in league with robbers and assassins. He was liable at any moment to be taken up, not only for being in a ship without papers, sailing under a false name, but as a pirate and thief. His whole life flashed before him: his foolish defiance of his venerable and really kind superior officer—his quarrel with his father

—his abandonment of home—his second quarrel with the merchant captain; and he felt sick. But he resolved now, right or wrong—and here he acted with his usual impetuosity—to have no future connection with such ruffians as those by whom he was now commanded.

'Come on deck, Bob,' he said to the boy. 'You feel better now. But tell me, if I defend you against this man, will you be true to me?'

'Mr Harvey, I will be your slave,' began Bob.

'I don't want a slave; I want a good and obedient boy,' said Harvey. 'Now follow me, and go call the captain.'

The young man went on deck, followed by the trembling boy. Shortly after, Harvey went quietly below, and armed himself with a cutlass and a pair of pistols. He then sternly bade the men go do the same. They asked no questions, but all, save the man at the wheel, did as they were bid.

'Tell the skipper and his brother,' said William, 'that they must come on deck instantly.'

The storm still raged, but with somewhat less fury than before, the wind having abated somewhat, but not the waves. The sky was still dark and gloomy, clouds still coursed along the heavens, and lightning occasionally flashed. Nowhere was there the slightest sign of land or of human aid, and the schooner was all but disabled.

At this juncture, the skipper and his brother, uttering horrid oaths, came tumbling up the companion-way.

'Why, what's the matter now, that a fellow must be roused out of his sleep?' began Thorn.

'The matter is, that I arrest you both as murderers and pirates!' said Harvey, collaring the skipper, and clapping a pistol to his breast, while the men instinctively imitated him.

'That's you, you young serpent!' exclaimed Thorn, who turned ghastly pale, but offered no resistance. 'Jack was right—I should have cracked your head too.'

'There, master, you hear,' said Bob retreating.

'What you have said,' continued William Harvey sternly, 'is proof enough of what I arrest you for. My men, I take these two fellows into custody for the wilful murder of Matthew Finlayson, and for running away piratically with his ship. Aid me first to secure them, and I will then explain all.'

They made no resistance; they held down their heads, and suffered themselves to be manacled without a word. William Harvey, capturing them thus on the high seas, after so many months, in a fearful storm, seemed a kind of judgment upon them for their sins; and they felt already as if they had the fatal rope round their necks.

They were placed in a small open space in the hold, where Bob and one of the men had previously lain, while Harvey took possession of their cabin. He first addressed the crew in a brief speech, told the terrible tale that Bob had communicated to him, and then warned them of the fearful consequences that might have ensued had they rendered themselves in any way the accomplices of the criminals. He undertook to take them home to Calcutta, there to throw themselves on the mercy of the law, and to give up the guilty to justice.

The men with one accord agreed to trust entirely to him, and to follow him, if need be, to the end of the world.

Harvey thanked them, and expressed his conviction that they would be rewarded instead of punished for their conduct. He then directed the mast, the storm having now completely abated, to be fished up from alongside, so that they might try and replace it in some fashion. For this purpose, he proposed to put into one of the islands they had left behind them, and there refit and prepare in every way for the journey home. The unfortunate schooner was accordingly fitted with jury-masts, and turned in the direction of the nearest island that its young commander found on the map.

The breeze was now warm and genial, and brought to them pleasing feelings after the excitement of the last few days. The prisoners were allowed to come on deck, with a strict injunction to confine their conversation to one another, as Harvey feared that, with their wily tongues and stores of gold, they might tamper with the men.

This order was obeyed with reluctance, as the society of fellow-criminals is never very pleasant or agreeable. But William Harvey felt no merciful feelings towards them. He could not but feel ashamed of much in the past, but he still laid more to the fault of others than to himself.

They were but seven days' easy sail from the island selected, and accordingly on the sixth they began keeping strict watch. It had been agreed that two men should keep watch in turn, although, in the event of rough weather, the prisoners, under careful precautions, were to be called on to work for their lives. There were many necessary things, too, to do, that Harvey ordered them to perform, under the penalty of stopping their meals. They sullenly acquiesced, utterly subjugated by the commanding tones of the young officer.

He was on deck with one man and the boy on the morning of the seventh day, and had announced that about twelve he expected to see land. At that hour, Peters came up with his watch to dinner, which Bob was diligently preparing.

'Bob!' exclaimed the captain suddenly, who had a telescope in his hand—'go aloft.'

The boy ran up the fore-rigging with extreme agility.

'Now look out about nor'-west!' cried Harvey, pointing in that direction with his glass.

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Do you see anything?'

The men came crowding up in a state of great anxiety.

'No, sir.'

'Look again.'

'Land, oh! I see it—a little hill popping up like a cloud out of the water!' screamed the boy with delight, while the three men whispered their admiration of their young commander's accuracy and ability.

'Excellent, Bob! Now, come down, and give us dinner, after which we'll splice the main-brace.'

Bob came down quite elated, handed out the boiled fish and peas, which they were about to eat on the deck, took the prisoners their portion, who sat amid-ships, smoking sullenly, and then relieved the man at the wheel, a task he was always fond of. Harvey gave him strict injunctions to keep steadily his course, and then sat quietly down to his dinner. He added a bottle or two of some good wine that had been usually drunk at the captain's table, and thus cautiously helping himself and the men, kept them talking and chatting for a couple of hours. He then rose to his feet.

'There! the island, my boys,' he said, as they followed his example. About five miles distant, lay a small island, green grassy, but not very elevated out of the water. There was a hill in the middle, but not a lofty one, and this was covered with trees. It looked pleasant, cheerful, and welcome enough; so the men hailed their arrival with three cheers. 'I don't know about its inhabitants,' continued Harvey; 'so arm yourselves, and uncover the swivel, of which I declare Bob the captain. But, now, mark me—no bad conduct with the natives, or we shall get the worst of it. We are few in number, and must be very cautious. You have behaved like men, and I hope I shall be able to report the same at home.'

The crew cheered him heartily, promising to obey him still, and Harvey felt the advantage of having selected four steady, well-behaved, docile men. He had chosen them because they were the opposites in many things of his own character. They were also always sober on duty, and married men, who thought of their wives and children in England. They were much older than William, but they were mere sailors, though Harvey had begun instructing them in navigation, at their own request, as his conduct had inspired them with ambition.

They were in another hour close to the shore. It was a beautiful spot. William had made for what looked like the opening of a bay; and scarcely had he placed the schooner's head right for it, when he perceived a crowd of men on the shore, close to some huts, and beheld the carcass of a large brig, quite overgrown by moss and creeping-plants.

'My God!' he cried, 'what Providence has brought me hither? But let us be on our guard, boys. These may be Christians like ourselves, or they may be cannibals. Hoist the English flag, Bob, and fire a gun.'

The lad rushed to obey. First, he hauled the ensign to the top of the main jury-mast, and then rushing to his dear Long Tom, as he called the swivel, he fired it off. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when a boat, manned by eight men, and in which sat also one steering, put off.

'That's an English cutter,' cried William. 'Send the prisoners below instantly, and stand by your arms.'

The schooner was advancing slowly up the bay, within a musket-shot of the shore. The cutter was now nearly alongside.

'What ship is that?—answer, in the name of Heaven!' cried one in English, his voice choked with emotion.

'The *Ganges*, bound for Calcutta,' replied William, equally moved; 'putting in for water, and to refit.'

'May I come on board?' continued the other, in so faint a voice he could scarcely be heard.

'Come on board; but, until we have had an explanation, if you please, alone.'

'Certainly, sir, certainly,' said the other; and in two minutes more he stood upon the deck.

He was a man of about fifty, whose long beard, white hair, dark features, and strange apparel, with axe, sword, and pistols, gave him the air of a semi-savage, semi-pirate. He was a fine man, but much care-worn.

'Blessed be God!' said he, falling on his knees, 'for ye are the first Christian men I have seen, save my companions in misfortune, for seventeen long years.'

'Compose yourself,' replied Harvey gently: 'you are with Englishmen, and therefore with friends. Peters, a glass of wine.'

'I thank you, sir; I needed it. The hope, perhaps vain, of leaving this place, and of once more seeing England, has been too much for me,' he continued.

'I know not what we may do with this poor craft,' said William Harvey; 'but if it be practicable, not one shall remain behind. But you seem numerous.'

'There are eleven Christians; the rest are our good friends the natives, who will, I fancy, be sorry to part with us. You are the captain, sir?' he asked timidly, as if just remarking his youth.

'I am; but pardon me, sir—I must attend to my schooner. Pray, bid your friends rejoin in an hour. We shall then have explained ourselves. In all sail; let go the anchor.'

The poor Englishman gently bade his companions go on shore, and come back in an hour with such fresh provisions as they could muster, as they were with good friends, disposed to do all they could wish. They gave a loud English cheer, and pulled at once for shore.

The schooner being once at anchor, Harvey left Peters in command of the deck, with strict injunctions to keep off all intruders, and to remain armed until he came up again. He then descended to the cabin, caused the stranger to be seated, and bade him tell his story.

VII.

'My name, my dear sir,' he began, 'is Edward Lester, once a captain of an East Indiaman'——

'What name did you say?' gasped William.

'Edward Lester!' repeated the other, quite startled.

'Do you know that signature?' asked William, hurriedly opening a letter, and shewing the following words: 'Yours ever, my dear William, Sophy Lester.'

'Speak, man!' cried the other, grasping his hand convulsively—'can it be my child; and she, my wife'—— He could say no more.

'You must be that long-lost Edward Lester. Merciful God! thy ways are inscrutable. Your wife is well, still mourning ever for you.'

'God be for ever blessed!' said the poor man meekly. 'And you?'

'I am, with your permission, the affianced husband of Sophy Lester'——

'Whom God has sent to deliver me from bondage. But tell me all—how you met them—what they are doing.'

William briefly told all he knew.

'Heaven bless them! And now, my dear friend, I owe you my story. I sailed from Calcutta seventeen years ago, to come home by order round Cape Horn, and was wrecked with fifteen men there where you see the carcass of my brig. One life only was lost; and we saved cargo, and everything but the ship. We found the island inhabited by an inoffensive race of beings, whom we soon made our friends. We became, in fact, one family. Most of our crew married native women; and, save our poignant regrets for home, were comparatively happy. But we all have longed, and still long for England—that has been the hope of every hour; and now I dare look forward to a chance of its being realised. Three of our crew perished in a wild attempt to gain another island at a great distance: of the remainder, two, I know, will not quit the spot. They were very young, and married, and have children, whom they love beyond home. There are nine, then, in all, who desire a passage. I know your position is difficult, but I answer for my crew. At first, turbulent enough, they are now steady fellows, who will obey you as they should, grateful enough to be taken home at any price. Could you not leave your prisoners?'

'I could wish to do so; but where are my proofs of innocence save in the bringing forward of the guilty? My dear sir, if I let these men go, I and my crew proclaim ourselves pirates and murderers. Besides, they deserve punishment; and to leave them here would be to punish your colonists.'

'True, true. But now, from this moment, command us all. The island and its contents are at your disposal.'

'Thank you. In the first place, I wish the prisoners taken ashore, and placed under strict guard: you answer for your subjects.'

'As certainly as any other despot. But my tyranny, founded on their own choice, and capable of being overthrown in an instant, is far more powerful.'

'Let us go on shore, then, at once,' said William, leading the way.

The prisoners, well secured, were put into the schooner's boat; then all the crew followed with Harvey and the still wondering Lester, and in a few minutes stood upon terra firma. They were surrounded at once by about fifty men, as many women, and a number of children, all speaking English, or attempting to do so. They were wholly unarmed, arms being prohibited except for hunting, the natives being as yet so far uncivilised as to be ignorant of the art of war. A grand banquet was given to the new-comers, and then plans were entered into for the future. The nine men signed articles at once as portion of the crew, while the other two offered to do the same if their wives and children could accompany them. This Harvey could not consent to, from the size of the schooner, but promised to indicate their position so publicly, that some vessel must soon visit them.

Next day, all set to work, English and natives, although the latter laboured sadly enough, every one wishing his white friends to remain. But they only shook their heads, and still did their best to assist. The schooner was refitted, its mast set up firmly; it was provisioned amply for the home journey, and at the end of a month all was ready. Harvey, however, now agreed to remain a few days, that his men might rest and survey the island, which was small, but rich in fruits, fish, trees, and different kinds of wild-fowl according to the season. It was full, too, of sheep—a circumstance that was one source of delight to the natives, who owed this great blessing, as well as domestic ducks and fowls, to the brig being well stocked.

Captain Lester had, after one or two years, allowed his men and the natives to treat the brig as a complete wreck, and to take such goods as they thought fit. So they had an ample supply of tea and sugar, wore silks, rich shawls, and became wild dandies. Every man had a neat house, and many comforts; so that nearly the whole had a half inclination to stop after all, and even talked of returning, if they found no friends alive in England; as did indeed two some years later.

At last the schooner set forth on its long journey, in proper trim, well provisioned, splendidly manned, and by a willing crew, with two experienced officers at their head.

The prisoners had begged to be left behind; but not only did Harvey give the reasons already mentioned for not leaving them, but the islanders refused to receive them on any condition. Murder was a thing unknown there, and excited such horror in the simple minds of the natives, that on their departure, the cabin in which they had lived was burned to the ground, and a post erected to mark the spot where two men-slayers had once dwelt.

The voyage was rapid and prosperous. The old captain was perhaps even more impatient than William to get home. The letters of his child spoke doubtingly of her mother's health, and the long-exiled sailor wished once more to see his wife, whom he had never forgotten, any more than the dear babe he had left with her. Harvey, too, was deeply anxious for this reunion; and his daily dream was of the joy his Sophy would feel when he brought back her father to bless their union. There were thoughts in his heart, too, of his own father, but these he kept down, unwilling to acknowledge his errors even to himself.

At last, to the delight of all, they arrived at the mouth of the Ganges—to the delight of all save the murderers, who now were the cowards most criminals of their nature are when the deed is done, found out, or even suspected. Just as they were about to enter the Ganges, an armed government schooner hailed them.

'What schooner is that?' asked the commander in a loud voice, sidling right up to them.

'The *Ganges*,' replied William in a calm voice.

'Where from?' said the other in shriller tones.

'From the South Seas, bound for Calcutta,' continued William.

'Lie to, then, and let the captain come on board,' said the other in ironical tones, that William Harvey well understood.

He, however, instantly obeyed, and stood in a few moments on the deck of the *Devastation* in a firm but respectful attitude.

'And pray who are you, sir?' asked a naval officer in a severe tone, while officers and crew of the armed schooner crowded round.

'William Harvey, captain of the *Ganges*, with the assassins of Matthew Finlayson on board.'

'Who are you, then?' said the officer, somewhat staggered, and staring at our adventurer.

'I declare, sir, that I shipped as second-mate of this schooner, under mysterious circumstances, that suited my age and disposition. But during a storm, learning from a terrified lad the manner in which my officer came into possession of the schooner, I mutinied, and took the command. I came home as fast as I could; but, providentially, putting into an island to refit, I have been able to bring away the captain and crew of the *Three Presidencies*, wrecked seventeen years ago.'

'I believe you, young man. Your manner is sufficient. But I may tell you that Finlayson is not dead. You have acted, however, like a man, and may expect the gratitude of government and of the owner of yonder schooner. What you say of the *Three Presidencies* is really wonderful. But go back to your ship, Captain Harvey; we will sail up in company.'

Next day, William Harvey was the lion of Calcutta. The prisoners were given up, tried on the evidence of Finlayson himself and the boy, and sentenced to severe terms of imprisonment. The consignees of the *Three Presidencies* gave Harvey a handsome letter to the owner in London, and the command of a vessel bound thither, with the consent of the authorities; and so Harvey and Lester sailed for England.

VIII.

More than a year had passed without news of the wanderer, and the inhabitants of Leascombe began to lose all hope. The father was half inclined to think that his son might have taken offence at some word or expression in Sophy's letters; or that, as changeable as he was violent, he had again sought other affections. None would allow that it could be possible for any evil to have happened to him. The mind of man is not easily disposed to look at the worst side of events. Some natures there may be so constituted as to paint everything in black; but such were none at Leascombe. Sir Edward himself always thought that Harry had sailed on some fresh voyage, or that he had gone up the country, or entered into some foreign service. He never supposed for one moment that tempest or battle had deprived him of his son. Lady Templeton grieved in silence, said little, but hoped on ever. Sophy, though anxious and sometimes terrified, lived still in hope, and pursued her studies with avidity.

The society of Mrs Desmond, her reading, and her own natural character, had made of the humble Sophy a thorough gentlewoman. In thought and feelings she had always been so; but there is a certain refinement and polish never acquired but by constant association with the high-bred and highly educated.

Sophy in her secret heart had many painful misgivings about the prodigal son. She set too little store by her own powers of fascination, to believe herself capable of enchaining permanently the affections of any man. She believed that William Harvey had taken more than a fancy to her—a very sincere affection; but she thought it quite possible he might change. At other times, she had more hope on this point, but more firm hope on another. She traced a strange similarity in the fortunes of her father and her lover, and at length allowed herself to believe that perhaps some fate similar to that of her dear parent had befallen the young man. His last letter had been so cheerful, so hopeful, so affectionate, it was scarcely possible to think that in so short a time he had forgotten one he had entertained any real affection for.

It was early in May, and the breakfast-parlour was laid out, awaiting its several guests. Mrs Desmond and Sophy came down first, then Mrs Lester, and a few minutes later Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. It was a charming morning, the trees were all in bud, many flowers were in bloom, and the sun shone serenely on the loan and park. The window was open, and the perfumed fragrance of morning came in, with still an odour of the sea-breeze, though the sea was five miles distant. The breakfast was instantly brought in, and Mrs Desmond, as usual, took the place of honour to pour out the tea.

'How long is it now, Miss Lester,' said Sir Edward, 'since you heard from my dear boy?' This was a question the father generally asked about twice a week.

'It is now, Sir Edward, nearly fourteen months,' replied Sophy gently. He was scarcely conscious how often the same question had been similarly replied to.

'It is a long, long time,' he continued. 'Would we could have some news!'

'I would we could!' echoed the mother with a deep sigh. There was a slight pause, and then there was a rustling at the door.

'Come in,' said Sir Edward simultaneously with the hurried entrance of the butler. 'What is it, Markham?' asked Sir Edward.

'A foreign letter, sir, for Miss Lester,' replied the butler in a low voice, and with some emotion. He was a servant who had been fifteen years in the family when Master Henry was born. All rose with one accord, and Sophy took the letter with a trembling hand.

'From Mr Henry, sir?' said the butler respectfully.

'I believe so, Markham,' replied Sir Edward in a trembling voice.

'Yes, Markham,' said Miss Lester.

'Thank you, sir—thank you, miss,' replied the butler, quite proud of the confidence; and then he retired.

'It is a very long letter,' said Sophy, blushing at the first words: 'may I just glance over it?'

'Of course, my dear girl. I am too happy to see his handwriting—God bless him!'

'Am coming home'—said Sophy, attempting to read aloud; but her voice trembled, and at length she said nervously: 'I cannot read it. Mrs Desmond will be kind enough.'

'Certainly, my dear,' replied the sister; and she began carefully and slowly to read the long letter. It told all that had happened, save the name of the rescued sailor. It finished thus:

'I am coming home, my dear Sophy, an altered man; not altered so far as you are concerned, but in many things. I do not suppose that my conduct or position will be much changed, but I hope to avoid many faults into which I have fallen in the course of my life. My terrible position in the schooner *Ganges*, headed by a murderer, whom my hasty temper brought me into contact with, brought home to me a lesson I shall not easily unlearn. I hope it may benefit me all the days of my life. God bless you! Perhaps I bring you news you little expect.'

'He means, I suppose,' said Sir Edward, 'that he will now own his family, and end this unfortunate separation.'

'O Heaven! if he meant something else,' cried Mrs Lester wildly.

'What, my dear madam?' asked the baronet kindly.

'If he meant that the rescued sailor was my poor long-lost husband,' she began.

'It is quite possible,' said Sir Edward musing.

'Do you think so?' asked Sophy timidly.

'I think the tone of his letter such, that this explanation is more likely to be correct than mine.'

'But, my dear mother, such a surprise would kill you,' faltered Sophy.

'No, my dear,' cried Mrs Lester; 'it is only grief that is fatal—joy never kills.'

'Then, my dear mother, it is true!' half shrieked Sophy—'it is true! Hear the rest: "Break it gently to your mother; but tell her that she may bless the day she met me, for I bring her home her husband, her own true, loving husband, whom, by the mercy of God, I have rescued from his seventeen years' imprisonment on a distant island of the South Seas."'

'My God!' was all the widow—widow no longer—could say.

'Wonderful indeed,' said the baronet. 'Mrs Lester, I congratulate you on your happiness. But in your own joy forget not us. I think my boy is coming home very well disposed to be all we could wish. He has perhaps not made up his mind to seek us, but I do not think he will avoid a meeting.'

'My dear sir, will you leave all to me?' said Sophy earnestly. 'I think I could manage him better than anybody. Nay, I am sure of it: let me at least try.'

'I trust wholly in you, Miss Lester—we all trust in you. Command—we obey. Restore to us our son, our hope, and our gratitude is illimitable.'

'And my husband is to be restored to me!' began Mrs Lester, beside whom her daughter was sitting.

'Yes, mamma; but do not excite yourself. You are not strong; and you must try to be well by the time he comes home.'

'He does not mention any particular time, I think I remarked?' said the baronet, who was anxious to read the letter himself, although too well-bred to exhibit such desire in any direct manner.

'Pray, read it yourself, sir; I have perused it rather hurriedly. Never mind,' she added blushing, 'the first few lines—it's all nonsense about me.'

'The simple truth, so far as it describes your charms and your character. I hope and believe it is equally so as regards his own estimation of your worth,' said the baronet emphatically. He then eagerly devoured the letter, presently taking his wife aside, and reading it over to her; while Sophy and her mother, folded in each other's arms, talked anxiously of him who had been as it were raised from the dead.

'Come, come!' said Mrs Desmond suddenly: 'no one has taken any breakfast, which is neither wise nor prudent. I insist on everybody sitting down and doing justice to my fragrant tea and new eggs. You must all be well and strong to hail the return of Harry and his father-in-law.'

This well-timed speech brought them back to a little reason, and the breakfast proceeded. The rest of the day was spent in commenting on the letter.

Two days later, another came. It was brief and definite. William Harvey, as he still styled himself, had arrived in England. His ship required his presence for forty-eight hours; but after that he would be free, and would bring Mr Lester down to Newton-Alnway.

'To Newton-Alnway of course,' said Sophy; 'of course he thinks us there. You leave all to me. Well, mamma, you and I must set out to-night for the village and our old house for a couple of days. Ask me no questions. There shall be no delay; no, not the delay of an hour. But I must have a talk with him first. I will then bring him here; I answer for it.'

'God bless you!' said Lady Templeton.

'Act as you will,' added Sir Edward.

'Then, please, sir, let us have the carriage at once. Let it then be sent every morning to wait for us at the *Little Red Cow* above our village, and I promise to be here in little more than an hour after he arrives.'

The carriage was placed at their disposal; Mrs Lester and Sophy, dressed in their village costume, entered it, and drove down to Alnway. The cottage was inhabited by old friends, who readily gave it up for a week. Sophy was quite happy in her old home once more, although she felt she should never like again the drudgery she had once submitted to with so much complacency. But she was glad to renew her acquaintance with the sea, to see her old friends the children, and to talk with some of her young companions, now hard-working fisherwomen. Still, nothing drew her thoughts away from those who were coming; and it was with a wildly beating heart she saw, on the morning of the second day, two men descending the pathway to the house. They moved slowly, for one was obliged to lean on the other for support.

'My husband!'—'My wife!' was one cry, and the long-separated pair were folded in a trembling embrace.

'My dear Sophy!' said William Harvey, with a fond and happy smile, kissing her, sailor-like, on both cheeks. 'What a beautiful woman you have become!'

'You are only a little darker, and a little more manly,' replied she trembling.

'My dear girl!' exclaimed Mr Lester; 'but let this brave young man say his say to you, for to him we owe all under God's blessing.'

'We owe more than we can ever repay,' added the wife gently; 'but come in and sit down, my husband; I cannot stand.' The long-separated pair entered the cottage, leaving the lovers on the outer bench.

'And now, my dear friend,' began Sophy, after ten minutes had passed, 'now that we have spoken of ourselves, let us think of others. During your absence, my mother's illness compelled me to leave this place. We went to live in a family, where we have remained ever since. They have been very kind to us, and take a deep interest in our welfare. They made me promise to bring you to them at once. Besides, the owners of this house want to come back again. Will you oblige me, William, and do all I ask of you for one day?'

'For one day, and every day!' exclaimed William eagerly.

'Then do not let my friends wait longer,' said Sophy. 'Come, mamma, let us go home.'

'Are you not at home?' said Mr Lester curiously.

'No, papa. We left this because the sea-air was too keen for mamma; but you will like our other home better still. Mamma will tell you all about it as we walk. Let us make haste, because we promised to lose no time, you know.' And she took William's arm, and pressed on first. 'O William!' she said tenderly, 'what a blessing it is to find both one's parents alive! What a blessing to have a kind father and mother!'

'It is,' replied he with a sigh.

'You sigh, William dear,' she added; 'have you no father and mother?'

'No—that is—yes; but I am not friends with them,' faltered William.

'What! not friends with your father and mother, Willy? Why, how is that? How can people be unfriendly with their father and mother? There must surely be something dreadfully bad about them if their very son abandons them.'

'No, love; they are everything that is good and kind; and'——

'It is you, then, who must be a bad man!' said Sophy, gently taking away her arm. 'How can I respect a son who will not be friends with a good father and mother?'

'The fact is, my dear Sophy,' exclaimed William eagerly, 'it is simply that our tempers are different. We could not agree; we had a quarrel.'

'And do you mean to keep it up, William—a quarrel with your father and mother?' asked Sophy gravely.

'One cannot argue with you; but I will explain all, and leave you to judge me. By your advice I will then be guided.' And here

William Harvey told his story, calmly and dispassionately, without disclosing his name, but with scrupulous regard for truth, and rather for than against his father. So animated did he become, that he never remarked that for ten minutes he had been standing still, restrained from advancing by the gentle pressure of Sophy's arm. 'And now, my beloved,' said he fondly, 'what would you have me do? Command: I will obey.'

'I will have you, Henry Templeton, step with me into your father's carriage, and drive "home"—to your own home, and my home, where your parents are waiting for you with an impatience you can readily understand!'

'Henry Templeton! you know my name; you have been living in my father's house; your home is my home!' said the young man wildly.

'Within a few months of your departure, I became the inmate of Leascombe Park, as companion to your widowed sister; the handwriting of your letters did the rest. They have read them all, Henry,' said the young girl, now as timid as a child.

'Then let us go,' cried the young man—'let us go and ask their blessing.' And he leaped into the carriage, which, in twenty minutes, swept them up the broad avenue of the park, to stop only at the door of the hall.

Markham was standing there. Sir Edward and Lady Templeton were too much moved to come to meet them; but the servants raised such a clamour, that they knew all was right; and in one minute more, the Hope of Leascombe was embraced by his mother, while one warm pressure of the hand was sufficient explanation between father and son. That was the only reference ever made to their estrangement.

'God bless you, my dear father!' said Henry, when he saw that Mrs Desmond, Sophy, and her mother had left the room. 'I know not how to thank you.'

'For what, my boy? How the fellow has got himself burned and tanned! But speak, Harry.'

'For your kindness to Sophy—to Miss Lester. I hope that—I hope that'——

'What, my boy?'

'She is not here in any menial capacity?'

'She is here as my sister in heart, and as one who I hope will soon be my sister-in-law,' said Mrs Desmond, returning with Sophy beautifully and simply dressed.

Henry stood still, overwhelmed with very natural amazement. 'What!' said he, turning away to hide his deep emotion—'is this my punishment?'

'Harry, my boy,' exclaimed his father quickly, 'we discovered, during your absence, that you had selected her as your future bride, and we thought we should please you by making her the companion of your sister. Miss Lester has done us the honour to reside with us almost ever since you set out on your journey.'

'How to thank you,' replied Henry, deeply moved, 'I know not.'

'To begin, let us sit quietly down to breakfast, Master Harry. I have myself seen to the domestic affairs this morning, and I expect you to do justice to it. Breakfast is waiting, and Markham is getting fidgety.'

And so they sat down to their morning meal with very different feelings from those of the last few years. Henry was bewildered. The whole was like a wild fantastic dream, but he felt most keenly all his father's kind and generous conduct. He considered his reception, and the explanation about Sophy, delicate in the extreme. That day the future of the young man was decided. The conduct of his parents completely upset all his preconceived notions. He felt how wrong he had been to yield to a momentary fit of passion; and he promised to himself, and kept his promise, that he would never again give way to sudden impulses.

Sir Edward managed the young man's return to the navy by the assistance of his old friend the captain of the frigate. This was done at Henry's own wish, and gratified his father, as an evidence of his son's anxious desire to please him. Henry then obtained leave of absence to be married, and Sophy became his wife. At the peace, he retired from the service; and now, old and well stricken in years, Sir Henry and Lady Templeton have around them children and grandchildren, to whom they inculcate the useful lesson—that in this world we must never expect to have everything our own way, or think that we ourselves are always right; and that passion and impulse are very evil counsellors in a life where sometimes a minute of thought may save a whole year of misery.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

IN a state of ignorance persons are liable to numerous impositions; they are easily imposed on by rumours and reports which they have not the power of investigating, and still more easily imposed on by their own impressions or notions. Of all the impositions which have vexed the ignorant, a belief in the reality of spectral appearances has been one of the most ridiculous, yet one of the longest and most zealously supported. This belief was once current even among men reputed for their learning—that is, a kind of learning, not founded on a correct knowledge of nature—but, by the progress of inquiry, it has gradually been abandoned by persons of education, and now is maintained only by those whose minds have not been instructed on the subject. Considering that this belief, like every other error, is injurious to happiness, and that, in a particular manner, the young require to be put on their guard against it, we propose, in the present paper, to explain the theory of spectral illusions—how they originate in the mind, and are in no respect supernatural in their character.

To obtain right ideas of this curious, and, to many, mysterious subject, it is necessary to understand, in the first place, what kind of a thing the human mind is, and how it operates in connection with the senses, or at least two of them—seeing and hearing. The seat of the mind is in the brain; in other words, the brain is the organ or mass of organs by which the thinking faculties act. Like an instrument finely tuned, the brain, when in a sound state of health, performs its part in our economy with fidelity. Shut up in the skull, however, it has no communication with external nature except through the medium of the senses. The senses are the channels of intelligence to the brain. When the eye receives the impression or picture of a thing presented to it, that impression is carried by a nerve to the brain, where the consciousness or mind recognises it; and the same thing occurs with the ear in the transmission of sound. The ordinary notion, therefore, that the eye sees, is scarcely correct. It is the mind, through the operation of the brain, the optic nerve, and the eye, which sees. The eye is only an instrument of vision and recognition. Such is the ordinary process of seeing, and of having a consciousness of what is presented to the eye; and we perceive that the outer organ of vision performs but an inferior part in the operation. There is, indeed, a consciousness of seeing objects, without using the eyes. With these organs shut, we can exert our imagination so far as to recall the image of objects which we formerly have seen. Thus, when in an imperfect state of sleep, with the imagination less or more active, we think that we see objects, and mingle in strange scenes; and this is called *dreaming*. Dreams, therefore, arise principally from a condition of partial wakefulness, in which the unregulated imagination leads to all kinds of visionary conceptions. In a state of entire wakefulness, and with the eyes open, unreal conceptions of objects seemingly present may also be formed; but this occurs only when the system is disordered by disease.

We are now brought to an understanding of the cause of those illusions which, under the name of ghosts, apparitions, or spectres, have in all ages disturbed the minds of the credulous. The disorder which leads to the formation of these baseless visions may be organic or functional, or a combination of both. Organic disorder of the body is that condition in which one or more organs are altered in structure by disease. Functional disorder is less serious in character: it is that condition of things where the healthy action of the organ or organs, in part or whole, is impeded, without the existence of any disease of structure. Lunacy, if not arising from organic disorder, hovers between it and functional derangement, in either case producing unreal conceptions in the mind. Functional disorder may arise in various ways, and be of different kinds. It may be said that violent excitement of the imagination or passions constitutes functional mental disorder: 'Anger is a short madness,' said the Romans wisely. As for functional bodily disorder, temporary affections of the digestive organs may be pointed to as common causes of such cases of physical derangement. All these disorders, and kinds of disorders, may appear in a complicated form; and, what is of most importance to our present argument, the *nervous system*, on which depend the action of the *senses*, the powers of the will, and the operation of all the involuntary functions (such as the circulation of the blood, and digestion), is, and must necessarily be, involved more or less deeply in all cases of constitutional disorder, organic or functional. These powers of the nerves, which form, as we have seen, the sole medium by which mind and body act and react on each other, are clearly, then, connected with the production of every kind of illusory impression.

In lunacy, from organic derangement, these impressions are usually the most vivid. Every lunatic tells you he sees spectres, or unreal persons ; and no doubt they are seemingly present to his diseased perceptions. The same cause, simple insanity, partial or otherwise, and existing either with or without structural brain disease, has been, we truly believe, at the foundation of many more apparition-cases than any other cause. By far the greatest number of such cases ever put on record, have been connected with fanaticism in religious matters ; and can there be a doubt that the majority of the poor creatures, men and women, who habitually subjected themselves, in the early centuries of the church, to macerations and lacerations, and saw signs and visions, were simply persons of partially deranged intellect ? St Theresa, who lay entranced for whole days, and who, in the fervour of devotion, imagined that she was frequently addressed by the voice of God, and that St Peter and St Paul would often in person visit her solitude, is an example of this order of monomaniacs. That this individual, and others like her, should have been perfectly sensible on all other points, is a phenomenon in the pathology of mind too common to cause any wonder. We would ascribe, we repeat, a large class of apparition-cases, including these devotional ones, to simple mental derangement. The eye in such instances may take in a correct *impression* of external objects, but this is not all that is wanting. A correct *perception by the mind* is essential to healthy and natural vision, and this perception the deranged intellect cannot effect.

We should go further than this for a complete elucidation of spectral illusions. At the time the spectre makes its appearance, the mind may be neither altogether diseased nor altogether healthful ; the perceptive powers may recognise through the eye all surrounding objects exactly as they appear, but, almost in the same instant of time, the mind may mix up an unreal object with them. How, then, is the unreal object introduced into the scene ? There is the strongest ground for believing that the unreal object—the spectre—is an idea of the mind acting on the optic nerve, and impressing a picture on the retina, just as effectually as if the object were external to the person. The mind, as it were, daguerreotypes the idea—the flash of thought—on the retina, or mirror of the eye, where it is recognised by the powers of perception. That spectres are mental pictures, is forcibly stated as follows by Sir David Brewster : 'I propose to shew that the "mind's eye" is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws. Nor is this true merely in the case of spectral illusions. It holds good of all ideas recalled by the memory, or created by the imagination, and may be regarded as a fundamental law in the science of pneumatology.

'In the healthy state of the mind and body, the relative intensity of these two classes of impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted. The mental pictures are transient, and comparatively feeble, and in ordinary temperaments are never capable of disturbing or effacing the direct images of visible objects. The affairs of life could not be carried on if the memory were to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not co-exist. The same nervous fibre which is carrying from the brain to the retina the figures of memory, could not at the same instant be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform two different functions at the same instant, and the direction of its attention to one of the two classes of impressions necessarily produces the extinction of the other. But so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending impressions is no more recognised than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eyelids.'*

With these general observations, we proceed to an analysis of the different kinds of spectre-seeing, beginning with a short explanation of dreaming and somnambulism, with which apparitional illusions are intimately associated.

DREAMS—SOMNAMBULISM.

Dreaming is a modification of disordered mental action, arising usually from some kind of functional derangement. In sound sleep, the functions of digestion, the circulation of the blood, and all others, may be said to be duly in action, and the mind is accordingly not disturbed. If, however, any of the bodily functions be in a state of derangement; if, in particular, the digestion be incommoded, which it ordinarily is in an artificial mode of life, the senses, the nerves, the mind, will also be probably affected, and an imperfect sleep, with an imperfect consciousness, is the result. According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep, the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility of impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order ; and, last of all, comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened ; the next easiest is the hearing ; the next is the sight ; and the taste and smelling awake the last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice ; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping towards the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known. From these explanations, it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

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* Letters on Natural Magic.

A dream, then, is an imperfectly formed thought. Much of the imperfection and incoherency of such thoughts is from having no immediate consciousness of surrounding objects. The imagination revels unchecked by actual circumstances, and is not under the control of the will. Ungoverned by any ordinary standards of reason, we, in dreaming, have the impression that the *ideas* which chase each other through the mind are *actual occurrences :* a mere ill-formed thought is imagined to be an action. As thought is very rapid, it thus happens that events which would take whole days or a longer time in performance, are dreamed in a few moments. So wonderful is this compression of a multitude of transactions into the very shortest period, that when we are accidentally 'awakened from a profound slumber by a loud knock at, or by the rapid opening of, the door, a train of actions which it would take hours, or days, or even weeks to accomplish, sometimes passes through the mind. Time, in fact, seems to be in a great measure annihilated. An extensive period is reduced, as it were, to a single point, or rather a single point is made to embrace an extensive period. In one instant we pass through many adventures, see many strange sights, and hear many strange sounds. If we are awaked by a loud knock, we have perhaps the idea of a tumult passing before us, and know all the characters engaged in it—their aspects, and even their very names. If the door open violently, the flood-gates of a canal may appear to be expanding, and we may see the individuals employed in the process, and hear their conversation, which may seem an hour in length ; if a light be brought into the room, the notion of the house being in flames invades us, and we are witnesses to the whole conflagration from its commencement till it be finally extinguished. The thoughts which arise in such situations are endless, and assume an infinite variety of aspects.

'One of the most remarkable phenomena attendant upon dreaming, is the almost universal absence of surprise. Scarcely any event, however incredible, impossible, or absurd, gives rise to this emotion. We see circumstances at utter variance with the laws of nature, and yet their discordancy, impracticability, and oddness never strike us as at all out of the usual course of things. This is one of the strongest proofs that can be alleged in support of the dormant condition of the reflecting faculties. Had these powers been awake and in full activity, they would have pointed out the erroneous nature of the impressions conjured into existence by fancy, and shewn us truly that the visions passing before our eyes were merely the chimeras of an excited imagination—the airy phantoms of imperfect sleep.'*

Dreams are in general connected with snatches of waking recollections, and assume a character from the dreamer's ordinary pursuits and feelings. Shakspeare has admirably described the effects of dreams of different classes of persons; and the subject has been also well illustrated by Stepney in the following lines:

'At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train her revels keeps.
Then airy phantoms a mixed scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wished by day;
For memory those images retains
Which passion formed, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and fairies haunt the murderer's dreams;
Grants and disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard;
The cit's a knight; the sycophant a lord.
Thus Fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
Honours and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death, its image, equals all.'

Chaucer's description, versified by Dryden, is also worthy of being quoted:

'Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, or are, or e'er can be.

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* Macnish's *Philosophy of Sleep.*

Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truth received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed;
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece
In chimeras all; and more absurd or less.'

In ordinary dreaming, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belabouring. Often also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud. Sometimes nearly all the senses, along with the muscles of motion, are in activity, while part of the cerebral organs are dormant, and in this condition the dreamer becomes a *somnambulist*, or sleep-walker. 'If we dream,' says Mr Macnish, 'that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing.' In other cases we both walk and see, and in a third variety we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

Cases of persons in a state of somnambulism rising from bed and walking to a distant part of the house, or of looking for some object of which they were dreaming, and so forth, are exceedingly common, and the seeming marvel is explained by the fact already noticed—only certain senses and portions of brain are asleep while others are waking. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast. 'About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the Revenue boat's crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up ; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.' The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with one or more of his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

A respectable person, captain of a merchant-vessel, told Sir Walter Scott the following story, in illustration of illusion from somnambulism. While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and, at the hour of twelve, saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a candle ; after which he went to the galley, where he stood staring wildly for a time, as if on some horrible object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and, appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said : 'Yes ; I was led by the ghost to the galley ; but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of *holy-water*, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom.' The captain now told the truth, as observed ; and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was never visited by the ghost again, the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burned his hand with the candle, and, by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy-water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired.

The condition of nightmare, in which the sufferer is under the feeling of some terrible oppression, is one of the most afflicting kinds of dreaming. In the more simple order of cases of nightmare, the dreamer is only labouring under the influence of indigestion; but in the more severe, the cause is ascribed to cerebral disorder. A gentleman in Edinburgh was afflicted for years with a nightmare which rendered existence almost unsupportable. On falling asleep, he dreamed that he was chased by a bull; and frequently, in terror of being tossed by the horns of the infuriated animal, he leaped from the bed to the opposite side of the room, on one occasion doing himself a serious injury. At the death of this unhappy gentleman, his head was opened, and a portion of his brain found to be affected with a deep-seated ulcer. In cases of this kind, the spectral illusions of the dreamer are usually most vivid, and on awakening, it requires a strong effort of reason to be convinced that the appearances were nothing more than airy phantoms of the disordered brain.

With these explanations on the subject of dreaming, we are prepared for a consideration of those unreal impressions made on the mind while in a wakeful condition.

ILLUSIONS FROM CONGESTION OF THE BLOOD-VESSELS.

One of the more simple kinds of functional disorder producing false impressions on the mind, is an overfulness of blood in the circulatory vessels. Persons who have followed the discommendable practice of blood-letting periodically, and have neglected it for more than the usual length of time, are the most liable to this species of illusion. Upwards of seventy years ago, Nicolai, a celebrated bookseller in Berlin, experienced the feeling of seeing spectres from this cause. According to an interesting account he has given on the subject, it appears that he was a man of a vivid imagination and excitable temperament, who, some years previous to the occurrences he relates, was troubled with violent vertigo, which he relieved by periodical bleeding with leeches. It became with him a custom to be bled twice in the year; but at length having on one occasion neglected this means of relieving the system, his mind became depressed, and apparitions began to be seemingly present to his eyes. The following is his narration of this painful condition:

'My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents, which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. On a sudden I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question, therefore, alarmed her very much, and she immediately sent for a physician. The phantom continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced further consequences which deserve a more minute description.

'At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and, being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment, but there likewise I was persecuted by the apparition, which, however, at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but its place was supplied with many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers; those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. I observed the persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantasms, these representing chiefly persons who lived at some distance from me.

'These phantasms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes, these phantasms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. I conversed sometimes with my physician and my wife of the phantasms which at the moment surrounded me; they appeared more frequently walking than at rest; nor were they constantly present. They frequently did not come for some time, but always reappeared for a longer or shorter period, either singly or in company; the latter, however, being most frequently the case. I generally saw human forms of both sexes; but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds.

'All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantasms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk: these phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed.'

Having thus suffered for some time, it occurred to him that the mental disorder might arise from a superabundance of blood, and he again had recourse to leeching. When the leeches were applied, no person was with him besides the surgeon; but during the operation his apartment was crowded with human phantasms of all descriptions. In the course of a few hours, however, they moved around the chamber more slowly; their colour began to fade; until, growing more and more obscure, they at last dissolved into air, and he ceased to be troubled with them afterwards.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT IN DIGESTION.

Any derangement of the digestive powers acts on the brain; when the derangement is excessive, and the health otherwise impaired, the mind becomes affected, so as to deceive the senses and to produce spectral illusions. Sir David Brewster, in his *Letters on Natural Magic*, narrates the case of a lady of high character and intelligence, but of vivid imagination, who was so affected from only simple derangement of the stomach. The facts were communicated by the husband of the lady, a man of learning and science, and are as follow:

'1. The first illusion to which Mrs A. was subject was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December 1830, about half-past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name: "—— ——, come here! come to me!" She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened; but upon going there and opening the door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly: "——, come; come here!" She then opened two other doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person, she returned to the fireplace. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling: "—— ——, come to me! come! come away!" in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly: "Where are you? I don't know where you are;" still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her: but receiving no answer, she shortly after went up stairs. On Mr A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called to her so often, and where he was; and she was of course greatly surprised to learn that he had not been near the house at the time.

'2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few minutes: "Why don't you speak, ——?" The figure immediately moved off towards the window at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real objects behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

'3. On these two occasions Mrs A. was alone, but when the next phantasm appeared her husband was present. This took place on the 4th of January 1831. About ten o'clock at night, when Mr and Mrs A. were sitting in the drawing-room, Mr A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs A. exclaimed: "Why, there's the cat in the room!" "Where?" asked Mr A. "There, close to you," she replied. "Where?" he repeated. "Why, on the rug to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle." Mr A., who had still the poker in his hand, pushed it in the direction mentioned. "Take care," cried Mrs A.; "take care, you are hitting her with the poker." Mr A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied: "Why, sitting up there close to your feet on the rug: she is looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty?" There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely if ever in the drawing-room. At this time Mrs A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said: "It has gone under the chair." Mr A. assured her it was an illusion, but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then searched all over, and nothing found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, which would have betrayed great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room, but he lay perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, Mr A. rung the bell, and sent for the two cats, both of which were found in the housekeeper's room.

'4. About a month after this occurrence, Mrs A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.'

Passing over from the fifth to the ninth cases, we come to the tenth. 'On the 26th of October, about two P.M., Mrs A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim: 'What have I seen!' And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.

'11. On the morning of the 30th October, when Mrs A. was sitting in her own room with a favourite dog in her lap, she distinctly saw the same dog moving about the room during the space of about a minute or rather more.

'12. On the 3d December, about nine P.M., when Mr and Mrs

A. were sitting near each other in the drawing-room, occupied in reading, Mr A. felt a pressure on his foot. On looking up, he observed Mrs A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair about nine or ten feet distant. Upon asking her what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and upon recovering herself, she told Mr A. that she had seen his brother, who was alive and well at the moment in London, seated in the opposite chair, but dressed in grave-clothes, and with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive!

'From the very commencement of the spectral illusions,' observes Sir David in conclusion, 'both Mrs A. and her husband were well aware of their nature and origin, and both of them paid the most minute attention to the circumstances which accompanied them, not only with the view of throwing light upon so curious a subject, but for the purpose of ascertaining their connection with the state of health under which they appeared.'

ILLUSIONS FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.

A bodily disorder, which in itself ought to afford a solution of nearly all apparitions, is that called *delirium tremens*, or vulgarly *blue devils*. This is most commonly induced, in otherwise healthy subjects, by continued intemperance in intoxicating liquors. It is a disorder intimately connected with a derangement of the digestive functions. So long as the drinker can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible, at least in peculiarly nervous constitutions. The first symptom is commonly a slight impairment of the healthy powers of the senses of hearing and seeing. A ringing in the ears probably takes place; then any common noise, such as the rattle of a cart on the street, assumes to the hearing a particular sound, and arranges itself into a certain tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by and by rung into his ears on the recurrence of *every* noise. The proverb, 'As the fool thinks, so the bell tinks,' becomes very applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the meanwhile, begins to shew equal disorder; figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The senses of touch, taste, and smell are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on, increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary function, until the unhappy drinker is at last visited, most probably in the twilight, by visionary figures as distinct in outline as living beings, and which seem to speak to him with the voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities; but, soon discovering his error, is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was but some simple household sound, converted by his disordered ear into strange speech: for the senses, at least in the milder cases of this sort, rather *convert* than *create*, though the metamorphosed may differ widely from the real substance. The visitations and sufferings of the party may go on increasing, till he takes courage to speak to the physician, who, by great care, restores his alimentary organs to a state of health, and, in consequence, the visions slowly leave him. If, however, remedies are not applied in time, the party will probably sink under the influence of his disorder. The spectral figures and voices being solely and entirely the creation of his own fancy, will seem to do or say anything that may be uppermost in that fancy at the moment, and will encourage him to self-murder by every possible argument—all emanating, of course, from his own brain. The whole consists merely of his own fancies, bodied forth to him visibly and audibly in his seeing and hearing organs. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him—nothing but vacancy.

Dr Alderson, a respectable physician, mentions his being called to a keeper of a public-house, who was in a state of great terror, and who described himself as having been haunted for some time with spectres. He had first noticed something to be wrong with him on being laughed at by a little girl for desiring her to lift some oyster-shells from the floor. He himself stooped, but found none. Soon after, in the twilight, he saw a soldier enter the house, and, not liking his manner, desired him to go away; but receiving no answer, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and to his horror found the shape to be but a phantom! The visitations increased by night and by day, till he could not distinguish real customers from imaginary ones, so definite and distinct were the latter in outline. Sometimes they took the forms of living friends, and sometimes of people long dead. Dr Alderson resorted to a course of treatment which restored the strength of the digestive organs, and gradually banished the spectres.

ILLUSIONS FROM SEVERE DISORDERS.

Among the other varieties of bodily ailments affecting either structure or function, which have been found to produce spectral illusions, fevers, inflammatory affections, epileptic attacks, hysteria, and disorders of the nerves generally, are among the most prominent. As regards fevers and inflammatory affections, particularly those of the brain, it is well known to almost every mother or member of a large family, that scarcely any severe case can occur without illusions of the sight to a greater or less extent. In hysteric and epileptic cases also, where fits or partial trances occur, the same phenomena are frequently observed. But we shall not enlarge on the effects produced by the influence of severe and obviously existing maladies, as it is in those cases only where the spectre-seer has exhibited *apparent* sanity of mind and body that special wonder has been excited. It is so far of great importance, however, to notice that these diseases do produce the illusions, as in most cases it will be found, on inquiry, that the party subject to them, however sound to appearance at the time, *afterwards* displayed some of these complaints in full force; and we may then rationally explain the whole matter by supposing the seeds of the ailments to have early existed in a latent state. A German lady, of excellent talents and high character, published an account some years back of successive visions with which she had been honoured, as she believed, by Divine favour. The case of this lady throws so much light on delusions arising from deranged temperament and kindred maladies, that we take the liberty of extracting it from the interesting work of Dr Hibbert.

'The illusions which the lady experienced first came on in the fourth year of her age, while she was sitting with her little doll upon her knees; and, for the greater convenience of dressing and undressing it, resting her feet upon a large folio Bible. "I had scarcely taken my place," she observes, "above a minute, when I heard a voice at my ear say: 'Put the book where you found it;' but as I did not see any person, I did not do so. The voice, however repeated the mandate, that I should do it immediately; and, at the same time, I thought somebody took hold of my face. I instantly obeyed with fear and trembling; but not being able to lift the book upon the table, I called the servant-maid to come quickly and assist me. When she came, and saw that I was alone and terrified, she scolded me, as nobody was there." It may be remarked of this part of the account, that the voice which the narrator heard can only be regarded as a renovated feeling of the mind, resulting from some prior remonstrances that she might have incurred from her protectors, whenever she treated with unbecoming irreverence the holy volume; while the impression of a person taking hold of her face, may be referred to some morbid sensation of touch, incidental to many nervous affections, which would easily associate itself with the imaginary rebuke of her mysterious monitor, so as to impart to the whole of the illusion a certain degree of connection and consistency. The patient (for such I shall call her) next describes the extreme diligence and the peculiar delight with which, as she grew up in years, she read twice over, from the beginning to the end, the pages of the Scriptures; and she likewise dwells upon her constant endeavour to render the Bible more intelligible, by often hearing sermons and reading religious books.

It is certainly of importance to know the subject of her incessant and anxious studies, as it is well calculated to explain the nature of her visions, which, as we might expect, were generally of a religious description. We are, in the next place, told by the lady, that after she had reached her seventh year, she saw, when playing, a clear flame which seemed to enter through the chamber door, while in the middle of it was a long bright light about the size of a child of six years old. The phantasm remained stationary for half an hour near the stove of the room, and then went out again by the room-door; the white light first, and the flame following it. After this vision, we hear of no other until the lady is married, when, unfortunately, her husband made her life so bitter to her, that she could think only of death. Hence must have necessarily arisen the combining influence of strong mental emotions, which could not but act as powerful exciting agents upon a frame the mental feelings of which, from constitutional causes, were of the most intense kind. Spectral illusions would of course become very frequent. Thus, on one occasion, when she had received some ill-treatment from her husband, she made a resolution to desist from prayer, thinking the Lord had forsaken her; but, upon further consideration, she repented of this purpose, and, after returning thanks to Heaven, went to bed. She awakened towards the morning, and then, to her astonishment, found that it was broad daylight, and that at her bedside was seated a heavenly figure in the shape of a man about sixty years of age, dressed in a bluish robe, with bright hair, and a countenance shining like the clearest red and white crystal. He looked at her with tenderness, saying nothing more than "*Proceed, proceed, proceed!*" These words were unintelligible to her, until they were solved by another phantasm, young and beautiful as an angel, who appeared on the opposite side of the bed, and more explicitly added: "*Proceed in prayer, proceed in faith, proceed in trials.*" After this incident, a strange light appeared, when she immediately felt herself pulled by the hairs of her head, and pinched and tormented in various ways. The cause of this affliction she soon discovered to be the devil himself, who made his *début* in the usual hideous form under which he is personated, until at length the angel interfered and pushed away the foul fiend with his elbow. "Afterwards," as the lady added, "the light came again, and both persons looked mournfully at it. The young one then said: 'Lord, this is sufficient;' and he uttered these words three times. Whilst he repeated them, I looked at him, and beheld two large white wings on his shoulders, and therefore I knew him to be an angel of God. The light immediately disappeared, the two figures vanished, and the day was suddenly converted into night. My heart was again restored to its right place, the pain ceased, and I arose."'

Dr Crichton, author of an able work on insanity, found that this unfortunate lady was always affected with the *aura epileptica* during the prevalence of the illusions; or, in other words, that she was labouring under slight attacks of epilepsy. Thus simply was explained a series of phenomena which, from the high character for veracity of the subject of them, astonished a great part of Germany.

ILLUSIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Persons in a desponding or gloomy state of mind are exceedingly liable to be deceived by their fancies. The morbid imagination catches at every seemingly mysterious appearance, and transforms it into a spectre, or warning of approaching dissolution. 'A man who is thoroughly frightened,' observes a popular American writer,* 'can imagine almost anything. The whistling of the wind sounds in his ears like the cry of dying men. As he walks along trembling in the dark, the friendly guide-post is a giant; the tree gently waving in the wind is a ghost; and every cow he chances to meet is some fearful apparition from the land of hobgoblins. Who is there that cannot testify, from personal experience, of some such freaks of imagination? How often does one wake up in the night and find the clothes upon the chair, or some article of furniture in the room, assuming a distinctly defined form, altogether different from that which it in reality possesses!

'There is in imagination a potency far exceeding the fabled power of Aladdin's lamp. How often does one sit in wintry evening musings, and trace in the glowing embers the features of an absent friend! Imagination, with its magic wand, will there build the city with its countless spires—or marshal contending armies—or drive the tempest-shattered ship upon the ocean. The following story, related by Scott, affords a good illustration of this principle:

'"Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and position of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this he was unable to do. And the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured."

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* *Scientific Tracts* (Boston, 1832).

'Most persons under such circumstances would have declared unhesitatingly that the ghost of the departed had appeared to them, and they would have found great multitudes who would have believed it. When the imagination has such power to recall the images of the absent, is it at all wonderful that many persons should attribute such appearances to supernatural visitations? Had the poet himself been in the place of the screen, he probably would not have been more vividly present. How many, then, of the causes of vulgar fear are to be attributed to the effect of imagination! A lady was once passing through a wood, in the darkening twilight of a stormy evening, to visit a friend who was watching over a dying child. The clouds were thick—the rain beginning to fall; darkness was increasing; the wind was moaning mournfully through the trees. The lady's heart almost failed her as she saw that she had a mile to walk through the woods in the gathering gloom. But the reflection of the situation of her friend forbade her turning back. Excited and trembling, she called to her aid a nervous resolution, and pressed onward. She had not proceeded far, when she beheld in the path before her the movement of some very indistinct object. It appeared to keep a little distance in advance of her, and as she made efforts to get nearer to see what it was, it seemed proportionably to recede. The lady began to feel rather unpleasantly. There was some pale white object certainly discernible before her, and it appeared mysteriously to float along at a regular distance, without any effort at motion. Notwithstanding the lady's good sense and unusual resolution, a cold chill began to come over her. She made every effort to resist her fears, and soon succeeded in drawing nearer the mysterious object, when she was appalled at beholding the features of her friend's child, cold in death, wrapped in its shroud. She gazed earnestly, and there it remained distinct and clear before her eyes. She considered it a monition that her friend's child was dead, and that she must hasten on to her aid. But there was the apparition directly in her path. She must pass it. Taking up a little stick, she forced herself along to the object, and behold, some little animal scampered away. It was this that her excited imagination had transformed into the corpse of an infant in its winding-sheet. The vision before her eyes was undoubtedly as clear as the reality could have been. Such is the power of imagination. If this lady, when she saw the corpse, had turned in terror and fled home, what reasoning could ever have satisfied her that she had not seen something supernatural? When it is known that the imagination has such a power as this, can we longer wonder at any accounts which are given of unearthly appearances?'

The numerous stories told of ghosts, or the spirits of persons who are dead, will in most instances be found to have originated in diseased imagination, aggravated by some abnormal defect of mind. We may mention a remarkable case in point; it is told by the compiler of *Les Causes Célèbres.* Two young noblemen, the Marquises De Rambouillet and De Precy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, De Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Precy remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, De Precy one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet in full military attire. The sick man sprung over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said that it behoved De Precy to think more of the afterworld, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Precy was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Precy recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat. Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulousness or weakness of mind—we not only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but left in a violent fever, and aware that his friend was engaged in a bloody war. That a spectral illusion should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert, in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause; and on one occasion the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantel-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. 'With regard to this point,' says Dr Hibbert, 'it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event [of Dundee's death] might as well occur then as at any other time ; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion.' This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health, but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular cases not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. 'How shall I know to-morrow morn,' said she boldly to the spectre, 'that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?' 'Let this be a token to thee for life,' said the visitant, and, grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared. In the morning a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases ; and at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the wrist of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. Supposing, however, that the mark actually existed, could it not have been explained by somnambulism? The lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burnt her hand against the bedroom grate, and, conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though not awakened by it, her fancy may have formed the whole story of the preternatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate of the merchant vessel invented the circumstances connected with the holy-water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

In some instances, it may be difficult to decide whether spectral appearances and spectral noises proceed from functional derangement or from an overwrought state of mind. Want of exercise and amusement may also be a prevailing cause. A friend mentions to us the following case. An acquaintance of his, a merchant in London, who had for years paid a very close attention to business, was one day, while alone in his counting-house, very much surprised to hear, as he imagined, persons outside the door talking freely about him. Thinking it was some acquaintances who were playing off a trick, he opened the door to request them to come in, when, to his amazement, nobody was there. He again sat down at his desk, and in a few minutes the same dialogue recommenced. The language employed was now very alarming. One voice seemed to say: 'We have the scoundrel safe in his counting-house; let us go in and seize him.' 'Certainly,' replied the other voice; 'it is right to take him; he has been guilty of a great crime, and ought to be brought to condign punishment.' Alarmed at these threats, the bewildered merchant rushed to the door; and there again no person was to be seen. He now locked his door and went home; but the voices, as he thought, followed him through the crowd, and he arrived at his house in a most unenviable state of mind. Inclined to ascribe the voices to derangement in mind, he sent for a medical attendant, and told his case; and a certain kind of treatment was prescribed. This, however, failed: the voices menacing him with punishment for purely imaginary crimes continued, and he was reduced to the brink of despair. At length a friend prescribed entire relaxation from business, and a daily game of cricket; which, to his great relief, proved an effectual remedy. The exercise banished the phantom voices, and they were no more heard.

In bygone times, when any kind of nonsense was believed without investigation, the Lowland Scotch, as they alleged, occasionally saw *wraiths*, or spectral appearances of persons who were soon to quit this mortal scene; the Irish were also accustomed to the spectacle of *fetches;* and the Highlanders had their *second-sight;* the whole, be it observed, being but a variety of mental disease or some kind of delusion. In some instances the appearances were a result of atmospheric refraction, but generally they were nothing more than the phantoms of a morbid and overexcited fancy. The progress of education and intelligence has almost everywhere banished such delusions.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT OF THE EYES.

In our preliminary observations, it was shewn that spectral appearances produced by mental disorder were really formed or daguerreotyped on the eye; but an unsound state of the eye itself may also cause these phantoms. Dr Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustrative of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high mental endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying uninterrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, was the person subject to the illusions. For twelve years this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral figures, attired often in foreign dresses, such as Roman, Turkish, and Grecian, and presenting all varieties of the human countenance, in its gradations from childhood to old age. Sometimes faces only were visible, and the countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and arch-looking lady was the most constant visitor, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being for the most part of a pleasing character. The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie was one even more remarkable than the preceding. 'A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions, to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figures may either be something real, or the composition of his own fancy.' Another member of the family was subject to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. 'My father!' says Hamlet; 'methinks I see him now!' 'Where, my lord?' 'In my *mind's eye*, Horatio.' In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence, and the fancy of the individual the power which regulated their frequency and character. Slighter cases of this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled, immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three-parts length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus shewing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A celebrated oculist in London mentioned to us that he had been waited on by a gentleman who laboured under an annoying spectral impression in his eye. He stated that, having looked steadfastly on a copy of the Lord's Prayer, printed in minute characters within a circle the size of a sixpence, he had ever since had the impression of the Lord's Prayer in his eye. On whatever object he turned his organs of vision, there was the small round copy of the Lord's Prayer present, and partly covering it.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect.

ILLUSIONS EXPLAINED BY PHRENOLOGY.

In previous sections, it has been stated that maladies of various kinds are capable of producing spectral illusions by their effects on the brain and nervous system. In some cases, it was stated that the brain is directly diseased; in other cases, that the perceptions made by that organ are only indirectly deranged by sympathy with some bodily malady. Madness, for example, having its origin in diseased cerebral structure, may be attended with spectral illusions ; and disorder of the alimentary organs, caused by dissipation, may be an indirect source of them ; the senses, and the brain which forms perceptions through their reports, being functionally disordered from sympathy. That a peculiar temperament of body, and, in part, a particular mental constitution, are requisite to give a predisposition to the affection, there can be little doubt. Some mental philosophers go a great way further. The phrenologists hold that it is chiefly on a particular development of one portion of the brain, which they describe as the seat of the sentiment of Wonder, that the tendency to see visions depends. It is observed by them that this 'sentiment, when in a state of extreme exaltation (great development and high excitement), may stimulate the perceptive faculties to perceive objects fitted to gratify it ; and that spectres, apparitions, spirits, &c. are the kind of ideas suited to please an inordinate Wonder.' They class pretenders to supernatural messages and missions, the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and workers of miracles, among such patients. Separating the remark just quoted from its reference to the organology of the phrenological science, we may hold it to signify that the sentiment of wonder, when predominant in an individual's mind, will stimulate those faculties which take cognizance of the forms, colours, sizes, &c. of material existences, to such a pitch of activity, that illusory perceptions of objects, characterised by qualities fitted to gratify wonder, will be formed in the brain. The following case, contributed by Mr Simpson to the *Phrenological Journal*, No. 6, affords an interesting example of the manner in which spectral illusions are accounted for by the strict rules of this science.

'Miss S. L., a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, and in perfect general health of body and soundness of mind, has, nevertheless, been for some years occasionally troubled, both in the night and in the day, with visions of persons and inanimate objects, in numerous modes and forms. She was early subject to such illusions occasionally, and the first she remembers was that of a carpet spread out in the air, which descended near her, and vanished away.

'After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed, even in the daylight of the morning. These figures were whitish, or rather gray, and transparent like cobweb, and generally above the size of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to point out the spot, the utmost care being taken not to lead her to the answer, our readers may judge of our feelings as phrenologists when she touched with her forefinger and thumb each side of the root of the nose, the commencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose—the ascertained seats of the organs of Form, Size, and Individuality! Here, particularly on each side of the root of the nose, she said the sensation could only be compared to that of running sharp knives into the part. The pain increased when she held her head down, and was much relieved by holding her face upwards. Miss S. L., on being asked if the pain was confined to that spot, answered, that 'some time afterwards the pain extended to right and left along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt often as if they would have burst from their sockets.' When this happened, her visions were varied precisely as the phrenologist would have anticipated, and she detailed the progress without a single leading question. Weight, Colouring, Order, Number, Locality, all became affected; and let us observe what happened. The whitish or cobweb spectres assumed the natural colour of the objects, but they continued often to present themselves, though not always, above the size of life. She saw a beggar one day out of doors, natural in size and colour, who vanished as she came up to the spot. Colouring being overexcited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in daylight; and sudden and sometimes gradual illumination of the room during the night seemed to take place. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when instantly the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting on that occasion to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy; and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bedpost, which, in the most unaccountable manner, eluded her grasp, by shifting its place, and also by presenting her with a number of bedposts instead of one. If the organ of Weight, situated between Size and Colouring, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to overset the balance of the person. Overexcited Number we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion was the multiplication of the bedposts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at, that object being in itself real and single: a book, a footstool, a work-box, would increase to twenty, or fifty, sometimes without order or arrangement, and at other times piled regularly one above another. Such objects deluded her in another way, by increasing in size, as she looked at them, to the most amazing excess—again resuming their natural size—less than which they never seemed to become—and again swelling out. Locality, overexcited, gave her the illusion of objects, which she had been accustomed to regard as fixed, being out of their places; and she thinks, but is not sure, that on one occasion a door and window in one apartment seemed to have changed places; but, as she added, she might have been deceived by a mirror. This qualification gave us the more confidence in her accuracy, when, as she did with regard to all her other illusions, she spoke more positively. She had not hitherto observed a great and painful confusion in the visions which visited her, so as to entitle us to infer the derangement of Order. Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colouring, Locality, and Number only seemed hitherto affected.

'For nearly two years Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidence—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eyeballs; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and the night, sometimes cobweb, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The confusion of her spectral forms now distressed her. (Order affected.) The oppression and perplexity was intolerable when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures, faces and half faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive disorder which she mentioned is curious, and has the further effect of exhibiting what cannot be put in terms, except those of the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (Weight.) One night, as she sat in her bedroom, and was about to go to bed, a stream of spectres, persons' faces, and limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued apparently in rapid descending motion, there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing after having formed the cascade. Colossal figures are her frequent visitors. (Size.)

'Real but inanimate objects have assumed to her the form of animals; and she has often attempted to lift articles from the ground, which, like the oysters in the pothouse cellar, eluded her grasp.

'More recently, she has experienced a great aggravation of her alarms; for, like Nicolai, she began to hear her spectral visitors speak! (The organs of Language and Tune, or Sound, affected.)

At first her crowds kept up a buzzing and indescribable gibbering, and occasionally joined in a loud and terribly disagreeable laugh, which she could only impute to fiends. These unwelcome sounds were generally followed by a rapid and always alarming advance of the figures, which often on those occasions presented very large and fearful faces, with insufferable glaring eyes close to her own. All self-possession then failed her, and the cold sweat of terror stood on her brow. Her single figures of the deceased and absent then began to gibber, and soon more distinctly to address her; but terror has hitherto prevented her from understanding what they said.

'She went, not very wisely, to see that banquet of demonology, *Der Freischutz;* and of course, for some time afterwards, the *dramatis personæ* of that edifying piece, not excepting his Satanic majesty in person, were her nightly visitors. Some particular figures are persevering in their visits to her. A Moor, with a turban, frequently looks over her shoulder, very impertinently, when she uses a mirror.

'Of the other illusive perceptions of Miss S. L., we may mention the sensation of being lifted up, and of sinking down and falling forward, with the puzzling perception of objects off their perpendicular; for example, the room, floor, and all, sloping to one side. (Weight affected.)

'Colours in her work, or otherwise, long looked at, are slow to quit her sight. She has noises in her head, and a sensation of heat all over it; and, last of all, when asked if she ever experienced acute pain elsewhere about the head than in the lower range of the forehead, she answered that three several times she was suddenly affected with such excruciating throbbing pain on the top of the head, that she had almost fainted; and when asked to put her finger on the spot, she put the points of each forefinger precisely on the organ of Wonder, on each side of the coronal surface!'

In the same paper Mr Simpson adduces the singular illusive perceptions suffered occasionally by Mr John Hunter, the great anatomist, several of which are identical with Miss S. L.'s. In the eighteenth and other numbers of the *Phrenological Journal*, other cases of spectral illusions are mentioned, several with local pain, which are held to corroborate the inferences drawn from that of Miss S. L. But the case of that lady seems to us the most comprehensive on the subject.

In a subsequent paper by Mr Simpson (in No. 7), the most brief and satisfactory explanation of the illusions of the English Opium-Eater is given. The forms and faces that persecuted him in millions (Form diseased)—the expansion of a night into a hundred years (Time)—his insufferable lights and splendours (Colour)—his descent for millions of miles without finding a bottom (Weight or Resistance, giving the feeling of support, diseased)—all described by him with an eloquence that startled the public—are only aggravated illusions, due to his irregularities. It is extremely probable that the intoxicating gas affects the same organs.

ILLUSIONS FROM ARTIFICE.

Illusions from the use of phantasmagoria, magic lanterns, mirrors, and other means of deception connected with professed jugglery, need not here be more than alluded to. Illusions arising from the alleged appearance of, and intercourse with, spirits, are of a different kind, and a regular notice of such would form a dark chapter in the history of our popular superstitions. In all ages, there have been persons who lived by imposing on the vulgar, and pretending to possess supernatural powers. Others, either through heedlessness or a wanton spirit of mischief, have inflicted scarcely less injury on society by terrifying children and weak-minded persons with tales of ghosts and other spectral appearances. It is little more than a century since the metropolis was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement by the Cock Lane ghost; and as the history of this affair will best illustrate the absurdity of this class of illusions, we may be allowed to add it to our list of apparition anecdotes.

About the year 1759, Mr Kempe, a gentleman from the county of Norfolk, came to reside with the sister of his deceased wife, in the house of a Mr Parsons in Cock Lane, near Smithfield. The lady, it appears, slept with a girl, the daughter of Parsons, and complained of being disturbed with very unaccountable noises. From this or some other cause, Mr Kempe and his sister-in-law removed to another lodging in Bartlett Street. Here, unfortunately, the lady, who passed by the name of Mrs Kempe, was attacked with small-pox, and died; and on the 2d of February 1760, her body was interred in a vault in St John's Church, Clerkenwell.

From this event two years elapsed, when a report was propagated that a great knocking and scratching had been heard in the night at the house of Parsons, to the great terror of all the family; all methods employed to discover the cause of it being ineffectual. This noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with Mrs Kempe, as already mentioned, during her residence in this house. To find out whence it proceeded, Mr Parsons ordered the wainscot to be taken down; but the knocking and scratching, instead of ceasing, became more violent than ever. The children were then removed into the two pair of stairs room, whither they were followed by the same noise, which sometimes continued during the whole night.

From these circumstances, it was apprehended that the house was haunted; and the elder child declared that she had, some time before, seen the apparition of a woman, surrounded, as it were, by a blazing light. But the girl was not the only person who was favoured with a sight of this luminous lady. A publican in the neighbourhood, bringing a pot of beer into the house, about eleven o'clock at night, was so terrified that he let the beer fall, upon seeing on the stairs, as he was looking up, the bright shining figure of a woman, which cast such a light that he could see the dial in the charity school, through a window in that building. The figure passed by him, and beckoned him to follow ; but he was too much terrified to obey its directions, ran home as fast as possible, and was taken very ill. About an hour after this Mr Parsons himself, having occasion to go into another room, saw the same apparition.

As the knocking and scratching only followed the children, the girl who had seen the supposed apparition was interrogated what she thought it was like. She declared it was Mrs Kempe, who about two years before had lodged in the house. On this information, the circumstances attending Mrs Kempe's death were recollected, and were pronounced by those who heard them to be of a dark and disagreeable nature. Suspicions were whispered about, tending to inculpate Mr Kempe ; fresh circumstances were brought to light, and it was hinted that the deceased had not died a natural death ; that, in fact, she had been poisoned.

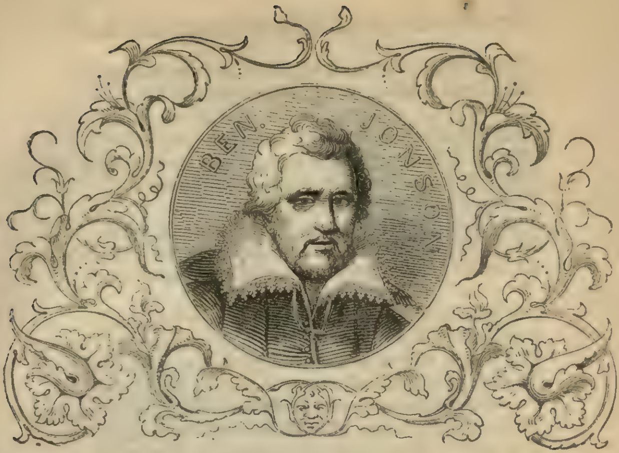
The knocking and scratching now began to be more violent ; they seemed to proceed from underneath the bedstead of the child, who was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations. In a word, Parsons gave out that the spirit of Mrs Kempe had taken possession of the girl. The noises increased in violence, and several gentlemen were requested to sit up all night in the child's room. On the 13th of January, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a respectable clergyman was sent for, who, addressing himself to the supposed spirit, desired that, if any injury had been done to the person who had lived in that house, he might be answered in the affirmative, by one single knock ; if the contrary, by two knocks. This was immediately answered by one knock. He then asked several questions, which were all very rationally answered in the same way. Crowds now went to hear the ghost ; among others, Dr Johnson, 'the Colossus of British literature,' who was imposed on like the rest. Many persons, however, would not be duped. Suspecting a trick, with the sanction of the lord mayor, they set themselves carefully to watch the movements of the girl. The supposed ghost having announced that it would attend any gentleman into the vault under St John's Church, in which the body of Mrs Kempe was entombed, and point out the coffin by knocking on the lid, several persons proceeded to the vault accordingly, there to await the result. On entering this gloomy receptacle at midnight, the party waited for some time in silence for the spirit to perform its promise, but nothing ensued. The person accused by the ghost then went down, with several others, into the vault, but no effect was perceived. Returning to the bedroom of the girl, the party examined her closely, but could draw no confession from her; on their departure, however, towards morning, they arrived at the conviction that the girl possessed the art of counterfeiting noises. Further examinations took place, and ultimately it was discovered that she was a finished impostor. They found that she had been in the habit of taking with her to bed a thin and sonorous piece of wood, on which she produced the noises that had deceived such crowds of credulous individuals. Parsons, who had been privy to the plot for injuring the reputation of Mr Kempe, with his daughter and several accomplices, were now taken into custody; and after a trial before Lord Mansfield, were condemned to various terms of imprisonment; Parsons being, in addition, ordered to stand in the pillory. Such was the termination of an affair which not only found partisans among the weak and credulous, but even staggered many men reputed for possessing sound understandings. A worthy clergyman, whose faith was stronger than his reason, and who had warmly interested himself in behalf of the reality of the spirit, was so overwhelmed with grief and chagrin, that he did not long survive the detection of the imposture.

CONCLUSION.

A word of advice may now be given in conclusion to those who are subject to illusions of a spectral kind. If hysteria, epilepsy, or any well-marked bodily affection be an accompaniment of these illusions, of course remedial measures should be used which have a reference to these maladies, and the physician is the party to be applied to. If, however, no well-defined bodily ailment exists, a word of counsel may be useful from ourselves. We believe that, in general, spectral illusions are caused by disorders originating in the alimentary system, and that the continued use of stimulating liquors is to be most commonly blamed for the visitation. If the patient is conscious that this is the case, his path to relief lies open before him. The removal of the cause will almost always remove the effect. At the same time, the process of cure may be slow. The imagination becomes morbidly active in such cases, and many maintain the illusions after the digestive system is restored to order. But this will not be the case long, for the morbidity of the imagination does not usually survive, for any length of time, the restoration of the sanity of the body. To effect a cure of the fundamental derangement of the alimentary system, aperient medicines may be used in the first instance, and afterwards tonics—nourishing food, in small quantities, at the outset—and gentle but frequent exercise in the open air. Last, but not least, for the cure of the sufferer from spectral illusions, the indulgence in cheerful society is to be recommended. Solitude infallibly nurses the morbidity of the imagination. The notion that the use of ardent spirits should only be dropped by degrees, is found to be a mistake. Even in instances of the most inveterate drunkards, no harm follows from instantaneous abstinence. Therefore, as a *little* too often leads to *much* in the matter of drinking, those who would break off the practice should not be over-indulgent to themselves, through fear of the consequences of change. If opium have been the cause of the illusions, a *gradual* cessation from its use may be advisable.

Should the sufferer from spectral illusions be conscious of no error as regards the use of stimulants or narcotics, some affection of the brain may be suspected, and headaches will corroborate this suspicion. Local or general blood-letting will prove in most cases the best remedy. Leeches or cupping may be tried in the first place, and, if tried ineffectively, the lancet may then be employed.

With respect to the demonstrable truthfulness of stories of apparitions, we consider that the whole may be referred to natural causes. Let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine of his death? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant-girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural communication was deigned, certainly it would be for some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race.



SELECTIONS FROM
THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

OLD AGE.

AND next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast-declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As Eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,

Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
Yet know full well life doth but lengthen pain.
—THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536—1608).

SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554—1586).

HIGHER ASPIRATIONS.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out of death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Ibid.*

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

HEART-TEARING cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly;
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You 'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * * *

Blest silent groves! Oh, may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here!
—SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552—1618).

TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.
—S. DANIEL (1562—1619).

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1563—1593).

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
  Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
  The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
  She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
  Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
  Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
  The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
  That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
  Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560—1595).

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
  Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
  And silent sees, that speech could not amend:

Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardochéus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENTMENT.

ENOUGH I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine:
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That, pampered, would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I find to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

—*Ibid.*

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568—1639).

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

* * * *

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I 'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I 'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

—*Ibid.*

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—BEN JONSON (1573—1637).

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ibid.*

SONG—TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

—*Ibid.*

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
  Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
  State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
  And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

—*Ibid.*

TO MY SON.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.

I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

—Richard Corbet (1582—1635).

THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;

The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.
—Dr Henry King (1591—1669).

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach—in greatness is no trust.
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.
—Francis Beaumont (1585—1616).

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
  But only melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

—*Ibid.*

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shews ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—GEORGE HERBERT (1593—1632).

BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:

And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.
—Robert Herrick (1591—1674).

TO CORINNA:

TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame! the blushing morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Up, up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed:
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their grateful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the Night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth; nay, then, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when we do go a-Maying.

* * * *

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lie drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

—*Ibid.*

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

—*Ib*

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;

Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee—
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent :
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth ;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end :
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine :
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

—*Ibid.*

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you ;
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything :
We die,
As your hours do ; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
  See where the victor victim bleeds:
      All heads must come
      To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

GO, now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed:
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?

A man whose tunèd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

FLOWERS.

NOT Iris in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As do these fields and groves, and sweeter bowers,
Bestrewed and decked with party-coloured flowers,
Along the babbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers, and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn, and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet and wholesome minthe,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as you pass,
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grass.

—G. PEELE (1584).

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.

Oh, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
Oh, how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585—1649).

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

—*Ibid.*

SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st; but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closèd in a tomb.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below
Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love.

But not that passion which, by fools' consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No! that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they die had died indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,
No destiny can force men's disposition;
And how can any die of that disease
Whereof himself may be his own physician?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin
To take one of these innocents that sit
In bedlam out, and put some lover in.

Yet some men, rather than endure the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I 'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice;
Now, for to love too little, or too much,
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea, I have died for love as others do;
But praised be God, it was in such a sort
That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now,
And found no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

—SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570—1638).

ON A LADY THAT PAINTED.

PAMPHILIA hath a number of good arts,
Which commendation to her worth imparts;
But, above all, in one she doth excel—
That she can *paint* incomparably well;
And yet so modest, that if praised for this,
She 'll swear she does not know what painting is,
But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,
That one would think *vermilion* dyed her face.
One of her pictures I have ofttimes seen,
And would have sworn that it herself had been;
And when I bade her it on me bestow,
I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!
What! think you this a prodigy? It 's none—
The *painter* and the *picture* both were one!

—*Ibid.*

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.

THE other night, from court returning late,
Tired with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy, who asked if he should go
Along to light me home. I answered, No!
Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
'It 's true, good boy,' quoth I; 'yet thou mayst be
More useful to some other than to me;
I cannot miss my way; but they that take
The way from whence I came, have need to make
A light their guide; for boldly do I say,
It 's ten to one but they shall lose their way.'

—*Ibid.*

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

—THOMAS CAREW (1589—1639).

FAIRY ARMOUR.

PIGWIGGEN arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
    Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
    Whose sharpness naught reversed:

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
    No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
    It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
    Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossèd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
    And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

—M. DRAYTON (1563—1631).

SUMMER'S EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All checkered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

—*Ibid.*

RICHES SHOULD NOT DESPISE POVERTY.

IF well thou viewest us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gettest, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content.
Content hath all, and who hath all, is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
Then thus thou braggest, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store;
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER (1584—1650).

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—ROBERT GREENE (1560—1592).

TIME BREEDETH CHANGE.

IN time we see the silver drops
  The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
  Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
In both content and pleased.

—*Ibid.*

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what 's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what 's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour:
Alas! the total 's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here 's nothing worth a smile.

—FRANCIS QUARLES (1592—1644).

MAN.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?

Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.
—*Ibid.*

SONG.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
  With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
  To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
  Notes from the lark, I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
  To give my love good-morrow.
    To give my love good-morrow,
    Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin redbreast;
  Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
  Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
  Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
  Sing my fair love good-morrow.
    To give my love good-morrow,
    Sing, birds, in every furrow.
—THOMAS HEYWOOD (1580).

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That God or nature hath assigned:

Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
  Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a loving eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
  I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
  Look what I want, my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king;
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!

—Byrd.

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